JAMES NICHOLSON RICHARDSON
OF
BESSBROOK

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- 1901 -

JAMES NICHOLSON RICHARDSON OF BESSBROOK

BY CHARLOTTE FELL SMITH

INTRODUCTION BY MRS. J. G. MAYNARD

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

STEVEN CRISP AND HIS CORRESPONDENTS

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PREFACE

THE invitation to write this account of a man endeared to so many beside his own large family circle found me quite unprepared to discover the mass of material awaiting, or the kindness and help to be received.

My own knowledge of J. N. Richardson was slight, but that of mutual friends and cousins was deeper, and from his relations and intimates, his diaries, note-books, letters and press cuttings, to select suitably has been the only care.

In Mrs. Richardson and her sister Miss Bell, I have had a constant source of inspiration. I owe thanks to Miss Anne Wakefield Richardson of Westfield College; to her sisters, Mrs. Maynard (who has contributed many pages of delightful recollection to the book); to Mrs. Williams, and to Mrs. Stephens Richardson, whose notes of genealogies have been of great service.

From all who are still living with the family at Mount Caulfield or at the Mill has come a wealth of Irish anecdote and humour upon which to draw.

Special acknowledgment is due to the help of Mr. James Bowes, Secretary of the Bessbrook Company, whose sudden death occurred in May last. His interest in the biography as it grew was full of encouraging anticipation. About the same time, died at a great age, Mr. Richardson's much-loved cousin, Mrs. Barcroft, of The Glen, Newry, whose collection of miniatures was invaluable as a family record.

To the Rev. H. Todd thanks are due, and to Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, for permission to quote his song, to which J. N. R. insisted on giving a happy ending.

This book is, I know, the outcome of Mrs. Richardson's warm desire that many readers may gain profit and courage from the record of a richly endowed, devoted nature, whose sympathy in all life was unceasing.

CHARLOTTE FELL SMITH.

Felsted. *August*, 1925.

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INTRODUCTION

MY brother, James N. Richardson, was born into a home of peace and happiness, surrounded by all that culture and ample means could give, and grew up well equipped in mind and body for the journey before him. All too soon, as we learn, a shadow fell across his way. We can well picture, from his own account, the lonely little lad, not yet four years old, as he demands to be taken to the mother —young and beautiful—who had so quickly passed from his life.

Through the years that followed, not once but many times he was to learn the discipline taught by sorrow. But in his own characteristic words he says :—" Yet all these things *must* work together for good in the Master Hand of the Great Wonder Worker."

After this early loss we find him sheltered by love and care and thought, which remained his in fullest measure to the end. Laughter, fun and frolic he had in plenty as he grew. With natural insight and retentive memory it was easy for him to point a jest or drive home a shaft of satire ; but sensitive himself, he came to feel, that if he hurt another, he gained an unworthy victory for wit. He turned from bitter jest, as he did from hunting, for he said :—" I have no right to give needless pain to any living creature."

When most men of his age would have been under discipline and instruction, large responsibilities were thrown upon him due to the expansion of the Works

at Bessbrook and to his father's uncertain health. With earnest, ardent nature, he took no duty lightly, and every ounce of his strength he threw into his work.

We try to picture him in these years, but can only wonder how much work and how many types of work he could combine. Added to the ever-increasing industrial responsibilities, there were business visits to France, Russia, Belgium and America, philanthropic and religious interests, public speaking, study, writing prose and verse, while he kept up the varied duties in and around his home. He seems to have plunged into life with the vitality of a strong swimmer who plunges into the sea.

It is easy afterwards, as we follow him further, to see how his own experience of life, with the joys and sorrows which met him, deepened his sympathy, and made him the friend he was to those in trouble. Not one easily to be imposed upon, he would, if a case of real want or suffering came before him, spare neither time nor effort to bring relief.

" My poor friend ! " was his familiar expression of sympathy to such—made all the more brotherlike by a warm grasp of the hand. Many a man and woman went away, who had come to him in shadow, with the sense that the sun shone out again upon their path.

" It was a pleasure to him to help those in trouble. I have lost the best friend I ever had. He treated me as a friend, not as a servant. I shall never see his like." Such are a few short, eloquent sentences, written by a man who worked for him for years. They are taken from one of the many letters that were received after his death.

Few people had a more thorough understanding of the struggle that it costs steady, hard-working men and women to bring up their families in comfort and respectability, or how often their health is broken in the effort. He honoured them above all others. For the mothers of these households,—their long, unselfish labour was a constant source of wonder to him, and he gave them his profound respect. " How *can* the mothers do it," he would say, when on Sundays or holidays he passed a group of carefully dressed smiling children, who smiled the more when they saw him.

The kind, and to him unexpected, cordiality of his reception when he went to the House of Commons, gave him the greatest pleasure to recall ; and the friends he made while there were a source of fresh interest in his life. The contact too with minds that had the nation's welfare at heart, he keenly appreciated. He felt clear, however, that he would not have chosen a parliamentary life, had it not been thrust upon him.

Long before the Great War shook the world like a devastating earthquake, he felt the clouds gathering overhead ; he was, however, to live to give thanks, with many others, that out of the immeasurable loss there was at least born the League of Nations. Experience had taught him that nothing but the application of the Golden Rule, which he believed possible, would in this troubled, restless world, loosen man's grasp of selfishness which leads to every form of warfare.

My brother would have been the first to acknowledge his debt of gratitude to every good influence that surrounded him from birth, probably most of all to that of his father, who, as we learn, was to him

" the chief of men." But to one Source alone would he have ascribed the governing power that controlled his life.

We have only one reference in his own words to an experience, clear and distinct, which led him in early manhood to surrender himself to God. There are those, however, who can recall his public mention of it, made with the deepest feeling. This experience came to him, as to countless men and women, as a claim of Divine Love upon his soul.

" I saw in my dream," as Bunyan tells us, just as the Pilgrim reached the Cross, " his burden loosed off his back, and I saw it no more."

That an experience such as this remained fresh in his memory, we have evidence in notes before us of an address given by him at Bessbrook in later years. The verse he takes is Genesis, xxxv, 1, " Go to Bethel and make an altar there unto God that appeared unto thee." His words are : " BETHEL—House of God. Jacob, like children of good religious people who hear much about religion and respect it, yet do not know what their parents are talking about. But the visitation comes, and we are never the same when once we have been to Bethel ' . . . let us be thankful that God has made a meeting place for us with His dear Son."

Again in another address his notes are : " Some say—' Often and often I have heard speakers invite me to come, yet I never know how.' The coming of a soul is a difficult matter to describe for, as in human love, it varies so much with each individual. With some it is fear of sudden death, with some it is desire for God's protection, with some a sense of temporal benefits, but whatever the cause,—to come to God

as our Friend is a blessed experience. . . . He gives us a sense of acceptance through the merits of His dear Son, our Saviour. He can give a peace the world cannot give and it certainly cannot take away. This peace is no dream or idea ; it stands the test of time, even the test of death."

From this time began his Sunday School and Bible Class activity, and many must have gone out into the world who were strengthened by his words to meet the temptations and difficulties of life.

In Malvern long ago he gathered into a class the boys who played on the hills on Sundays. This interest in others went on, when health allowed, up to the days of the War, when he arranged Sunday services to help the soldiers quartered in the neighbourhood of Bessbrook.

We find an interesting reference to his desire to avoid any approach to dogmatism when he writes : " Truth has many sides,—a good illustration seems to me that of a signpost, wood on one side and iron on the other, so that travellers who come from opposite directions dispute as to the material of which it is made, but *the signpost points the way all the same.*"

" Saint," he writes in another place, " originally meant one of the rank and file of the Churches. When men began to do penance instead of to repent, penance led to emaciation, then painters crystallised the erroneous idea of a saint. I am no admirer of the pallid mediæval saint, but of a robust one with healthy frame and good appetite who keeps himself sanctified —*keeps himself?* No, is kept by *God.*". . . " All good things sanctify," he adds, " if the heart be open to the process, *i.e.*, adversity, prosperity, gain and loss—just as sun and shade make the lilies grow."

It is easy to realise how with a highly strung, sensitive nature, he often found life difficult to meet and full of perplexities that beset on every side; but experience taught him in later life to judge others with gentleness and patience. He spoke of his own walk before men with deep humility when compared with the ideal which he set before him.

The Bible was to him of inestimable value, treasured always more highly as the years passed. He did not seek to satisfy his intellect by its study, but to gain help, which never failed to answer the varied experiences of his life. In the copy of the Bible which was constantly used by him, one of the most heavily marked verses is Galatians, vi, 4. "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ."

With regard to the warm feeling for Bessbrook, the loyal welcome given to him when at the age of twenty-one, accompanied by his bride, he made it his home—no doubt afterwards strengthened by the rejoicings which followed his election to Parliament fifteen years later—made a profound impression on his mind. From these early days, it is not too much to say that, although outwardly the master there, he was in heart the servant.

In all arrangements for the people's welfare, he, without partiality, acted for their good. A happy recollection comes back of many years ago, when a group of Labour representatives from across the Channel came to enquire into the condition of the workers at Bessbrook, and were invited by him to Mount Caulfield to meet some of the most trusted and capable men of the place. Great was his pride to notice how superior in physical development and intelligence they were compared with their visitors.

Bessbrook lies in a wide valley with hills around it, Camlough and Slieve Gullion mountains at the back, and the long blue range of Mourne in the far distance. A stranger who see the countryside on an early summer day when heather and harebells are on the hills, honeysuckle and red wild roses in the hedges, the fresh scent of hay from the fields, and blue smoke rising from the cottage fires—above all the ready welcome given at the doorway and the cheery greeting by the roadside, can easily understand its charm.

At three different times he had to leave home for long absences in order to get rest and change, when sleeplessness brought nerve-fatigue, and when it was impossible for him to meet any demand upon his strength. But no place that he visited on his long journeys could compare with Bessbrook, and the people responded to his affection for them.

To their grandfathers he was "Master James," to their fathers, "Mr. James," and to the present generation "Mr. Richardson"; but by whatever name they called him, they knew him best as their friend.

Love for love they gave him—the richest harvest man can reap from seed sown in the long furrow by the way; but his thought, as he looked back, would have been:

"If there be good in that I wrought
Thy Hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.
One stone the more swings into place
In that dread temple of Thy worth;
It is enough that through Thy Grace
I saw nought common on Thy earth."*

JANE G. MAYNARD.

* *Rudyard Kipling's Verse*, Inclusive Edition 1885-1918, (n.d.) p. 580.

CHAPTER I

FATHER AND SON

Birth. An ideal Father. Death of a beautiful Mother. Early Recollections. Aunt Malcolmson. Childhood's Pets. Love of riding. Father's schooldays at Ballitore. Edmund Burke. A true horseman. Founds Bessbrook Model Village. The three P's. Temperance. Retirement from business. Refusal of a Baronetcy.

JAMES NICHOLSON RICHARDSON was born on 7th February, 1846, at Belfast, the elder child of loving and happy parents, whose ancestors for many generations had been members of the Society of Friends, they themselves being also of this body.

John Grubb Richardson, his father and model for forty years of his life, was one of those really great men whose labours lie largely unchronicled, for their humility is often in equal proportion to the things they accomplish. His founding of Bessbrook and the growth of this most successful example of an ideal self-contained, industrial colony, run on temperance principles, form so important a part of James N. Richardson's career that they must be treated later in some detail.

The father's care and influence filled all the boy's earlier life and his young manhood. He was his model and ideal hero. "To me," he says, "my father was chief of men."

The people of Bessbrook village, where he always resided and eventually assumed control of the large linen spinning and weaving mills, formed the real background upon which the son's crowded life of over

seventy years, with its many and rich patterns, was imposed.

His mother, Helena, daughter of Richard Grubb, of Cahir Abbey, was a woman of unusual beauty and sensitive nature, loved and admired by all who knew her. She died at the birth of her second child, when James was less than four years old, but not without imprinting a rare image on his childish mind, or having dowered him with much of her own artistic and quick beauty-loving nature. It is not given to everyone to recall such vivid early impressions as his, or to record them so faithfully.

> " My first recollection of my dear father is distinct, of his wrapping me up in a shawl and carrying me to an entertainment given to the workpeople of Bessbrook."

Of his mother, he says :—

> " I recollect her less as an appearance than a presence, a refuge—a hiding-place, into which to run in time of stress and fear. Very clear, however, is the oilcloth covering of the table on which I sat in No. 12, College Square, Belfast, kicking my small legs and crying, ' I want to go to Mamma.' ' Child, dear,' said the nurse, ' your Mamma's in Heaven.' And after that, a blank."

And again one other memory of the child of three-and-a-half, who thus suffered the first and greatest loss of his life, when the gracious presence of his lovely mother was withdrawn.

> " A young man looking at me wistfully, whilst making me a whip from a stick and a piece of string, is my first recollection of Uncle Joseph. The wistful look was that with which we all

HELENA RICHARDSON

From the oil-painting at Mt. Caulfield

> regard a child who has been left an orphan while all unconscious of its loss. The occasion was the evening of my mother's funeral, when a number of the brothers were gathered together at Lisnagarvey."

Helena Richardson was intensely loved by people of all creeds and standing. She loved Bessbrook and started a small Sunday School there. It is recorded by her son that a girl here who treasured a small pencil-case given for good attendance, was told by Father Penteney, the parish priest, " to be sure and go to the school for she would learn nothing but good from Mrs. Richardson."

The only other recorded memory of her occurs in some recollections of Lucy Lamb, a Belfast Friend, who remembered her at meeting on a Sunday a few weeks before she died : " a lovely woman in a dark purple mantle." The portrait here reproduced, was perhaps painted at the time of her marriage, but unfortunately the artist's name is lost. A cast of her features taken after death, and reproduced in marble was one of her son's dearest possessions.

Father and little son after this loss went to live with his sister Mrs. Malcolmson, at Lisnagarvey, a large house she had built near Lisburn when left a widow, in order to make a " rallying-place " for her younger brothers and sisters, for she was the elder sister of a large family.

> " Aunt Malcolmson, it seems to me in looking back, must have had a special gift for bringing up young people. She was the only person in authority over me whom I never remember to have disobeyed, and who never, so far as I recollect, directly ordered me to do, or not

to do, anything. She seemed to know instinctively what a child could understand, and appealed to its small reason and affection most effectually."

John G. Richardson always spoke of this sister as one who had influenced his whole life for good, and no doubt it was equally true of the little motherless boy who now came under her devoted care. The child grew up as his father's constant companion, riding out with him almost daily, enjoying a certain amount of freedom and devoted to a number of pets.

"Mounted on an ugly but most docile pony, 'Clove,' followed by a dog, 'Rollo,' and sometimes with a fond cockatoo on my shoulder, I was allowed, within certain limits, to ride about at will."

The first letter received from his father, on one of the rare occasions when father and child were parted, gave an account of a smash on Loughbrickland Hill, when the coachman was so badly hurt that it was decided there and then to put an end to tandem driving. When a visit to London was made, horses, pony and small son went also, and the rides in Rotten Row with his father are vividly recorded. Something of the boy's pride in his father's prowess at sundry sports is to be divined in his notes.

"My father was the best amateur swimmer I ever saw, glanced through the water like a fish and was a great shot at marbles and a good 'fives' player, at which he beat me up to quite middle age. He did not hunt and disapproved of my doing so, but blew as pretty a blast on a silver bugle as ever I heard. He used on his long drives to carry some sherry in a flask, but this was soon exchanged for a concoction of 'peppermint and

ammonia,' a tipple which did not recommend itself to many."

The boy was early inured to work and to thrift.

> " My father never gave me a penny, that I recollect, until I was grown up, but kept me supplied with pocket-money by encouraging me to earn it in various ways. Some items of the tariff were as follows :—Good behaviour, 4d. per week (this, however, was seldom earned) ; Dandelion flowers, 1d. per hundred ; roots 1d. per dozen ; rats, 3d. per head and mice 1d. ; traps and bait being supplied free, so that I was not destitute if I inclined to work ; but he used to impress upon me that money was never so sweet as when shared in part at all events, with those who really needed it."

This father's own childhood had been subject to strong religious influences, and he writes in some biographical papers :—" My excellent father and mother were of the generation of the righteous. I was strongly impressed with the duty we owe to God in caring for the welfare of the people round us." Certainly this principle he faithfully acted upon, in spite of being heavily handicapped throughout life by indifferent health.

The second son and third child of James Nicholson Richardson, of Glenmore, and Anna Grubb, of Anner Mills, Clonmell, John Grubb Richardson was born on 13th November, 1813 and at eleven was sent to Ballitore, Co. Kildare, where a famous school had been founded and carried on for three generations, by the family of Abraham Shackleton (1726–1771). Edmund Burke was one of the scholars and an undying friendship arose between him and the younger Shackleton, the dear " Dicky " to whom some of

Burke's most polished and interesting letters were penned.* The tradition of Burke lingered long in the school and it may be pardoned to one member of the fourth generation of Richardsons who passed through this "Athens of Ireland," *viz.*, the younger James himself, if he imagined that partly through association with the ideal hero of young Ireland, his ancestors derived that keen sense of the ridiculous and aptitude for poetry and languages, which he inherited to a marked degree.

John entered at Ballitore on 4th May, 1824, and he tells of his immediate good standing in the School, accorded only to boys who could show prowess with the fists, by being left-handed and so beating a much bigger boy. The art of boxing he had learned from an old servant at home. After three years, he went on to Frenchay, Gloucestershire, at that time (1827) the leading School of the Society of Friends. Leaving at the age of seventeen, in spite of a cherished desire to study law and become a barrister, he entered his father's business, Richardson, Sons & Owden, Linen Merchants, Lisburn and Belfast. Much driving was necessary in those days, and his elder brother Jonathan was privileged to keep a horse, which afforded many a day's hunting. Although the sport was not altogether in accordance with the good father's views, mainly on account of the associations it brought with those whose lives were devoted to sport and nothing else, the coachman, being very proud of his master's seven sons, aspired to make them all good horsemen, and encouraged them sometimes to get a run on one

* See *The Annals of Ballitore, or Leadbeater Papers*, by Mary (Shackleton) Leadbeater, 2 vols., 1862. The headmaster was James White, who, marrying Lydia Shackleton, had revived the School in 1808.

or other of the carriage horses. Though he gave up hunting early in life, in deference to his father's views, a spirited horseman he always remained, and was constantly to be seen in correct riding garb on horseback, or driving a dashing pair over the eighteen miles of hilly road between Moyallon (which became his home on his second marriage) and Bessbrook, the scene of his life-work.

A journey made in 1841 to America in one of the first steamers crossing the Atlantic, and the connection with Liverpool where a branch of the firm was established, led to his being one of the founders of the Inman Line of Steamships, but from this as a consistent Quaker he withdrew when the owners became involved in carrying war stores to the Crimea.

After his marriage in 1844, his association began with Bessbrook, then a small village near Newry, Co. Armagh. " In extending our business," he says in some autobiographical papers,* " in partnership with my brothers, we were obliged to keep pace with the times and become flax spinners and manufacturers. We had then to decide where we should build linen mills. I had a great aversion from the responsibility of a factory population in a large town like Belfast ; so on looking round we fixed upon a place near Newry, where had been built the first mill for spinning yarns in Ireland. With water power, a large population around, and in a country district where flax was cultivated in considerable quantities, it had moreover the desirable condition in my sight of enabling us to control our people and do them good in every sense. In 1846, we began to build at Bessbrook, and the next year started work there. I had long resolved that

* See in *Six Generations of Friends in Ireland*, by Jane Marian Richardson, 2nd edition, 1894.

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we should have a temperance population in our colony, though not until afterwards a total abstainer myself."

> " In the year 1849, it came before my notice that eleven women, principally from the mountains, brought illicit whiskey into Bessbrook, concealed in baskets which were apparently filled with calicoes, tapes and ribbons. By placing a watch over this traffic, we succeeded in excluding all these peddlers except one. This widow was a very determined creature and used to disguise herself in a variety of ways. She became a sort of mythical personage and for twelve months evaded us ; but at last, I traced her to her best customer's house and followed her, sitting down at the fire beside her, and chatting, while poking my stick into the basket to find the hidden treasure. But it was not there. After leaving the house, half an hour did not elapse until it was reported all over the place that she had hoodwinked Mr. Richardson by taking out the gallon of whiskey and making a ' stool ' of it for herself. This woman at last emigrated to America, and from that day, as far as we know, there has been no ' sinful stuff ' sold at Bessbrook. Of course I soon became an abstainer myself to encourage our people."

This step was taken in spite of the warnings of his medical advisers who shared the views of the time.

The life-long adherence of the Richardson family to temperance principles arose out of the chief motive of their lives, which was to employ usefully and to benefit the large number of workpeople who came under their influence. Spirit-drinking has been the curse of Ireland, and its results were constantly undoing the good which the spread of habits of industry, thrift

and moderation, that they desired to see cultivated, would bring about.

From the first, the founder of Bessbrook, a keen student of Penn's writings, had taken for his model William Penn's scheme for the colony of Pennsylvania, and desired to found his village after Penn's pattern. Justice was to be before all, party spirit sunk, temptation lessened as far as possible; distanced, if not removed; the virtues of mutual forbearance and respect encouraged and taught; toleration to be the first care.

The growth of the large business which he and his brothers had so successfully inaugurated, was rapid. His constant study had been to surround himself with people of ability and high character, even for the lesser posts of authority in what has been styled " an industrial oasis in a barren region." But a check came in his career, following the loss of his wife; a business panic threatened calamity to his commercial interests and illness laid its hand upon himself. He withdrew, though still under forty, from the position of active leader in the business to that of adviser. The call seemed to come to a life devoted to religious and philanthropic interests, as being more in accordance with his conscience. The idea of retiring altogether much attracted him, but the counsel of an honoured friend was that he could better serve his Master by retaining his influential position, while making it subservient to the highest aims. His life-long ambition was to see extinguished, if possible, the power of the two factors to which in his view most of his country's miseries were due—strong drink and that spirit of religious animosity which still continues to divide man from man. He felt deeply that if the baneful influence of these two foes to peace

and goodness were removed, the third great source of disturbance—political agitation, fomented largely by men who make politics a means of personal gain, would be lessened and destroyed. Extremes of party feeling were particularly distasteful to him, for his generous large-heartedness cared for everyone's welfare, whatever their creed or class. His children were taught to look on exhibitions of party bigotry, on either side, with impartial disapproval. To heal the wounds of Ireland and repair her waste places was his dearest wish.*

The scheme of National Education warmly supported by John Bright and other friends of Ireland pleased him much. Children of Protestants and Catholics, mingling together in school and playground from earliest years, would not, it seemed, continue the bitter animosities which divided their fathers. He was delighted to see among the first Commissioners the name of Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, united with that of Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Archbishop and Primate. During the time that this Act was in force an unmistakeable increase of reciprocity and friendliness was, in his opinion, to be seen.

The removal of political disabilities from Catholics had brought him lively satisfaction, and the Land Acts of 1871 and 1881, he also regarded as beneficial, although he as landlord suffered thereby. The friendly feeling that seemed everywhere to develop in the years between 1846 and 1886, was very encouraging and gratifying to his intense love of Ireland. In 1882, Mr Gladstone, recognising his fine efforts for good and the influence he exercised in the North of Ireland,

* *Six Generations*, p. 238.

offered him a baronetcy. This, however, was definitely and decidedly refused, on the ground that any honour of the kind would detract from the feeling of satisfaction he might derive from having tried to do a little to benefit his fellowmen. In the letter declining the proposed title he again urged Mr. Gladstone to adopt some means of furthering Temperance Reform.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOLDAYS

An unusual Step-mother. First Tutor. A bad School. Grove House, Tottenham. Thomas Hunton. Schoolfellows and Yearly Meeting. Business at sixteen-and-a-half. The Choice. Moyallon House and family enjoyment.

YOUNG RICHARDSON was less than eight when a change took place in his surroundings, which was to bring the greatest blessing and good into his life. He was taken over one day to see his future step-mother at Birrtown, near Ballitore.

> " Although primed by old servants to dislike her, she won me in a very short time. . . . She opened up the world of poetry to me, to which I had been previously a stranger. . . . From that time till her death . . . . she was a true mother to me, making no difference, that I ever detected, between her own children and myself. . . . As she was in a sense not related to me, I have the less hesitation in saying that my step-mother was about the best woman I ever knew. . . . When I met her first she was just a fine, bouncing girl of twenty-three, with a good deal of colour. After the birth of her eldest child, her appearance changed and she acquired the slight, willowy appearance which she maintained up to the time of her last illness. . . . She was very much at home with horses and rode well, and was extremely well-read and accomplished in various ways. My earliest painting and drawing lessons were from her and she painted extremely well in oils. . . . From about twenty-five years of

JAMES N. RICHARDSON

as a child

age she discarded colours almost entirely, and though that was not the reason, she looked far better in black and white, which suited her best. For jewellery, large or small, she cared not one bit, and even had she done so, I do not think her conscience would have allowed her to wear it, regarding it as a locking up of money, and a relic of barbarism. I have often asked her was there nothing of the kind I could get her which she would wear for my sake, and at last she laughingly agreed to accept an amethyst on account of its meaning—'amuthestos, a charm against drunkenness.' So seeking out a very fine stone, I got it mounted for her to wear as a charm, but she lost it very soon, and though sincerely sorry on my account, she was, I believe, relieved to get rid of it."

At the time of her marriage at Ballitore Meeting in 1853, Mrs. Richardson was a young, eager, earnest girl of twenty-two, who had not long returned from Falmouth where her father, Thomas Christy Wakefield, had spent some years for the sake of his children's education. She was the second daughter and was born in 1831 at Moyallon House, Co. Down.

The young couple settled at Brookhill, Lisburn, and a family of one son and seven daughters grew up around them. Mrs. Richardson became a woman of remarkable and strong character, whose influence was great, both in her private circle, and in the part she took in the affairs of the Society of Friends, among whom she remained a minister for forty-six years.*

* "The Society is governed by a Yearly Meeting. These, and subordinate, *i.e.*, Monthly and Preparative Meetings for Business are termed Meetings for Discipline and may be attended by all Friends of all ages and both sexes. . . . Among the Friends there is no paid Ministry." J. N. Richardson, *Friends in Ulster*, p. 2.

What her husband owed to her cannot be calculated; of the influence she exerted upon the son of his first wife, something can be guessed by his own words.

> " She was always a rock of strength to my father, her children, her step-children and all around her, and she had neither ' moods nor tenses,' *i.e.*, she was (unless in times of severe illness) always the same."

Under this genial influence, the boy began to expand in new directions. Summers were spent at Bessbrook, in the picturesque low, one-storied house quite near the mill, where William Dawson lived with his sister Mary, who gave him his first lessons. Later on, a young tutor came. A note written no doubt years afterwards, offers some candid criticism of his early upbringing by pointing out that

> " it might have been better if my good father had seen to it that my ears were not boxed by a tutor in the morning and slapped by a Swiss maid in the afternoon."

He was apparently what he calls " a pickle " and already began to indulge in the practical jokes which form sometimes a happy outlet to the Irish love of fun. At eleven he went to what was supposed to be a

> " small guarded private school. The master was a hypocrite and scoundrel of the first water, and the school was broken up after I had been there for nine months. During those nine months I forgot much that I had learned, and learned more evil than I have been able to forget ever since. I learned at all events, for the first time, that ' the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.'

> The code was Draconic, thrashing even till the blood came for small offences, and in case of illness, starvation was the only cure which I remember. You may say, why did not some of the boys write home. They never thought of such a thing. . . . It would be better also if parents would see more with their own eyes what kind of school they send their boys to, instead of accepting the *ipse dixit* of others."

In the following year, 1858, James and six other boys from this strange establishment entered Grove House School, Tottenham, which was at that time considered the leading school among the Quakers. Sons of the wealthier members of the Society, bankers to a large extent, were educated there, and

> " we felt ourselves to be an incursion of Huns into the serene and aristocratic atmosphere of the English ' upper crust.' "

Of the excellent headmaster, Thomas Hunton, his pupil has told an amusing story.

> " One morning he joined me in a stroll round the playground and informed me he had called to see me in my room the night before and had found me asleep. ' Dost thou remember what thou said ? ' With a recollection of Mountmellick manners and phrases, I said, ' No, but I hoped it was nothing bad.' ' Thou saidst, ' Dash the fellow ! ' Now I am not to contend there is anything morally wrong in saying ' Dash the fellow,' but I would have thee, my dear boy, to remember through life that there may not be any great difference between sh and mn.' "

The headmaster was one who " met situations with phrases that stick in the memory."

The boys wore Eton jackets, some with, and some

without, a collar.* The great event of the year was Yearly Meeting, held at Devonshire House in Bishopgate, some six miles away. If the conduct of individual boys had been up to standard for some months before the immemorial fixed season of the " first fourth day after the third first day " in May, they were permitted to attend on certain days. Sometimes the distance was covered on foot, at others, if finances allowed, the knife-board of a horse-omnibus provided the coveted transport. A good appearance, for the credit of the School, was essential ; lending and borrowing generally necessary.

> " Once I had Bob Barclay's jacket, and boots, somewhat better than my own, of poor Charley Pease. The top-hat I know was mine, since I had just recently bought it second-hand from the pawnbrokers."

Writing many years later, some " Reminiscences of Two Yearly Meetings, 1860—1914," to read at Belfast Friends' Institute in 1915, he continues :

> " It has often struck me as risky to have allowed young fellows the run of London in this way, and it may have been abused in some cases, but of such I have no recollection. Not that we sat tight all day. We appointed some by turns to keep ' Nix,' and tell us the gist of proceedings, in case of our being asked awkward questions on our return."

The boy's strong sense of fun and humour was already united to considerable talent for, and insight into character-drawing, and a further quotation must be added :—

* A collarless coat was at that time considered among the formalists of the Society of Friends to represent the orthodox point of view. Those who adopted collars were considered advancing and incurring risks.

"I remember the *Dramatis Personæ* of the scene,—Joseph Thorp, clean-shaven, ruddy, complex, aquiline; a more stately and competent clerk never presided over Yearly Meeting. Josiah Forster, father of the Assembly, very old, permitted much licence on account of his age; when excited, he spoke very often, always with the effort to speak and stick his tongue in his cheek at the same time. The three great brothers Pease: John, Joseph, Henry, known by the absolutely perfect soubriquets of 'Parched Peas,' 'Sweet Peas' and 'Green Peas.'* Thomas Pumphrey, with a beautiful deep voice that tolled like a bell (I noticed that voice among his descendants last year, 1914). John Ford, tall, slight, short grey curls, the acme of the typical refined, scholarly, quaker gentleman. Samuel Gurney and J. Gurney Barclay who represented high finance; and Bevan Braithwaite, whom we remember as an old man, then young—though he never had looked it—lisping himself along into prominence as an eminent lawyer and quaker statesman. Also a short, sturdy little man with a very broad-brimmed hat, William Radley, known to us boys as 'nature's beverage,' because he often alluded to water in these terms."

Other incidents in the schoolboy's life were the Sunday visits, about once a month, to the house of Robert, afterwards Sir Robert Nicholas Fowler,† in Bruce Grove, near by. Tottenham was then a country place with nightingales singing in a real grove. The boy and his father had visited there when he was eight years old, and he remembered riding with Mrs

* Sons of Edward Pease, the friend of George Stephenson, and founder of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, the first in England, opened in 1825.

† See *Life*, by John Stephen Flynn, M.A., 1893, p. 67.

Fowler. Twice in the half the schoolboys were asked to a substantial tea, followed by supper at nine, and were highly gratified to be talked to " like men, on politics, horses, etc."

A change of Headmaster at the School did not result in good for young Richardson.

> " I was looking forward to matriculate at one of the Universities, but after my most respected headmaster, Thomas Hunton,* resigned the post, I got rather indolent about school-work and my career did not terminate with the éclat which I at one time hoped for, and which I knew was expected of me. I returned home deservedly dejected and depressed. Soon after, I received a letter from Mr. Fowler, who had evidently taken some pains to enquire into the circumstances, and without condoning anything, he sought to give me encouragement through the only means by which good can come out of evil."

Coming from one to whom he had always looked up, who though only a young man of thirty-three, stood high in the estimation of all boys and especially Irish boys, because he was a real horseman and dressed like one, this letter was vastly appreciated.

1862–3. At the age of sixteen and a half, therefore, the lad was at home once more, with his future undecided. One night his father came to his room, and said there was an opening for him either in the Bessbrook Mills, or with the firm in Belfast. He wanted the boy to promise to ask, when alone, for wisdom and guidance. Like most lads, James felt great diffidence about being heard and " minded " by the Almighty, but urged by his father, " I did in

* A book of poems, *Scenes from the Past*, by him is, says his pupil, " quite too little known."

MOYALLON HOUSE

some bungling and misbelieving way, proffer some kind of petition for guidance, apparently into the air and void. Next evening, on getting home he asked me about it, and I owned I didn't know, but thought I had rather suddenly got a wish to go to Bessbrook and learn the business there." So the decision was taken, and the lad settled at home, coming once more into the full circle of family life.

As already mentioned, his father, the founder of Bessbrook, was a great lover of country life. About five years after his second marriage, he settled at Moyallon House, the home of his wife's family, which now became the centre of a large and growing and very lively circle where Irish fun and Quakerism that was taken very seriously, made an unusual but attractive combination. The father's taste for landscape gardening on a large scale was very strongly developed, and he made of that fine site with its surrounding belt of grounds, tall pines, and distant views of the Mourne Mountains, an extremely beautiful place. Cedars and choice conifers were planted with an unerring eye for beauty, and colonies of daffodils around and under well-pruned apple trees with broad grass walks between, offer an entrancing prospect in the Spring.

Some recollections of a sister, Mrs. Maynard, relating to this period have been kindly contributed :

> " Moyallon—our old home, rang with the laughter, fun and frolic of children ; and we younger ones looked to him, and did not look in vain, as chief entertainer and provoker of games and merriment. ' High Jinks ' he called them and high jinks they were.
>
> " Into the orderly routine of a house given to serious matters he dropped down from his out-

side interests with the glamour of superior age and importance. He was a born mimic, with mind stored with tale and recitation, given to us with a wealth of dramatic action—so comic that the listener with longest face was made to rock with laughter, while we little ones rolled on the floor with huge delight. I can still feel the joy with the keenest edge as I watched both my Father and Mother (who were seldom given to outward expression of mirth), overcome by the infectious fun.

" Then, brought to us from his early visits to France there were wonders from the Paris toy-shops. Lions and tigers and elephants—monstrous in our eyes, blown to unthought-of dimensions like huge balloons, till legs and heads and bodies became stiff and the creatures stood and glared upon us with open mouths. Our peaceful playground took on the awe and excitement of a jungle. There were fairy figures too, which danced with a gay wealth of action over a tray—if you smote the tray beneath—danced on stiff horse-hair bristles and swung their feet in the airiest fashion ; and an endless variety of Punch and Judy Shows. . . .

" Not one cloud, that I can remember, covered the sky in these early memories. Not one cross look or impatient word, only a happy instinct on his part which provoked our laughter and multiplied our pleasure.

" Later on, during the same period, there came rides on horseback, when my brother's love of poetry made Scott and Tennyson familiar to us. His repetition of long stanzas, with a power of expression which few are given, made ' Marmion ' and Arthur's knights real people

in our lives. The clean, fresh wind, the scent of the brown upturned earth, the gold of the gorse, and the blue of the Mourne Mountains come back with the memories of those days, when it would not have given us great surprise to light upon some armoured knight on quest of adventure or of the mystic cup upon the common highway where we rode.

" ' Life is sweet, brother. . . there's night and day, brother, both sweet things. Sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things ; there's likewise wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother,' we could have said with George Borrow."

CHAPTER III

THE RICHARDSON FAMILY

The Linen Industry in Ireland. Louis Crommelin at Lisburn. Moyallon and a Quaker settlement. Alexander Christy from Aberdeen. Richardsons of Loughgall. Marriages with the Nicholsons. Captain Nicholson of Cromwell's Army. James Nicholson Richardson (1). Travel in England in 1821. Anna Grubb, heiress. Ibrahim Pasha at Glenmore. General John Nicholson and Sir James Weir Hogg. The six Uncles. John Grubb Richardson.

HAVING traced the early life of James N. Richardson through his rather stormy schooldays, and seen him brought safely back to the sheltered home and lively companionship of his parents and sisters, we must turn for a short time to some retrospect of his antecedents, and the origin of his new home.

Nothing is more evident in the character of a notable man than the influence of the various tendencies and prepossessions that he has directly or indirectly inherited from his ancestors. Often they are contradictory forces, and the result is a balance of temperament which has its own peculiar value. In the case before us, the predisposition on both sides was strongly Protestant, with that deep, ingrained love of liberty and justice which is an inheritance of generations of Quakers. Mingled with this were the qualities of leadership, self-reliance and command derived from certain soldier forbears of the family of Nicholson whose name stood as middle name for father, brother and son of the founder of Bessbrook. Then too, there are the excellent training and qualities

required for carrying on a large industrial enterprise which descended from generations of capable business men.

The linen industry of Northern Ireland, which had been established as early as the thirteenth century, received a great impulse in the last years of the seventeenth century. After the battle of the Boyne, King William III transplanted a couple of rich French merchants who had escaped after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to Ireland, where they soon established large works on the scale of those they had owned in Picardy. Members of the two families inter-married and Crommelins and de la Cherois became pioneers of the great linen works in Ulster, while from thence their descendants, a century later, spread to Manchester. More than a thousand refugees from France and Flanders with their looms, followed them, to settle in Northern Ireland, a fact that is usually forgotten when the purely Scottish ancestry of Ulstermen is insisted upon.*

Lisburn, a few miles from the city of Belfast, gladly received and naturalized them. The townland of Moyallon, not far distant, was granted to a colony of Quakers from Scotland and the north of England about 1685, and as early as 1723 a Friends' Meeting House of large capacity was erected. Prominent among the Friends there, was the Christy family, a member of which, Alexander Christy of Aberdeen, born in 1642, introduced to Ireland the bleaching of linen, which became an important factor. Although linen had been woven in North Ireland since the thirteenth century, it had never been white, but had

* See Smiles, *Huguenots* (1867); Agnew's *French Protestant Exiles* (3rd ed., 1886); and Rendel Harris, *Life of F. W. Crossley*, (1899).

even been dyed yellow from a preparation of lichen. From Alexander Christy's son John, a famous progeny sprang, to be connected later with the families of Wakefield and Richardson*.

The Irish Richardsons date from a John Richardson, who, after holding the rectory of Wormington, Gloucestershire, came to Loughgall, in Ireland, with his wife Margaret, and there died, his will being proved 11th February, 1602. Of his three sons, the younger, Zachary, remained in Ireland, was father of Jonathan of Eagerlougher, Loughgall, and died, leaving a will, in 1691. The children of his son William, who married Mary Calvert, began the connection with the family of Nicholson, which was afterwards to be frequently repeated. Three of William's children, Jonathan, Isabella and William married Nicholsons: the eldest, Jonathan (d. 1737), by his marriage with Elizabeth Nicholson, became father of John Richardson of Lisburn. John married Ruth Hogg, a member of another family engaged in the linen industry, and it was with his uncle Hogg, that their son, a third Jonathan, had his first apprenticeship.

This Jonathan largely extended the business of his family, and purchased a considerable estate at Augher and Clogher, in County Tyrone, from Sir William Richardson.† He married Sarah Nicholson, and bestowed her name upon their son, James Nicholson Richardson, grandfather of the subject of this book.

* Two grandsons, returning to Scotland, established there and in England, the families of Christy and Christie-Miller.

† See a Map of the property made by J. Thomas Noble, bound by Samuel White, Armagh, 1830. Also MS. correspondence over the protracted negotiations 1860–1890, Mr. Dunn, Sir William's agent, being absent in Connaught.

Nicholson was a name to which the entire clan became greatly attached, not least from the cherished story of their common ancestor, Captain Nicholson, who was a soldier in Cromwell's army. While quartered in Alnwick in the wars, he had met, fallen in love with and married, Lady Betty Percy, daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, and bringing her to Ireland was killed in one of Cromwell's smaller battles in the North. She, with a babe in her arms, was found disconsolately wandering over the field, searching in vain for her husband's body; the sad incident being somehow brought to the notice of Oliver Cromwell, he generously made her a grant of land which is owned by Nicholsons to this day. Years after, the connection became still more endeared to their descendants through the fine character and deeds of General John Nicholson, of Indian fame.

There is an interesting series of letters written by the first James Nicholson Richardson to his mother, Sarah (Nicholson,) 1782–1842, in the form of a diary, when on a visit of business and pleasure in England and Scotland, and giving a lively account of travel by post-chaise, gig, coach, or on horseback, in the Spring of 1821. He tells a thrilling story of the "Sands coach" from Lancaster getting stuck fast in crossing Morecambe Bay. One gathers that the horses were extricated, though the wheelers were only got out with difficulty, but at the critical moment, a cart came up and carried our traveller safely back to near Lancaster. "The fasting and fatigue and vexation made me very low." Later on he speaks of the wonders of Raby Castle, where the Earl of Darlington had spent £10,000 on the fittings of a single room; and of the power vested in the Bishop

of Durham a hundred years ago to pardon any criminal in the diocese. After seeing the docks and fine buildings of Hull, he took the steam packet from thence to Gainsborough in six hours of " even motion," passed on to London and so home by Bristol or one of the West Country ports.

He married a lady of considerable fortune, Anna Grubb, of Anner Mills, near Clonmel. His grandson says :—

> " If some of his descendants find themselves in comfortable circumstances, it may be well to remember that it is not all owing to the energy of the North of Ireland, but in some degree, at all events, derived from the Golden Vale of Tipperary, at that time the Granary of Ireland and one of the centres of its milling trade."

He continues :

> " My grandfather was a consistent and devoted member of the Society of Friends, observing their garb and customs of that day closely, as his portraits testify. I have heard that Ibrahim Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, during a visit to England, came to the North of Ireland in order to look into the growth of flax and the linen industry. Among other places he visited the Bleach Works at Glenmore on a Sunday, but my grandfather felt it his duty to decline politely the task of gathering the men and starting the machinery on the day of rest. The great man respected the scruple and was quite civil about it. I think he came again, but am not quite clear on the point. All men should be judged by the standard of their own times, and my grandfather did one thing which would look unpleasant to-day ; that is, he kept bloodhounds in order to trace the people who made a practice of stealing linens

from the bleach greens, but in those days of poor artificial light and no police, it was the common custom amongst bleachers to do so.

" I sometimes wonder whether his grandson, Major Richardson's well-known advocacy of trained bloodhounds for various purposes, is not an hereditary trait evincing itself."*

The following letter shows him in a pleasant family relationship :—

Letter from James N. Richardson (d. 1847)
to
John Nicholson, Stramore, Gilford.

Lisburn,
1. 9. 1819.

Dear Cousin,

When thy letter of the 8th ulto. got to Lisburn, I was in Munster with part of my family. On my return it was handed to me, and I laid it past with some other. I may candidly own I forgot it, till the beginning of this week, when I intended replying to it and yesterday I see thine of the 30th of 8 Mo. If I recollect right, I told James Christy that I was willing to assist thee in any way I could respecting the Lands of Stramore in making you more comfortable, provided the property was ultimately secured for thy family at thy decease ; I, therefore, can have no hesitation in agreeing to thy granting a lease of two fields for thy life. It felt unpleasant

* *Friends in Ulster* (1911). Lieut-Colonel E. H. Richardson's part and that played by his bloodhounds in the great War and indeed in earlier wars, is well known. His brother, the Rev. Alfred Richardson, writing in December, 1911, to acknowledge a copy of that book says : " the connection between Ned and the Glenmore bloodhounds is a clever thought and possibly a true one. My boy, Terence, is very fond of beagles and has brought two from Oxford to run in the holidays."

to me thy mentioning meeting me at the Inn when I have a house to receive thee, for I can assure thee thou wilt be welcome, or any of the family, if you have occasion to come to Lisburn. I know no cause of difference existing between us, and if there was it is our duty as Christians, as well as near relations, to put them under our feet. I remain thy Affte kinsman,

JAMES N. RICHARDSON.

Great-uncle John, his brother, remembered by James as "me uncle," afforded the child pleasant memories of a "nice kind old gentleman who gave an odd half-crown and nice little books with our names in them.* When on a visit to him I used often to be taken to pay two other visits which I greatly disliked, to two stately old ladies alluded to as 'Cousin Nicholson' and 'Cousin Hogg,' who also resided in Castle Street, Lisburn. The former was mother of him who afterwards became General John Nicholson, and the latter of Sir James Weir Hogg—both of Indian fame. Sir J. W. Hogg's grandson is the present Lord Magheramorne."

"Me uncle's" elder son Jonathan, afterwards (1857), Member of Parliament for Lisburn, must have been an original character, judging from a letter written in his youth.

Letter from Jonathan Richardson.

Lambeg, Lisburn,
19. 5. 1819.

Friend Job,

I send thee my pocket clock to undergo thy fatherly care and correction.

For sometimes I find her napping, at others she sleepeth, which truly betokeneth her to be of

* *Ibid*, p. 57.

an unequal temperament and verily wrong in the inner man.

Drive her I beseech thee from the errors of her way; therein thou shalt prove thyself a workman.

Then make out thy bill with the spirit of discretion which is in thee, brother,

thine

JONATHAN RICHARDSON.

To Job Rider,
Optitian,
High Street, Belfast.

The sketches written by the descendant of all these good ancestors, have already been quoted, and will be quoted again, for they have a vivid touch in picture-drawing, which is valuable. Such an account as that of the seven brothers of whom his father was one, has unique value beyond the purely personal interest. He prefaces the account of them by saying that he is representing them not as they appeared in later years with some of the characteristics and infirmities of old age upon them, but as they were to his youthful eyes, when most of them were in their early or middle prime. Perhaps it may be permitted to wonder whether, except in retrospect, seven brothers could be so extraordinarily similar.

"My father and uncles were seven brothers, sons of James N. Richardson, and as they possessed many qualities, both physical and mental, in common to a more marked degree than is usual even among brothers, I attempt a general description, previous to mentioning them individually, as they come before my recollection, gathered together, men from thirty to forty-five years of age, at Glenmore or Lisnagarvey. I believe

rarely do seven such brothers meet. They were all well-made, good-looking, some distinctly handsome, in most cases very active and above middle height, some of them attaining to more than six feet. They all had fresh complexions, brown hair, and were clean-shaven except for the soupçon of sandy-coloured side whiskers which was then generally worn. They all had the same thick, bushy eyebrows, under which gleamed a large expressive dark grey eye, and they were all bald, even as comparatively young men. They all were careful to wear good and expensive watches and equally careful to wear but the simplest and slightest gold chains. They all had clear but low and pleasant voices of similar timbre and key, and all except one, had large, capable, well-formed hands, somehow well kept though they seldom affected gloves. They were all ever well-groomed and dressed but never appeared to give a thought to the subject. They all had the faculty in greater or less degree of turning a halfpenny into a penny and of attaching their employees, whom they usually chose with discrimination, to their persons.

" In most cases they had a very strong sense of duty to the public ; liking to see people comfortable around them, and most of them had a taste for building and gardening which has left its mark throughout the North of Ireland in many ways. Not one of them had the least taste for music—the want of this faculty often revenges itself in a love of poetry, but with almost abnormal memories in other things not one of them, I do believe, could have quoted eight lines from any poet. More remarkable still, whilst largely connected with the manufacturing industry of Ulster, not one of them

had any taste for machinery worth speaking of. *The Engineer* was not met with in their libraries. . . . It has been said that they were fond of money, and in a healthy sense no doubt they were : commerce was their profession. But I make bold to say that not one of them was fond of money in the sordid sense; not one of them intentionally wronged his neighbour, and not one of them ground the face of the poor. It was a natural instinct with each of them in different degrees to develop and improve whatever they were connected with ; their houses, their gardens, their business, their neighbourhood. Money was to them as timber, bricks and slates are to the architect—not the end but the means wherewith to erect or beautify the building on which he is engaged. . . . Another trait common to the brothers occurs to me: with one exception, none of them, though pressed to do so, ever accepted any post or office carrying with it a title of any kind, such as a baronetcy, M.P.-ship, Justice of the Peace, Deputy Lieutenancy, etc. I merely mention this as a fact, without comment."

The six uncles are next described individually by their nephew ; and many traits both of subjects and of narrator come out. They may be reverted to in a later chapter when the clever little book written by their descendant is touched upon, but for the moment here, the second of the seven brothers—James's father—may be brought back. The son's life was so bound up in and influenced by that father's character and actions, that it can never be considered apart from it.

A man of large-hearted generosity, far-seeing wisdom and much personal charm, John Grubb Richardson was a great power in the land. All good

causes found a friend in him, and many a young man was helped to a start in life. Appeals for help were seldom refused, and though sometimes deceived he was never discouraged.

With an utter lack of self-consciousness he would sometimes take garments or food to beggars who were admitted to the conservatory. On one occasion, as his wife relates, after giving a man his fare to help him back to London, clothing two or three families, aiding an old man whose daughter had run away, and listening to various other applicants, he came in to say in real perplexity to one of his family : " I wish I could tell why these unfortunate creatures come to me ! " In many cases people taken out of abject poverty and given a chance of helping themselves, became respected and respectable members of the colony at Bessbrook. The devotion of the large group of gardeners, stable men, and indoor men and women to their master was unbounded; in fact the extraordinarily close relationship that exists in Ireland between master and man must be seen to be understood. All his children grew up with the same attachment to those who served them and the same sense of friendship towards their poorer neighbours.

Moyallon House is situated at a considerable distance from any town or village, and soon after settling there, James' father began a service on Sunday evenings for the benefit of his neighbours, for whom a second attendance at their own church was too great an effort. To this service came all sorts and conditions of persons, some of whom also helped to carry on the " First Day School."* Family worship,

* The meeting was held at first in the conservatory, afterwards in a hall built for the purpose. It has continued without a break for over sixty years.

often with vocal prayer and intercession for the work so dear to his heart at Bessbrook and Moyallon, and for the nation at large, was the rule at either home. And upon his journeys between them, he distributed periodicals and tracts to the people, whose children ran out with eagerness on the appearance of the carriage. " The tract bag " was a well-known institution of that period among many other than Quakers and his son James followed him in this practice until the end of his days.

For his Bessbrook home, J. G. Richardson rebuilt and enlarged The Woodhouse, and laid out around it extensive grounds which owe no little of their beauty to the fact that they were partly carved out of a quarry, and partly planted in a wood. A drive widening upwards amid handsome specimen trees to a spot where the whole of the country towards Armagh on the West and Slieve Donard on the East, is commanded, marks a view point on the way to the home farm which can have no rival even in a beautiful neighbourhood. The Woodhouse is now the property of two of his daughters, one of whom, Mrs Williams, resides there. Across a wooded hill and some parkland is Mount Caulfield, which was to be the home of his elder son.

We left him at the point of a momentous decision, *viz.*, that of entering his father's business. This, no doubt, was the conclusion hoped for, although the lad had been left entirely unfettered in his choice, the father's sole wish being that the son should decide the matter in accordance with the leadings of that Holy Spirit which was his own guide throughout life.

CHAPTER IV

MARRIAGE AND BESSBROOK

Business ability. Travel with an Uncle. Coming of Age. Marriage. Mount Caulfield. Great Reception. Address presented. Love from the Village. Gifts from the Villagers. Visit to Russia. Pen and ink sketches. To France and Belgium. New York with his brother, Wakefield.

BEFORE he had reached the age of seventeen, we see this elder son of the founder of Bessbrook, his school days behind him, electing to follow the father who had always been his pattern, in the lines that were clearly laid down for him. It proved to be the right choice of a career. He set himself to master the details of the business which was growing into a concern that stretched out branches enveloping a commerce with the most distant parts of the world. It was not long before he began to evince that aptitude for industrial management and for dealing with men of all shades of opinion and creed, which afterwards were to make him so excellent a chairman.

He began also to see the world, firstly Great Britain, many favourite parts of which he visited with his namesake uncle, James Nicholson Richardson, of Lissue, Lisburn, who had the habit of making autumnal excursions with his family to England, Scotland or Wales. With the same relative, he also visited the second World Exhibition in London, in 1862.

These early journeys probably encouraged a taste for travel which afterwards was to be developed

MOUNT CAULFIELD

IN THE GARDEN

and to form such a strong interest of his life. In spite of an undaunted spirit, he was subject in early middle and later life to periods of temperamental depression. At such times long voyages, visits abroad, frequent change, and extended absences from Ireland, provided an ever welcome relief or cure.

But now, in the heyday of youth, with wealth, good looks, and ability, everything apparently lay before the young man. The pinnacle of happiness seemed to be reached when in 1867, at the age of just twenty-one, he married and settled in the village where his own and his father's dearest interests lay.

His bride was Sophia, daughter of William Malcolmson of Portlaw, near Waterford.* The bride's father was brother-in-law of the dear Aunt Malcolmson who had presided so lovingly over his childish years. The young people's home was Mount Caulfield, a house standing on an eminence just above the Mills ; the grounds had been planted and laid out for him by his father, with conspicuous taste.

A great home-coming was planned for them by the villagers ; many years later he described this in one of the innumerable small pamphlets printed for the Bessbrook people. It was issued in 1912 on the opening of the " Park Lane " short cut, paved and shallow-stepped, which he had made to lead down from the village directly to the Works in the valley. This, like other of his village improvements, was finished with a small tablet relating how it was done in memory of a relative.† The duty of remembering

* *Friends in Ulster*, by J.N.R. (1911), p. 45, where Mr. Malcolmson is the subject of one of the sketches, " an extremely prominent person in the commercial world."

† Park Lane was dedicated to the memory of this dearly-loved first wife.

those who had gone before was one he was never tired of setting before the young. His idea in making this new way to the Mill arose from his wish on recovering from a trying illness and its accompanying sleeplessness, to " do something during the short time that may be left me towards benefitting the living, paying honour to the memory of the dead, and, if possible, at the same time to improve the district of Bessbrook, which Nature has already made so beautiful, in which we all live, and from which we derive our living."

> " In 1867," he says in this pamphlet, " the fathers and grandfathers of some of you drew us from the Station at Newry out to Bessbrook and at the same time presented me with an address which cost £70 and was paid for by the subscriptions of the Bessbrook workpeople, the amounts varying from one penny up to five shillings, no larger sum than 5s. being received. This address was bound in a beautiful volume, exquisitely illuminated. I have kept it carefully guarded as a precious treasure ; and thinking that some of you might like to see it, I have asked Miss Jowle, who has kindly consented, to show it in her window for a few days, during which time a page will be turned every day. The first page contains a view of Bessbrook ; the second another of Bessbrook ; the third a view of Camlough Lake ; the fourth of Milfort House, Portlaw, and the fifth view is of Portlaw factory."

It was not only the Bessbrook folk, but all his large circle of relatives far and near who combined at this time to make much of the youth. As his sisters have said, the ovations received were enough to turn any young man's head. A weaker character might

have found much difficulty in maintaining the desirable balance, but with great humility, young Richardson accepted it quite simply, not for himself but for his friends' and the peoples' sake ; and from that day onwards he began to give it all back to them, enriched a hundred fold by his responding love and care for this same people. And all through his life, as the sequel will show, there was nothing, small or great, that could be devised for their comfort, or enjoyment, or lasting happiness, that he did not to the utmost of his ability, inaugurate or bring about.

Husband and wife together now continued many of the works already set on foot for the good of the village folk. The Sunday School became a special pleasure, and was a cheerful duty throughout all his life, when health and home-residence permitted his attendance. It was in these early years that he founded a small Home for orphan children, to be fed, clothed and educated. One if not more of these children became a missionary. The matron, Miss Burden, was afterwards established at Marion Lodge, Warrenpoint, to preside over that convalescent home for Bessbrook working-women which was named in memory of a sister, Marion, who died in 1875, aged twenty.

Not long after, he laid out a cricket field and built a pavilion ; the bowling green in one of the squares has been already mentioned ; another recreation was provided by the golf links for which he procured ground at Derramore, and started a Club that is now self-supporting.

The happy, busy life at home was sometimes interrupted by business journeys which were heartily enjoyed. One realises how as the years went on, the

school days, brought to so early a close, were being supplemented by strenuous self-education and to this, after all, school provides but the prelude and predisposition. At school we learn how best to go on learning. Poetry and art had become vastly attractive to young Richardson. Lines of Scott and Tennyson were often on his tongue, the characters of the Idylls always attracted him. He wrote long narrative poems, relating legends or deeds of chivalry, in the style of " Marmion," or " The Lord of the Isles." The proficiency which he attained in painting and drawing, whether in pen and ink or water-colour, was quite remarkable considering that he never received lessons from any teacher of great experience.

In October, 1869, accompanied by a young friend, J. J. Pim, and armed with passports from the Earl of Clarendon, the Foreign Secretary, a visit to Russia was paid. Business no doubt was the main object, but vast amusement was extracted, and was shared by many afterwards. He kept a Diary of pictures, all more or less humourous, with clever and witty explanations written below ; they chronicled awkward situations and sometimes were at the expense of his elegant and proper travelling companion, but always they were entirely genial and good-natured. The drawing of the young artist of twenty-three is by no means perfect, but shows a quite passable attention to perspective and anatomical details. The long, cold journey and dismayed arrival at St. Petersburg, the busy Riga market, were excellent subjects.

A few years later, he travelled to France and Belgium in order to make inquiries into the condition of the work-people in factories there, the hours being somewhat longer than with the Ulster flax industrialists.

He came to the conclusion that our State interference on behalf of the workers employed was amply justified, as Bessbrook, with shorter time-sheets, could keep pace with the longer working hours of the Belgian employees. Flax was then, and still is imported in quantities to the Mill from Courtrai, and considerable private and interesting correspondence arose out of the business relations.*

Mrs. Richardson's father, William Malcolmson, and other relatives of both her and her husband were neighbours of the Waterford family at Portlaw. The young wife of the Marquess died in childbirth in 1873, and his response to Richardson's note of condolence calls for a passing comment†. Written from his yacht "Ceres," off Amsterdam, the letter speaks of the "infliction it must be for an active man like you to have to give up work." (This in reference to one of the temporary absences from Bessbrook necessitated by the strain upon health). Lord Waterford was later to experience long years of a most exacting form of invalidism, caused by an injury to his back received from a cruel fall out hunting‡.

The note, with its heavy black border of more than half-an-inch, brings back a half-forgotten memory

* Cf. Letter from Leopold Vermyse, Courtrai, about the purchase of an estate at Boesinghe, with particulars of letting, lawyers' expenses, drainage and repairs.

† He married, in 1874, the only daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.

‡ The fifth Marquess, he succeeded a brother in 1866, being nephew of Louisa, the beautiful and artistic Marchioness, of Hare's *Two Noble Lives*. He was a man of much character and ability; John Morley when Chief Secretary, wrote of him as an "acute, frank and manly disputant, the ablest in the landlord camp." G.E.C., *History of the Peerage*, VIII, p. 72.

of all those Victorian trappings and concomitants of loss which were thought proper symbols of grief; in these post-war days they have come to be regarded as useless ostentation, or unnecessary accompaniments of real heart-felt mourning.*

In 1876 with his young brother, Wakefield, Richardson spent some time in New York, staying with the agent of the firm and making many acquaintances. The occasion of the visit seems to have been the Philadelphia Exhibition. For this, a wonderful and interesting piece of superfine napery had been specially woven at the Mills, in the shape of a tablecloth upon which was reproduced a design from the well-known picture of William Penn's Treaty with the Indians, by Benjamin West. (The treaty of which Voltaire said that it was the only one that had been made without an oath, and the only one never broken). At the bottom is woven "Bessbrook Power Loom Manufacture, 1876, Patent." This was two years before the transformation of the firm into the Bessbrook Spinning Company.

Three years later, he took a walking tour through the hilly parts of Belgium and on towards Germany. In this same year, 1879, he writes to a friend: "My brother Wakefield has just come into the business; a great long fellow, three inches taller than I and two stone heavier. He has seduced me into playing a little cricket again, and I find it has not all gone out of me, although I did not figure very brilliantly at a match on Saturday and made the alarming score of two duck's eggs."

* The Quakers, or Friends, had held from the first that material signs of mourning led sometimes to insincerity and were to be eschewed.

CHAPTER V

A MODEL VILLAGE

Origin of the Name. Purchase from Nicholsons. Camlough, the Crooked Lake. The Camlough River. The Mills and their lovely surroundings. Bessbrook Spinning Company, 1878. Capital and workpeople employed. Processes of treating the Flax. Agencies abroad. The Village Squares. Schools. Churches.

FROM the time of its foundation Bessbrook, or "the Brook," as it is endearingly called by many a former apprentice or worker scattered over the world, came to be known as the model village.*

It was once tritely but truly said that Bessbrook "wanted the three P's." "Wanting," in the Irish sense, public house, pawn shop and police, it did to a certain extent realise the ideals of its founder. This pioneer in social reform set out to demonstrate his conviction that where strong drink was absent, the Irish people would need no large force of police to keep order even on "party days," and that there would be as little use for the pawn shop and the "gombeen man," or moneylender, as for the publican.

It was no autocratic decision on his part, a vote was taken from all householders in the true liberal spirit. Until several years after his death these

* Many years earlier than Bournville, which of course is of far greater proportions, Bessbrook was visited by George Cadbury when the project of an ideal suburb was shaping in his mind. The fame of the temperance village had spread much farther when a cable reached its founder from the States, enquiring if it was possible for a community of 3,000 people to live happily without a "saloon."

conditions were in the main observed, but in 1899, it was decided by the Government, contrary to the express wishes of the Company at the time, to place policemen in the village.*

As already mentioned, the estate or rather the nucleus of it, was purchased in 1845 by Jonathan Richardson and his sons,† from their relatives, the Nicholsons, who had held it since 1784 from the Earl of Charlemont,‡ at a small head rent. In that year a grant had been made by the Irish Parliament to encourage the linen industry in Ireland. Flax-spinning had been carried on at or near Bessbrook for seventy years, at first by the Pollock family and later by Nicholsons.

In one of James N. Richardson's small pamphlets, he says in reference to what he calls " the duty of remembering those gone before," that the very name of Bessbrook enshrines the memory of one who lived here early in the last century.

> " Elizabeth, or Bess Nicholson, was the wife of Mr. Joseph Nicholson, whose family from 1806 to 1845 carried on the linen business, spinning and bleaching in this district. The Old Mill by the Low Office was built by their family and there yarns were produced by the

* The force, as is well known, is particularly vigilant as to illicit sale of spirits. Special and very considerable rewards are given to the constable who gets a conviction for " shebeening." In 1908 it was claimed that no such conviction had ever occurred in Bessbrook. See *Bessbrook. A Temperance Experiment.* A pamphlet, by Mrs. Williams.

† J. N. Richardson, Sons and Owden, of Belfast.

‡ See the note on p. 77. The 5th Baron was created a Viscount and the 4th Viscount (1728–1799) an Earl. He was a true patriot of Ireland, cf. Grattan's description of him: " he had the flame of liberty and the love of order," etc.

process known as ' dry spinning '—a dangerous process because the only lighting at that period was by means of tallow-candles. As a matter of fact, the Mill was twice burned, the second occasion being about 1840, when the place was entirely gutted, and two poor creatures leaped into the field from the fourth storey. They were fearfully injured, but, I believe, recovered."

He adds that the townland upon which Bessbrook stands is named Cloughuravin, which means, he believes, " the cold stone spring or well."

The Camlough estate of Lord Charlemont and the small properties of Derramore and Millvale came also into the market, and were added about 1846, when the Richardson property in the neighbourhood extended to near 6,000 acres of land.

Camlough, Mr. Richardson explains, " means the Crooked Lake, and Derramore, or Darigh-Mohr, means the Oak Wood, from which we may infer that the present trees are in many cases the descendants of an ancient forest."

The motive power for the mills was water collected on Camlough mountain, a couple of miles away, and brought down to the valley by the Brook Bess. There can be no better description of the district than that given by James himself in one of his many addresses to the people of the village he loved, on the occasion of his receiving one or other of the gifts they delighted to offer in gratitude for the improvements he was constantly introducing. It was quite characteristic that, although he installed electric light in the village as long ago as 1911, his own house, Mount Caulfield, still continues the use of lamps and candles.

> "From the time when one or two Bessbrook girls took me to Camlough old Church* one Sunday on the sly, and kept me quiet with strawberries during the service, the Bessbrook people have been spoiling me, and this gift of yours (a silver rose bowl) is but the last link in the process."

Then he goes on to review the improvements he had witnessed in the village—better wages, better clothes and boots for all the people, shorter hours for the women and children, better housing, better schools.

> "I can remember the good, honest knock-me-down smell of unventilated dirt in the National Schools of my young days, here and elsewhere."

Even the style of those anonymous letters which are an immemorial Irish custom, is improved, he adds. He was not speaking without knowledge, for he had an exceptionally long and varied experience of this kind of missive. Once they used to open pleasantly with pictures of the inevitable skull and crossbones, accompanied by threats of murder if he did not do as the writer wished; "now I merely receive a nicely written letter of advice."

> "But whatever else has changed, the strangely-blended scenery of our district—woods, mountains, lake, wells, river and valley, remain the same and ever fascinate those who live long in their midst. To some of us there is no mountain like Camlough Mountain, no lake like Camlough Lake, and no river like the little Camlough River—without which our industries cannot be.

* Now standing in ruins, the people left in the village being mostly Roman Catholics. About 1878, or earlier, John G. Richardson granted a lease of house and six acres of land in trust for the parish priest for 10,000 years on very reasonable terms, and gave an acre for addition to the graveyard, free of rent.

This river has many marked peculiarities ; it has no infancy, but springs full-grown from its cradle among the rocks and heather at the lake ; that cradle is guarded by ' Keggal ' the wolf on one side, by ' Sturgin ' the lion on the other. With all its pretty windings through four distinct lovely woods, it is only four miles long, and gives employment to nearly 4,000 people. Yet it is not allowed to grow large and lazy, like most rivers and many men, but, useful to the last, pours its current into the brackish waters of the Newry Canal."

" Again—our river has the rare peculiarity of sharing its name with three other objects, *viz.*, Camlough Lake, Camlough Mountain and village ; indeed the fact of all these four localities bearing the same name used to puzzle me in childhood, as I daresay it has puzzled other people before and since. It would be less confusing if these places received their full distinctive meanings of The Crooked Lake, The Mountain of the Crooked Lake (Slieve Camlough) Ballycamlough, the town of the Crooked Lake, and Ahor or Avon Camlough, the river of the Crooked Lake.

" Again, Camlough river is in its course strangely and mysteriously symbolic of the state of political parties, which for good or ill exist in this province of Ulster through which it flows. For about exactly half its length, the dwellers on its banks are distinctly Nationalists, and for the other half as strongly Unionist, and yet like the current of its own bright waters, both can and do, blend to carry on the useful and beneficent work which those waters render possible."

Large quarries of an excellent blueish granite were opened upon the property and the mills were erected from this material. The quarries were worked

for many years in connexion with the flax industry, and a considerable export trade was set up by means of a tramway running from the works into Newry, and afterwards electrified*. It has been said that this was the first railway in the world to carry both passengers and goods. The generating station is worked by a waterfall at Millvale, about half-way. In 1894, the annual tonnage was 1,600–1,700 tons, the people carried 90 to 100,000†. The quarries department was originally the province of John Grubb Richardson, but in 1863 he purchased the shares of his brothers and assumed sole control of the entire concern.

At the time of building, much labour had been entailed by the distance from a railway, Bessbrook station not having been made and Goragh Wood being four miles away. The excellent main road from Newry passes under the main Dublin to Belfast line of railway by means of an imposing arch, which has always been called the Egyptian arch ; it owes its massive classical lines, which follow those of the pylon of an Egyptian temple, to the direction and taste of the man who planned for beauty in everyday things.

The large clump of evergreen rhododendrons on the rising ground immediately inside the great gate of the Works provides a wealth of colour in spring and greenery in winter. The long Mill (said to

* Manchester Town Hall was built in the late seventies of Bessbrook granite, which was said to equal that of Aberdeen. Several other prominent buildings could be named.

† An article upon the electric railway, by Dr. Andrew Wilson, in *Illustrated London News*, 29 Dec., 1894, was considered by James N. Richardson altogether too roseate. He wrote to the author on behalf of his shareholders and was distinctly annoyed by the statement of its unqualified financial success. The technical description was no doubt accurate.

THE MILLS AT BESSBROOK, CO. ARMAGH

From a water-colour sketch by J. N. Richardson

be the length of a big American liner) with its two tall chimneys well masked by the surrounding hills, is set amid natural beauty which few great factories can boast. Its dazzling white stone and the intense greenness of the fields surrounding it, contrast with the distant blue mountains to make a picture entirely Irish. Not for nothing is Ireland called "The Emerald Isle."

At one time as many as 4,500 hands were employed in the various departments, but with the introduction of more elaborate machinery the number has been reduced to rather less than half.

The business was made a Limited Liability Company in 1878, under the title of Bessbrook Spinning Company, with branches at Bessbrook, Newry, Lurgan, Lisburn and Belfast. A note made by Richardson some years later of the sum of £115,000 paid annually in wages and salaries, continues :—*

> "This is mentioned in order to draw a little moral on the subject of temperance, concerning the benefit to a country or a province derived from capital invested in such a concern as the linen industry, compared with the other great Irish manufacture, that of brewing, or distillery. I have ascertained from the President of the Belfast Chamber of Commerce that the sum estimated as amount of capital invested in the linen trade of Ulster is about eighteen millions sterling. This sum gives employment annually to fully 100,000 people and supports at least 300,000. From the figures of any stock-broker's list, it is to be seen that at the present value of shares, the capital invested in Guinness's Brewery in

* The facts and details given below are from a special notebook written by J.N.R.

Dublin is about twelve millions sterling or two-thirds of the sum that carries on the linen industry of the whole province of Ulster, and I was informed by a medical man who attends the work-people of Guinness that their number is only 3,000 instead of 66,000, as it would be if the employment given were in the same proportion as is the case in the Ulster linen business. This is mentioned without any wish to throw odium on the high-minded family who are mainly associated with Guinness's Brewery, but merely to show the relative advantages to a country afforded by two industries. When William III encouraged, and by the assistance of the French Huguenots succeeded, in planting the nucleus of linen weaving in Ulster, his policy was a far-seeing one, and did much to secure the prosperity of the Province which he came to rescue. Capital invested in linen or any other textile manufacture goes largely to find wages for work-people. Capital invested in brewing goes in great measure towards paying duty to the government. The profit to owners, however, is vastly larger in the case of Messrs Guinness than in that of the linen manufacturers. The reason of the great sum expended in wages in linen manufacturing is of course the number of processes through which the flax has to pass before it becomes white linen. They are as follows: first at the manufactory, such as Bessbrook, roughing or hand-combing, machining or machine combing."

These heavy, large, noisy hackling machines are now each tended by one boy and do in a short time the work formerly accomplished by ten men; ten or more of them fill a large room.

The processes are then enumerated: (1) Sorting; (2) Spreading; (3) Roving; (4) Spinning; (5) Reel-

ing ; (6) Drying ; (7) Bunching ; (8) Boiling ; (9) Drying ; (10) Washing ; (11) Winding ; (12) Weaving. The sorting-room at Bessbrook is one of the most interesting in the Mills. Men who have worked for two if not three generations of Richardsons are to be seen combing out and dividing long strands of the pale, silky strands until they are as fine and soft as a child's hair—flaxen hair.

Having passed through the above processes at Bessbrook, the linen is then sent to Glenmore, near Lisburn, where in order to attain the acme of whiteness, it is submitted to treatment as below.

It is boiled in lime, washed, soured, washed, boiled in lea, washed, boiled in lea again, washed, spread on the grass, lifted, dipped, soured, washed, scalded, spread on grass again, lifted, dipped, washed, scalded, grassed for the third time, lifted, dipped, washed, soured, washed, scalded, washed, dipped, washed, blued.

It is then sent in large quantities to the Belfast House and sold through agencies in all the centres of Europe, in New York, Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso, Japan, Hong Kong, Cairo, Alexandria and Bombay. Probably also, as it is many years since these notes were made, in several other places to-day.

Extensive alterations were made to the works in 1884–5, but after 1886 the Directors stopped expansion. They " dare not go on extending the works until they knew who their rulers were to be. So capital went from the little country needing it so much to American Rails and Australian Bush Irrigation."

So much for the Works. We may now turn to the village of Bessbrook, planned and built for the workers.

Two large Squares, Charlemont Square and College Square, were built with wide spaces in the centre, laid out with gardens, bowling greens and tennis courts. The houses have also front gardens. There are schools and places of worship for members of the Church of Ireland, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, and the Society of Friends. A Town Hall and Institute, with library, billiard room and reading rooms was built in 1886–7. Savings Banks too were established. A farm of 300 acres supports a herd of cows whose milk is sold from a dairy in one of the Squares. Shops and a Post Office, a doctor's dispensary, cricket and football fields, with a large pond and capital allotments, make up a self-contained little colony. Houses for managers and persons in authority, with good gardens, border a common, or open field, sloping to the lake and everywhere are good paths for the employees' daily walk to the mills. There is a large-coffee house inside the Gates, with a long outer verandah where the girls can eat their own lunch or purchase simple food. Many, however, prefer the open air ; groups of girls may be seen in the spring time sitting in the sun on grass white with hoar frost, along the drive leading to Mount Caulfield, eating their lunch.

The village is by no means devoid of historical interest and visitors may be taken to at least two remarkable survivals. One of these is the ruin of the "Bawn" or fortified tower, built by Sir Toby Caulfield, at the time of the " Plantation " of the colony. The other is Derramore, the long, low, one-storied house with thatched roof and enormous sunny windows in some fine, lofty, decorated rooms built round a courtyard, which once belonged to Isaac Corry,

Chancellor of the Exchequer in the last Irish Parliament before the Union.*

* Isaac Corry (1755–1813), born at Newry, son of Edward Corry, M.P., for that borough, succeeded his father in the representation in 1776, made his mark in the Irish House of Commons and was appointed Surveyor-General of Crown Lands and Manors for life. In bitter opposition to Grattan, he supported the Act of Union (1800–1), fought and was wounded in a duel with him. He was sworn of the English Privy Council, but his appearances at Westminster were not successful and he died neglected, and repenting his championship of the Union.

CHAPTER VI

PARLIAMENT

Agrarian Troubles. The Land League. General Election. M.P. for County Armagh. Westminster Speeches on Irish Affairs. Punch's Commendation. Local Option. Support of the Candidate for Monaghan County. Disapproval of Gladstone's Policy. Madagascar. Absentee Landlords and Lords Lieutenant. Refusal of official positions.

IN the autumn of 1879, James N. Richardson became very closely interested in a movement arising in Ulster among the tenant-holders of agricultural land, who, though they had obtained some small relief under the Land Act of 1870, were still very hardly done by. In the South of Ireland, Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar were indulging in visions of a vast membership of the Land League—300,000 members who would strike against all rents and successfully put down landlordism. The Armagh Liberal Registration and Tenant Farmers' Association, of which Richardson was elected chairman, set to work to get things remedied for the tenant-farmers by other ways. A General Election was not far off, and at a gathering of electors at Comber on 29th December, 1879, he definitely accepted an invitation to stand as candidate for the County Armagh. His address gave out no equivocal sound. He was for the consolidation and extension of the ancient customs of Ulster Tenant Right, including free sale ; security of tenure ; the abolition of all arbitrary office rules, and the right of appeal to an impartial tribunal in case of disagreement. He also wished to see the tenant protected against unfair rental and was anxious to promote some system

of land purchase. He was warmly in favour of an experiment in peasant proprietorship. The Grand Jury system, he considered, needed to be reformed, extended powers should be given to county Boards, to be elected by the ratepayers.

He was returned at the head of the poll at the General Election on 10th April, 1880.* In thanking his constituents, he modestly said he was aware that they had placed him in what he called a proud position, not on personal grounds but because tenant farmers desired a representative who would support those measures of reform which they had so much at heart. He added that he was an ardent supporter of temperance and social reform and of all matters affecting the staple industry of Ulster, and every other industry in the Province. It was noticeable that he received support from persons of every shade of political and religious opinion. As regards Bessbrook, it is probable that the number of voters was not large, although no doubt more in number than thirteen years before when, at his coming of age, he had remarked that there were only three or four persons in all Bessbrook, besides his father and himself, who were entitled to vote.

A cousin, Mrs. Barcroft, of Grange, has written of this period :—

> " Long years ago when about to go into Parliament, he was holding meetings for his constituents in the County Armagh which brought him near us, for one at Charlemont. He came here for the night, and on talking over his experiences as a candidate, he said with what a sense of relief and rest he came in and got near to my aunt's cap, with all its associations ! He told

* He was returned as a Liberal ; the second member was Maxwell Charles Close, Esq., of Drumbanagher, a Conservative.

me it was contrary to his own feelings and desires that he was going into public life in this way ; that he had refused several deputations about it, and when the last one came and strongly urged it, and his Father thought he might be of real service, he gave in. Certainly he had a great deal to do with the Land Bill for Ireland, which has been law now for so many years ; Ireland is ahead of every other country so far. He had much strenuous work over it—very unselfish from his own point of view as a landlord (which he was then).

" When in London one spring during his parliamentary days I went with the family of Sir R. and Lady A. Anderson * with whom I was staying, to a reception at his house. We left Linden Gardens where my friends lived, at 11 p.m., and found his place brilliantly lighted and crowds everywhere, in the drawing-room, on the stairs, etc. A number of notable people were there, amongst them the present Lord Gladstone, Sir Wilfrid Lawson and others. I had interesting talks with several ; one incident I can never forget. Meeting a friend whom I rarely saw, a few minutes talk with him was the means of opening a career to a young man, a mutual friend, who has since distinguished himself."

At this General Election of April, 1880, the Liberal victory was complete. Mr. Gladstone was given a large and decisive majority. But Liberal Government was destined to accomplish few of the bright hopes of fulfilment which seemed to measure its promise. As a noted student of political history has remarked :—

* Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., LL.D., of the Home Office, Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, etc., married Lady Agnes Moore, sister of the 9th Earl of Drogheda.

> " There has seldom been a more inspiriting victory than that of 1880, and seldom have the fruits of victory, through combined misfortune and mishandling, tasted so like defeat. Bradlaugh, Ireland, Transvaal, Egypt—in these four deep bogs the victorious Liberals floundered for four years, then half extracted themselves by the Act enfranchising the agricultural labourer, only to plunge and disappear in the chasm of Home Rule."*

It was for these first four years that James N. Richardson, a man of quick, sensitive and romantic temperament, served his cherished country, in order to further, as he hoped, her interests in the councils of the nation. An Irishman, it is true, but an Ulsterman first, loyal to the core to the Sovereign, Parliament and the laws of England, a supporter of and believer in the Union. Above all, an Ulster quaker, descendant of men who had fled there from persecution and for liberty of thought, or from soldiers who had fought for the same causes in the armies of Cromwell and of " Dutch William." Moreover, he had private burdens to bear. The wife, to whom he was devoted, was developing seeds of increasing weakness and ill-health, and the fond hopes they had cherished of seeing a family to surround them, one by one disappeared. A result was that Bessbrook, and especially the children of Bessbrook, benefitted even more by the care and affection lavished upon them, and by a constant forethought for their needs.

Residence in London, with its late hours and crowded rooms, was not the best thing for an invalid, but Mrs. Richardson had much courage. She would not in any way hinder her husband's career.

* G. C. Trevelyan. *Life of Bright*, 1913, p. 428.

In the House of Commons, he soon won attention with his sound views on Irish affairs, his ready delivery, apt quotation, and enlivening flashes of humour. Two months after his election he spoke on the "Extending the hours of Polling, Ireland" Bill (June 2nd) hoping the small towns might be exempted; in support of W. E. Forster's Irish Relief of Distress Bill (June 17th); and on the Irish Land Bill, Payment of Rent (June 30). His announcement that he was certainly not returned to claim any special privileges for landlords, was listened to with interest, and his speeches were full of practical illustration from cases known and investigated. The conclusion of the speech with which he welcomed W. E. Forster's appointment as Chief Secretary was loudly cheered.

> "Let us give him our confidence and let him feel when he visits Ireland in the autumn that he comes upon a people grateful to him for the past, and also with that gratitude which is a present sense of favours to come. And when he comes I hope he will not, as his predecessors have done, forget the North, which I may be forgiven for believing to be the best place to live in of the whole United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

In supporting Mr. Lytton's Land Bill, he said:—

> "The county which I have the honour to represent is composed of a mixture of races and forms of faith. Some parts would seem to be peopled almost entirely by the descendants of the old Celtic inhabitants and others by those of English and Scottish immigrants. There are in that county a large number of very poor tenant farmers who have bitterly felt the recent failure of the crops. On the other hand there is a

considerable number of large substantial farmers, middle-class men, yeomen, if I may so call them, who would be the backbone of any country and of which any county in England or Scotland might be proud. I mention this merely in order to be able to say that during an extended canvass throughout my native county, at many meetings and in many private conversations, I heard not one syllable about non-payment of rent. I should not countenance such a cry. Landlords are her Majesty's subjects as well as any other class and have their rights. I should rather never sit in this House than encourage such a cry. However, I heard only such expressions as this : ' We know we have got to pay our rent. We wish to do so, and to be able to do so, but we do ask that Parliament will so legislate as to prevent rents being raised in cases where it is our own industry, and ours alone, that makes the land worth more rent ; and we do further ask, and not unreasonably, that when we leave our holdings, either on account of disaster, or on account of a desire to change our residence, or on account of a death, and when we come to sell our good-will, or tenant-right, there shall be no estate rule or office rule to prevent our selling our good-will or tenant-right to the highest bidder.' Now, clauses 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 in the Bill introduced by my hon. friend, deal with the matter of a fair rent, and give the tenant the power of appealing where he considers that the fruits of his own industry have been taxed. Contrariwise, they provide that if a landlord considers that the growth of a neighbouring town or the general improvements of the country, or other things, entitle him to a rise of rent, he has the power of appealing to the same tribunal, whose decision shall be binding for at least seven years. It may be said by English

members, if a tenant considers any rent exorbitant, let him throw up his farm and go. That would be quite right if the buildings, fences, and so forth had been made at the expense of the landlord ; but in Ireland these have been almost exclusively erected by the tenants—(hear, hear)—so that in Ireland and especially in Ulster, that kind of strange double ownership has grown up which makes the Irish land question so difficult and troublesome. Again, it may be said : ' Why not leave all this to private contract? Why interfere in a matter of rent with private contract ? ' As a rule no one dislikes State interference with private contract more than I do ; but owing to the double ownership already alluded to, private contract seems to have got the whole matter into a kind of dead-lock, the landlord saying, ' This is mine,' the tenant saying ' It is mine,' reminding one of two greyhounds leashed together and pulling opposite ways, instead of trotting amicably along side by side. Again, if it were the first time the Government interfered with private contract I should hesitate to advocate it, but there are many examples of State interference, on the ground that one party to the contract could not take care of himself. Take the Factory Acts of 1832 and 1874. By the former Act, the working hours for women and young persons were limited to ten hours per day. In 1874, the late Government still further limited them to nine and a half hours per day. I do not mention this to complain of the legislation of 1874. I mention it to show that the Government, and a Conservative Government, did not shrink from seriously interfering with private contracts in order to benefit the health of the populace ; and I deduce from it to obtain a more secure and settled state of things in Ireland some interference with private contract

between landlord and tenant might be beneficial. Landlords may resent this proposal, but I cannot help thinking that they would find some such interference beneficial to themselves as a class, for at the present time there is no denying that rightly or wrongly they have a very bad name in Ireland, undeservedly as I know in many, perhaps in most cases. But the good suffer in character on account of the acts of the bad, and to some I am sure it would be a boon to have this bad name transferred to the court or tribunal proposed by this Bill. Then clause 10 decrees that a farmer shall have the liberty to sell his tenant-right or good-will to the highest bidder. This liberty, as the law stands now, he does not possess, as it may be limited by the estate or office rules. For instance, in Ulster the price which an incoming tenant will pay to an outgoing tenant often equals in value the fee-simple of the ground. Suppose, then, a tenant wishes to sell his tenant-right or good-will and finds a man willing to give him £20 per acre for it, they go to the office to have the new tenant accepted, but the agent says, 'No, the rule of the estate is that no man shall receive more than £14 per acre,' the result being simply a loss of £6 per acre to the man who is obliged to sell. If the landlord did anything to make the difference in value, there would be some ground for such a rule, but in ninety cases out of one hundred it is the tenant, and the tenant alone, who has made that land worth the £20 per acre."

When presiding over a large gathering held in Armagh a few months later, to form a Liberal Registration and Land Law Reform Association, he aptly quoted the advice of the Quaker *Book of Discipline*, laid down in 1695.

"It is this Meeting's desire that the members

> of the Society of Friends who are landlords may be very tender for the cause of truth and their own inward good, not to set their lands and tenements at a rack rent, oppressing or grinding the face of the poor, thereby bringing reproach upon the truth."

On the second reading of the Land Bill (July 11th, 1881), he again spoke against the then state of affairs, which " simply means robbery of the tenant by law." His remarks called forth from Sir Henry Lucy (Toby, M.P.), the following in his weekly page of *Punch*.*

> " Mr. Richardson emitted a great flash of humour. By way of showing their anxiety to get the Land Bill passed and the condition of tenant-farmers improved, Irish members for two hours abused Mr. Forster. Mr. Richardson, defending him, complained that in Ireland they had associated the Right Honourable gentleman's name with ammunition. That is perhaps the most delicate periphrase ever heard in the House."†

The Bill was passed but it did not provide the expected relief. The Land League, with its revolutionary propaganda, proved more popular than constitutional methods. The member for County Armagh spoke strongly for the Bill at various points in his constituency.

> " Do you realise," he said, at Portadown, " that, speaking broadly, there is no such thing now as a tenant-at-will ? That the expression tenant-at-will will become a relic of the past like butcher's penny, lap-yard or mooter mill ?

* 23rd July, 1881.

† W. E. Forster was given the soubriquet of " Buckshot Forster."

On the day it received the Queen's assent, every tenant in Ireland became entitled to a perpetuity lease, and moreover a perpetuity lease at a fair rent, and that fair rent, mind you, not a rent that may be fair to-day and press hard in thirty years time, or be fair in thirty and press hard in sixty years, but a rent kept fair by means of revision every fifteen years at the hand of an impartial tribunal. Have you considered the constitution of this imperial tribunal? Not high and mighty fellows bewigged and begowned, but gentlemen chosen with the utmost care for this especial purpose, among them men who have been farmers themselves and know what farming is. The very first lines of the first clause—' a tenant may sell his tenancy for the best price that can be obtained for the same ' shows you as subject to conditions very different from the old ' office rules,' which could be imposed at whim and fancy of every different agent. There are cases of men who have lived in houses, held by their ancestors for centuries, by favour only of whoever happened to have purchased the fee simple in the Landed Estate Court. Now your rights as tenants are clearly defined as are the Irish landlords."

Another subject in which he was greatly interested was Local Option, so long advocated by Sir Wilfrid Lawson. In a speech upon this measure he flashed an amusing searchlight on Ulster, while speaking of holidays and celebrations held in England. " Well, Sir, we have our festivals. In July our Orange men march and counter march, and in the month of August the Roman Catholics do the same, and although we can get along very comfortably for ten months of the year, during those two months we hate each other for the love of God."

Although Ireland was the mainspring of his parliamentary activities he interested himself greatly over other subjects. In 1882 when the affairs of Madagascar were embarrassed by French claims to a strip of the island, he served as a member of the Madagascar Council of the House, and made an official journey to Paris to see the Ambassadors of the Malagasy Queen who were detained there. A friendly nation, he said, in his speech on returning, could well intervene in the dispute.

On 20th June, 1883, he was moving that the Bill on the Irish Viceroyalty, which some Irish members desired to see abolished, be read this day three months. He was not speaking, he said,

> " on behalf of any clique who surrounded the Court in Dublin and wanted to dance at the Castle, but on behalf of country people living in the provinces. Newry had received in all three Viceregal visits—the Duke of Berwick burned it about 1690; Lord Spencer in 1871 passed rapidly through on his way to open the docks at Greenore; and the Duke of Marlborough paid it a state visit in 1879."

By the 25th of the same month he was back in Ireland, and on three or four successive days making good fighting speeches on behalf of the candidature at Monaghan of Henry Pringle. At Clones, James N. Richardson said that though little known there, he felt he need make no apology for appearing in such good company as that of Mr. Henry Pringle, the Liberal candidate for the County of Monaghan. " Many a time had Mr Pringle come to Clones Fair. Many a time had he stood in the great square of Clones, but now for a very different purpose. Mr. Pringle had come to see horses and to ' vet ' them, but he was there that day

to be ' vetted ' himself. He had trotted himself out ; he had shown his action and his colour without fear, and certainly everyone in that large audience must admit that his mind was perfectly sound." Mr. Pringle's address, he went on to say, stated that if returned he would act independently of any government ; he would not bind himself to the chariot wheels of any party. He, James himself, had always taken the same line. He believed the great Liberal party was the best in the interests of his constituents, yet he never scrupled to vote against that party when he considered the interests of his constituents demanded, and Mr. Pringle would do the same.

The meeting at Castleblayney was addressed in much the same way, with humorous anecdotes interposed, and with that occasional emphasis of reiteration which above all makes for clear and forceful utterance. The speeches were all without any sting or ill-nature concealed in those necessary personalities which election speeches seem to demand.

On July 9th, he was at Westminster again and carrying out the rule of conduct he had laid down for himself by speaking very strongly against the Government for the withdrawal of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, which he considered a distinct breach of faith with its supporters, who in a deputation of Irish members had been assured by the Chief Secretary, C. P. Trevelyan, that " the Irish Government could never acquiesce in the Sale of Liquors on Sunday (Ireland) Bill not being passed into law this Session." Two or three days later he introduced a deputation consisting of eighteen Irish members and a number of other influential persons, to wait upon Earl Spencer, the Viceroy of Ireland, and express the indignation felt that the measure, which had been before the House

since 1877, was not to be passed. Earl Spencer, in reply, admitted it had been sacrificed to the exigencies of the Session, and a question asked in the House a day or two later, elicited no encouragement from the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, beyond a dim hope that if they were responsible at the opening of next session for the conduct of business, they would take an early opportunity of asking the decision of the House on the subject.

The Member for Armagh was determined to make the best possible use of his presence in the House for the sake of his friends and neighbours (not to call them constituents) and the next subject he attacked was that of absentee or indolent State officials. The Lord-Lieutenant of the County, who had been appointed two years earlier, had made a residence of one fortnight in that time. He had appointed no magistrates, and in fact had declined to appoint seven Liberals whose names had been sent up. At one place in the neighbourhood the Petty Sessions had been adjourned five times in four months, because of the paucity of magistrates. It was strongly desired by all the influential men of both parties that a vice-lieutenant, a gentleman of position and great local knowledge, be appointed. An urgent whip from Lord Richard Grosvenor reached the member on the eve of his putting this before the House. "Your proposed question is a most awkward one, a real nasty one. There will be no pairs. . . . What idiots people seem to become when made Lord-Lieutenants, some change in their nature must take place. I used to look on —— as a sensible fellow."

In this case there was nothing to do but to accede to the request of his party, probably with the con-

viction strengthened that any official position, perhaps even prolonged membership of the House of Commons, was not for him. It was without regret, though cognizant of the honour, that he declined the offered post of a Lord of the Treasury, and Junior Whip. He was invited by Mr. Gladstone in January 1884 to move the Address to the Queen, but was compelled to decline on the score of health.

CHAPTER VII

ROUND THE WORLD

First time round the World. California. Answers to Prayer. Retirement from Parliament. Death of Mrs. Richardson. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. The Irish Celt. Marriage of a Sister. F. Leverton Harris. Romney's Portraits of Wakefields. Two Nephews.

A BREAK in the strenuous Parliamentary life became necessary, for health had given way under the strain, and if a serious collapse was to be avoided, some relief from the pressure of political and business affairs had to be gained. Fortunately neither means nor inclination for even further travel were lacking. A year's journey round the world was projected. His companions were to be his young brother Wakefield Richardson, a doctor, and the much-valued butler at Moyallon, Robert McCormick. The party set out in 1884 for New Zealand, thence to the Pacific coast of the Southern States. No record of this tour remains, but writing in his private diary many years later on the subject of answers to prayer, Richardson relates a striking incident from his Californian experiences.

During a stay of six weeks at Monterey, he observed on one of his daily rides into the surrounding country a small hut situated, as he says, "in the primeval forest and bearing an inscription 'Mission to the Chinese.'" Nearly all the labour needed in the district was at that time supplied by the Chinese. His curiosity was greatly excited, but he was discouraged from further inquiry by his brother, who

feared the effect upon him of any new interest which would arouse emotion, or lead to his wishing to join in religious work or Sunday teaching. However, on the Sunday following, he persuaded another visitor in the hotel to accompany him to the spot. They were well received by an American lady who was in charge of the mission and were much interested in learning details of the work. Before leaving, the question was asked if visitors ever contributed to the needs of the Mission. " Sometimes they give me a dollar or two," she answered.

> " I thought, as my restless condition prevented me from going to any place of worship and putting contributions in the plates, I might make up for lost time now. So I gave her five Californian gold eagles (£25 in our money). She looked at it, and split out crying ; and for sympathy I splut, then for the sake of company my companion splut and gave her a little more. She explained that she had with her two helpers in her work, and the means to keep them, supplied by a friend in Boston, were almost exhausted. The day before, they had had a formal meeting and had decided that if help did not come, one helper at least must go."

This incident and one or two similar are related without much comment. " You may call them coincidences if you like," but the facts speak.

He returned home to find little improvement in his wife's health, and to make arrangements for taking her to Egypt, hoping for good results from the dry hot climate. Eventually it was thought too great an effort for her, and they enjoyed a long stay at Hyères instead. His own health became greatly re-established, but he decided to take the definite step of retiring

from Parliament. In the early summer of 1886, Mrs. Richardson died at Torquay. She was greatly loved, and letters of kind sympathy were received from innumerable friends in the South of Ireland, the North, London and elsewhere.

This year, 1886, with its sudden reversal of policy by Mr. Gladstone's introduction of the Home Rule Bill, brought dismay and bitter disappointment to his Irish followers. It is difficult to realise how it seemed to dash all the cherished hopes of such men as John Grubb Richardson, his brothers and his sons. For years they and men like them had waited and watched for the slow development of improved conditions in the land. They had seen a beginning and were hopeful, but here was an insuperable check. The dying animosity revived on both sides, the Roman Catholics withdrew their children from the liberalising influences of common education, and created schools of their own. All the old jealousies and divisions sprang to quick life again and flourished. The increase of friendly feeling and reciprocity which during forty years had inspired hope for the future was seriously endangered. It was little wonder that their faith in the Liberal leader received a severe shock. Already his neglect of Temperance legislation had distressed Mr. Richardson greatly. More than once he had urged it on Mr. Gladstone. The granting of Grocers' Licences in 1861, succeeding as it did his failure to embrace an opportunity of reducing the spirit duty a year earlier, seemed especially deplorable for Ireland.*

Study of the Irish character and temperament had

* The Government of Northern Ireland in 1924 abolished the Grocers' Licences, and in this particular of temperance enactment therefore, they are ahead of the Imperial Parliament.

always been a fascinating pursuit of this Irishman, to whom it came very easily and naturally. He had great love for his fellow-countrymen and few illusions. A passage which had been copied for him from an original document* in the Record Tower of Dublin Castle was among his cuttings, put away with an article culled from an old *Saturday Review*, enumerating all the famous men who had their origin in Ulster. The Bessbrook property, as we have seen, had been acquired by Richardson's father and uncles from Lord Charlemont. The first bearer of that name was Sir Toby Caulfield, and these were his somewhat caustic yet well-qualified views of the Irish Ulster peasantry in 1605.

> " After travel in many countries, I have found nothing like them for cunning and duplicity. Full of sorrowful grievances, they do address the unwary in garments so unseemly as to give weight to their pleadings of poverty. Yet have I known many who when tested be more well-to-do than ye bettermost common folk in England. It can be truly said of them ' greater liars cannot be found than in this province and in craftiness they do compare well with the best diplomatists.' Withal there is much to like in them ; few be more ready to do kindness without hope of reward ; they can bear much hardship and are yet not sombre, but in scanty clothing go merry to their

* A Report from Sir Toby Caulfield to Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Deputy. Richardson's attention was called to it in 1884 by Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King at Arms. Sir Toby, an Oxfordshire man, went to Ireland with Essex, was in command at Newry and was Knight of the Shire for Co. Armagh. His report on the Earl of Tyrone's estates, for which he was made receiver, is famous for the light thrown upon the land system of Ireland. He had a grant of 1,000 acres and was created 1st Baron Charlemont, with remainder to a nephew, he being unmarried. See also note on p. 50.

work, which they can do well when the eye is on them, but when off—God wot—they trouble themselves not."

Richardson was wont to say in speaking of the Celt that he was "subject to the rule of common nonsense." In a letter to Mr. G. H. Fox, he expounded this notion by a remarkable incident of his childhood and a narrative so striking that most of it must be given.

"The Irish Celt is affectionate beyond belief and vindictive beyond belief. He can attach himself with a passion like that of a devotee to a saint, to a master, or more particularly to a mistress, but that mistress must remember that at the bidding of someone whom she does not know—a priest, a bishop, or the head of a secret society, an occasion may arise for him to crucify this affection. And he *must do it*, him against her, his heart breaking all the time. This is part of the rule of Common Nonsense. To know the Irish Celt well, one would need to have met my father's first coachman, with him some thirty years. Tom, by the way, sat *dos-a-dos* to you that day we drove tandem from Moyallon to Lisburn in 1866. He was a devotee of his master and to me, as being the child of his first mistress. Some casts were taken of my poor mother when gone; he got one of them which he kept sometimes in the hay-loft; and taking it out would cry over it, and rave over it. Finally, I expect he got it confused with some Saint, or the Virgin herself. One day he and I had a distinct difference of opinion about horses, and tongued each other. Suddenly he stopped, ran to the hay-loft, got out the cast from among the hay, cursed himself for saying a word to his mistress's son, and danced like an Indian in a sort of convulsion.

"Now comes the Common Nonsense. He could not improve on his situation, but was always risking it by veiled impudence to my step-mother and marked distaste to doing anything for any of her children, anyhow for ten or twenty years. Then it wore off. She was a saint to put up with him, but he was a splendid servant and caretaker of his master, my father, who being a highly-strung, nervous man, needed someone about him. Finally poor Tom penetrated further into the realms of nonsense by over admiration of a good-looking housemaid when he was a grandfather! . . . . My father was so fond of him that I think it would have been condoned, but many circumstances at the time rendered condonement impossible and he had to go. He got one or two good situations, but never throve, and I believe died of heartbreak at leaving his master. They told me that not long before his death, or at it, he was holding and looking at a hunting-whip I had given him. The last class of nonsense, however, I am afraid is not confined to the Irish Celt. But it was a sad end to a long service."

The marriage of his younger sister to Mr. F. Leverton Harris, brought fresh interests to James N. Richardson, especially as his new brother-in-law had an inclination towards a parliamentary career.

Leverton Harris was returned to Westminster in 1900 as Conservative Member for Tynemouth, which place he represented till 1906, and was Unionist Member for Stepney 1907–11. He sat for East Worcestershire, 1914–18, and occupied important posts under the Admiralty during the War. He was Minister of Blockade and Director of Enemy Supplies Restriction, and Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office.

In writing to Mrs. Richardson after her husband's death, Mr. Leverton Harris uses these words: "It has been my good fortune to meet and know a good many of his old parliamentary friends and I have always been struck by the great admiration they had for James. Had his health been spared he would have been, I feel sure, in high office in the affairs of the country." Leverton Harris inherited from a relative the beautiful house near Dorking named after Fanny Burney's heroine, "Camilla Lacey," but unfortunately it has since been destroyed by fire. He is the owner of the fine Romney pictures of Wakefields, of which copies are at Moyallon.

A great interest also to Mr. Richardson were the two children of his sister Ethel, who had married Mr. H. Stephens Richardson, a distant cousin. They represent all of the next generation of Bessbrook or Moyallon Richardsons. The elder son, John Stephens Wakefield Richardson as a child, is photographed with his uncle (see page 101).

CHAPTER VIII

PALESTINE AND THE HOLY LAND

Landing at Jaffa. Equipment and clothing. Saddles. Choosing Mounts. Mordecai the Guide. The Valley of Aijalon. Jerusalem. David's Tower. Shiloh. Jacob's Well. First sight of Mount Carmel. Nazareth. English Mission Church. Miss Dickson's Schools. Sea of Galilee. Dr. Torrance and Tiberias.

THOROUGH rest and change of scene was necessary after these years of stress and strain, and it was with some revival of spirit that the prospect of realising long-cherished hopes of visiting the Holy Land, was welcomed. Mr. Richardson's sister Edith (" Dee ") and a cousin, Florence Pike, were his companions, and as usual, the faithful Samuel Entwistle accompanied his master.

The Diary made on this visit is very full, and is so packed with interest and sometimes humorous incident, that the temptation to quote largely from it has not been resisted. The intimate knowledge possessed by the diarist of the history, characters and geography unfolded in the Old Testament gives it a vivid sense of reality. This feeling was no doubt acquired by him in his early years, for in his Reminiscences of his father, he used these words :—

> " He did not wish me to be forced to learn by heart texts or hymns, or catechisms, but I knew instinctively from his conversation that the Scriptures were his book of reference, especially in times of stress or difficulty, and if the vivid portraiture of the almost endless characters of

Scripture are to me more interesting than any history or fiction, I take no credit for it; it is largely owing to these early unrestrained talks with my father when a child."

It seems that even a reader who is indifferent to the strange happenings recorded in the early books of the Scriptures, could not help being stirred by the lively relation of historical facts to landscape and environment shown in this recital. The naïve enjoyment of the writer in small events of the journey is so well transmitted; the generous, unselfish abandonment of his own wishes and convenience if others were in difficulty; it also gives a glimpse of a nature intensely loveable, boyish, fun-loving, kindly in criticism, eager always to give everyone his due.

In after life this Diary, and the sketches made, several times afforded the text of enjoyable talks with the boys and others of Bessbrook. Papers were also read at Schools, and lectures were given in all parts of Ireland, in connection with Sunday and Adult School work and Friends' Institutes.*

My Diary Kept During a Tour in Syria and Palestine

"About 6.30 a.m. on the morning of the 4th of March, 1888, as I emerged from my stifling cabin on board one of the Austrian Lloyd Steamers, I saw across the intervening miles of sea the dim outlines of the land I had so long desired to visit, and my heart throbbed as I thought it could never have throbbed again. First a purple line of hills only was visible—the Judean mountains, generally called the hill country of Judæa. Probably one of the peaks

* See p. 119.

was that of Gibeon, a few miles only from Jerusalem, where stood the ancient city which made a league of peace with Joshua and the tribes just after the overthrow of Jericho and Ai.

"Then some graceful palm trees came in sight, waving above the flat roofs of Jaffa, and as we drew nearer we saw the yellow beach stretching far Northwards and Southwards like a thread of gold dividing the verdure of the orange groves from the sparkling sea. Between us and that beach, however, loomed dangerous rocks which no vessels of tonnage dare approach even in such fine weather as favoured us that morning. In fact the harbours of Palestine are so few and so bad that landing is often impossible, and ships have to lie out for days, or even relinquish the attempt altogether and run Northwards for shelter at Beirout, the ancient Berytus, which is outside the limits of the Holy Land."

Then follow some remarks on the native boatmen and the blood of the Philistines mixed in their veins, especially an immense and laughing giant promptly named Goliath, who took the party in charge. An interesting account of the country of Philistia, with references to Dean Stanley's works is here interposed, before the writer goes on to give a racy description of the "outer ring" who made up the Cook's party. He slides easily into verse when touching on a "citizen of the great Republic."

"His form was spare and tall and he could stalk
With easy swing like that of camel's stride.
Of love and war and matters high would talk,
Yea, on the holiest theme; and he could ride,—
Also in 'cutting extras' was his pride,
On his steed, 'Old Missouri.' And the plain
Of Esdralon resounded, as he hied,

With sayings of that learned clerk, Mark Twain,
And high Columbian songs from o'er the Western
Main."

For the benefit of future tourists, the writer next enters in his diary some pages of very practical remarks upon necessary clothing for a six weeks journey on foot and horseback ; he touches upon saddles and valises, waterproof sheets, rugs and medicines, and on ladies' comfort, adding that his two young companions were well equipped, dainty and neat, while some of the party seemed suitably got up for the ascent of Malvern Beacon on a donkey, and were in a chronic state of mending their clothes.

> " The best book of reference one can carry is an Oxford Bible, and if I had to undertake the journey over again, I should buy a good, strong, new one specially for the occasion and mark and use it without scruple or restraint. I made a great mistake in bringing with me the companion of many years, of which the leaves were beginning to get loose, and I missed much by fearing to use it as I rode along."

Interesting remarks follow on the size of the country of Palestine, a comparison with Wales, and on its natural boundaries, which were evidently the means of so long preserving Israel as a nation.

> " On the South the sands of the desert roll up upon the green of Palestine as the waves upon a beach. An army marching from Egypt could not humanly speaking have successfully attacked Israel by way of the South if resolutely opposed, on account of the difficulty of a supply of water."

But the writer lived to see this feat, aided by the resources of modern science, accomplished by General

Allenby. His first impression of the country was perhaps something of a disappointment; although as he says, it must be

> " borne in mind, that it was the Promised Land, not to a nation of men accustomed to the emerald fields of England, or the wide rolling prairies and deep virgin soil of the new and Western world, but a land of promise first of all to Syrian shepherds, and then to a nation of slaves accustomed to toil amid the yellow sands of Egypt, and to labour no doubt upon the elaborate work of irrigation which alone redeemed the Nile Valley from being a desert waste."

The whole aspect of the country gave him the impression of being under a blight or curse.

Like all travellers in the East, he notes the remarkable accuracy of the ancient records in matters such as distances, the visible illustrations of ancient symbols and parables; and very soon both he and his cousin get out paints and sketch-book, and either out of doors or from windows, are busy recording impressions.

Selecting the horses for his party out of a rabble of animals brought down for the tourists by *fellaheen*, was a task quite to his mind. His sister and the good Samuel, being not too experienced horsefolk, were " fitted each with a serious grey; " his cousin being both a dashing and practised horsewoman, was tempted by a " fiery little bay Barb, all prance and go," but eventually decided on a quieter mount as less tiring for many hours in the saddle together. James, having bargained with himself that an Ulsterman should be the first man of the party into Jerusalem, if a little money and some hard riding could get him there, was dismayed to find that by this time, all the

best nags had been picked up. With the guide Mordecai's help, however, he engaged a spirited little grey, thinking his weight would soon tame the beast. He promptly changed its former name, " Satan " to " Imshi," meaning, freely, " Get out of this." Imshi turned out a capital mount in spite of his predisposition to bite or kick at all other riders who came near. Mordecai proved to be a splendid leader; he was a Hindu Jew and very proud of asserting his authority as a British subject. He was a devout religionist, and loved to talk of the fulfilment of prophecies. For the Americans of the party he was, however, too " coloured " to be honourably obeyed. He wore a Norfolk jacket and turban, riding boots and breeches, with a bugle and pistol stuck in his embroidered belt; he rode straight and well, " with an English seat."

On Monday, 5th March, the cavalcade defiled through the orange groves of Jaffa, on to the main road to Jerusalem. A big, lumbering, covered wagon offered an occasional change to the ladies, and carried some baggage. About forty mules were in the party, with twenty-five muleteers, cooks, waiters, etc., in all some forty persons and sixty animals, set out on the two days' ride to the Holy City.

" The Lady Dee sat on her serious grey,
And thus o'er Sharon's plain we onward rode;
Marked the one-handed ploughs along the way,
And how the birds picked as the sower sowed
On pathway and 'mid thorns; and how there glowed
The red anemone those fields upon,
Fields where perchance the mighty Samson trode.
To Timnath passed they, and at set of sun,
The tents gleamed on thy vale, historic Aijalon."

"We saw no rose of Sharon," he says, "on this plain of Sharon, but the blood-red anemones were everywhere, indeed we found them every day as far North as Nazareth but nowhere in such abundance as here. . . . . It was near Timnath that Samson set the cornfields on fire by turning 300 jackals loose among them with torches tied to their tails. It was a barbarous act, for in this flat plain the corn would have burned as if in one field. We heard jackals howling around our tents at night as we never did afterwards, except at Shechem." . . . .

"At Ramleh during our halt, I slipped off on a mission of begging, buying, borrowing or stealing an extra feed of something nourishing for Imshi."

This was towards the bargain made with himself to be the first man into Jerusalem. The ambition proved fruitless, mainly owing to his own chivalrous action towards weaker members of the party, all of which is told in his own racy style, not without contriving to put himself, and no other, in a wrong light. Up to a certain day, however, his ingenuity and resource in exchanging mounts with a lighter man to keep Imshi "fresh for the final rush," and in other ways sparing his steed, shows how the plan had gripped his imagination. "But some gains are losses and some losses gains," he philosophically writes when the plan failed.

The description of the Valley of Aijalon, or Valley of the Gazelle, following and the survey of the battle fought there—one of the decisive battles of the world—give rise to a comment on the so-called miracle of the sun standing still.

"The general impression is that the sun was just sinking into the west, and then ceased sink-

ing at the command of Joshua. Not so. The sun was high over Gibeon, in early morning or mid-day brightness, behind Joshua's back. The crescent moon was before him overhanging the Western Sea. His aspiration was a pious and poetic aspiration for a long day—one so long that the victory might be decided and complete. By what cosmic means this unusual lengthening of daylight was produced I cannot say, leaving it in the hands of Him whose are all things, but I would remind those who contend for a literal interpretation of the sentence that it is a quotation from an old and lost book, the Book of Jasher, which is apparently a collection of War Songs."

Camp was pitched in the valley and next morning the cavalcade began to ascend the hill country of Judæa and came " upon the footprints of David for the first time." On March 6th, Jerusalem was sighted.

" The sun was slanting o'er the Jaffa gate,
And flamed on Zion's dim grey walls in gold,
When that bright afternoon those pilgrims sate
Upon their steeds, outside them. Ah, untold
Were the deep memories which o'er them rolled
Like ocean surging. Dim was every eye,
For every yard now trodden did unfold
A name historic. As they drew more nigh,
Silent they reverent gazed—on fallen Royalty."*

" Straight in front of us and some twenty-two miles distant, were the Moab mountains, now gleaming with that ruddy purple hue which may be called their normal colour. . . . on our left, beyond the domes of the city, dim, yellow and disappointing, was the Mount of Olives.

* From a poem of eleven verses printed as " A Fragment from Palestine, Christmas, 1888." See also pp. 89 and 182.

Yes, disappointing, although I was prepared for something undistinguished. And so we filed through the Jaffa Gate, the main entrance to the Hill of Zion."

And found a lodging close to David's Tower,
And reached it by stone stairways winding high.
In sooth 'twas not a very fragrant bower,
Nor were its odours those of Araby.
But when the solemn stars came out on high,
And great Orion with his burning belt
Sparkled above them from that Orient sky,
Words could not tell what then those pilgrims felt,
To stand and aye to kneel where David stood and knelt."

The lodging was a *dépendance* of the Hotel Mediterranée, devoted to sleeping accommodation; Turkish barracks occupied by soldiers lay between this building and the other portion of the hotel. From the high storey where was James's bedroom a flat roof could be reached commanding a view over

" the yawning gulf of the vale of Siddim, the Northern end of the Dead Sea, now dark and sombre, now burning like flame with the reflection of the afternoon sun shining fitfully on it through the gorges of the ghastly mountains of Judah. The whole of Jerusalem lay at your feet and the Bathsheba incident was made quite plain. Due East was Mount Moriah, the Tyropean valley between it and Zion. On Mount Moriah the mosque of Omar (supposed to be the site of the ancient Temple) reared its graceful proportions. Beyond was the eastern wall, built on the edge of the deep valley of Jehoshaphat.

From the further side of the valley sloped up the Mount of Olives."*

There follow in the Diary several pages of summary and comment on the endless fightings and plots and counterplots, dynastic and ecclesiastical, which have gone on for thousands of years within this small, rocky, walled-in fortress. And then the life and character of David are submitted to very searching scrutiny.

> "The man after God's own heart; no doubt, therefore, the best man in Israel at that time does not seem to have been specially guided from above in his political economy. The nations that he subdued were drained by tribute and plunder of precious metals to such an extent that, taking the talent at its lowest worth, the amount of bullion accumulated by David must have been enormous. It was mainly expended by Solomon upon the temple and his own palaces, which apparently he absolutely plastered with gold. The withdrawal of such enormous amounts of the medium of exchange from the commerce of the world, to lie unproductive at Jerusalem, must have deranged the whole trade of the East for generations; and the continuous invasions of nations which we now first hear of, was only a natural though barbaric endeavour to restore the level of currency. It seems a general idea among readers of Scripture that there was divine sanction for this immense expenditure on the building of the Temple. I cannot myself see it, and do not consider that to disorganise the com-

* It is interesting to note that by the labours of the Post-Jerusalem Society, founded only a couple of years ago, the restoration of the Jaffa Gate and of the walls has been accomplished and that a tour can now be made around the complete city by the walls (1924).

merce of a continent through a breach of His laws of political economy, could be pleasing in the sight of Him who changes not.

" The tower of David, by which I was standing, was no doubt a large and strong fortress. Its main tower was evidently very high and decorated or hung on the outside with shields, thus admitting the poetic likeness to a lady's neck decorated according to the manner of the East with strings of coins. ' Thy neck is like the Tower of David, whereon hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.'

" The temple of Solomon must have been a strange structure, striking indeed, but with no pretensions to beauty or symmetry, according to our colder taste. I have often tried to make a sketch of it from the descriptions given in Kings and Chronicles, but always failed to attain to anything satisfactory. It does not seem to have been larger in area than a fair-sized church, although the temple precincts covered the whole of Mount Moriah and contained twelve to fourteen acres. The most prominent feature must have been the porch, which arose facing the valley of Jehoshaphat, to a height of 200 feet above the temple platform—a long narrow top-heavy-looking structure, plastered with gold and I fancy also hung with shields.

" From the quiet and calm of our English cathedral closes, we are, I imagine, apt to think that the temple precincts partook of the same character. Nothing could be further from the reality. Those precincts were a perfect shambles, the stench of which the incense did little to drown. Animals were slain, skinned, disembowelled by the hundred and thousand, and much of the meat was cooked and eaten on the premises.

The blood flowing in torrents was carried by ducts into the Kedron; the remains of one of those ducts is there still. The priests were a race of experienced butchers. Were I of the modern clergy, I should prefer to regard myself as a representative of the sacred order of Prophets, through whom the teaching of the people mainly came.

"But no more star-gazing for to-night on Zion. It had been a long and exciting day, yet notwithstanding I slept well, wakened now and then by storms of rain and lightning, and felt glad that we were not in the tents."

Five days were spent in Jerusalem, and three in visiting Jordan and the Dead Sea. On the 14th March, the party started northwards. The first night in camp was wet and stormy, but the depression induced was enlivened next morning at breakfast by a loud altercation among the Arabs outside.

"The shouting ceased and Mordecai in a stately manner walked into the tent and took down his heavy *koorbash* from where it had been hanging. This was too much for an Irishman, and I was out in the pelting rain in a moment.

"SCENE I. Mordecai advances towards Mahomed (a later acquisition) and in a long speech, with much action and eloquence asks Mahomed why he, Mahomed, should not be thrashed. With equal eloquence, Mahomed shows the unreasonableness of such a proceeding.

"SCENE II. The surrounding muleteers show cause why, taking sides as it strikes them, mostly, however, on the side of authority, but all watching to see which way the cat will jump.

"SCENE III. Mordecai orders another man to strike Mahomed. Much eloquence on all sides.

"SCENE IV. The man does strike Mahomed, not with the fist, but with all fingers spread somewhere upon the face.

"SCENE V. Mahomed lies prostrate for some moments.

"SCENE VI. He arises and in a glowing oration appeals to the Universe against such monstrous injustice.

"SCENE VII. On the receipt, I think, of a kick from some one who has decided it is best to support authority, Mahomed shakes the dust of the encampment off his feet and walks off in the direction of Jerusalem. In the language of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, behold, we saw him no more.

"With many such episodes of a less serious kind our journey was interspersed.

"We were in our wet saddles pretty punctually at 7 a.m., amid gusts of rain, descending a steep hill, and soon enough some saddles were empty. First Mrs. Taylour's horse slipped and fell, almost rolling over her. I was off Imshi in a second letting him scour the Vale of Shiloh to his heart's content. Too late, however, to save her from being crushed, but she was mercifully rescued by the two American fellows, Hone and Young. Not being up to these Americans, all I got was a scolding from Miss Jeffrey who, screaming frantically, asked how I dared let go my horse. I begged her not to flash such lightnings out of her dark eyes at one so unworthy, there had been lightning enough. . . . At 8.30 we got to the site of old Shiloh, 'the place of rest, where Joshua set up the tabernacle after the conquest. . . . The wet and cold, however, would not permit of much conjuring up of the

images of the childhood of Samuel, but there are the remains of an immensely old Jewish synagogue standing in ruins, with the national emblem—the pot of manna—carved on the lintel. Broken columns were lying about and I could fancy the stricken Eli falling backwards as he sat on high in the gate.

" In the afternoon, approaching the Valley of Shechem, we came suddenly on Jacob's Well, an undoubted and indisputable site. We paused and dismounted. Oh, what a different day when He, the blessed One, sat weary by this well and talked to the woman of Samaria. Too cold and wet for much of a ' feelin',' and I wanted one badly. Any there was, was dissipated by Imshi, relieved from the weight of his master, making for Anderson to bite him. . . . We were too cold and wet to make experiments with the acoustic properties of this wonderful valley of Achor (see Joshua, VII, 26), so as old Young expresses it, we ' cut the extras.' . . . .

" Here I am at Shechem—a city when the world was young. Among the smallest sects in the world, still, at Easter, do the Samaritans slay the Paschal Lamb on Gerizim, and have done so ever since Judah went into captivity, and probably from the days of Jeroboam.

" 16th March. Tim Tom at 5.45. On horseback 7 a.m. Bright and sunny. In about two and a half hours, got to Samaria. Could not attempt to note down the matters of historic interest connected with Samaria, the principal capital of the Northern Kingdom. How riled the Shechemites must have often been. It was a Turin, Florence, Rome, business. Splendid site for an ancient palace fortress. Must have been hard to take. How often the Syrian chariots

rolled thus far and feared to go further into the mountains, with Samaria in the rear. The hill was formerly surrounded by pillars supporting porticoes ; about thirty or forty are still standing. We rode past them and right round the hill. Sketched it. Imshi's conduct perfect. To-day's social event was being joined by Miss Baillie, cousin of Arthur Baillie of Dublin. She was *en route* for the Nazareth Mission. Also joined by a dog who makes these personally conducted tours, and followed us to Beyrout. A regular Syrian, grave, decorous and dirty, without humour and without gratitude. Debouched in the afternoon from the hills of Samaria into the extreme tongue of the famous plain of Esdraelon, from which rise various ranges of hills, mainly Gilboa and Carmel, Tabor and Nazareth, also the hills round Galilee. Give this land woods and water and again it would flow with milk and honey. The first corn crop was ripening into colour.

" 16th March. 4.30 p.m. This golden afternoon brought us to Dothan—still of the same name—where Joseph's brethren let him down into the pit. Dry pits abound ; they are a natural formation, and we had to watch our horses sharply. What strange confirmation of the act of 3,000 years ago ! Into camp at Jennin after about ten hours in the saddle.

" 17th March. A lovely day, interesting yet sad. We were now on the ground where the career of Saul, so bright in its commencement, so splendid in portions of its history, was quenched in blood. Poor Saul ! The thought of thy misery, answered neither by prophet nor by Urim, the Lord departed from thee and become thine enemy—cast a gloom over the spirits of many of us the whole of that bright spring day. . .

> " Jezreel about 10 a.m. Here the purple crown of Mount Carmel burst into our sight, the plain of Esdraelon between. Couldn't I just see Ahab's chariot, or Jehu, son of Nimshi, scouring along that plain ! No wonder the watchmen on the tower recognised the furious driver in that clear air on that level plain. Lunched under the lemon groves of Shunem. Flies, flies. But in spite of them I had a feelin'."

Three or four of the party with one of the Arabs now made a detour to visit Endor. Climbing up spirally they reached the cave of the witch, on the dizzy edge of a cliff, 300 feet above the plain. Some ten miles divided it from the camp of Saul at Gilboa, and the writer comments on the evil preparation for his grim day of battle, which this excursion by Saul, " once the choice and goodly young man," made.

> " Sunday, 18th March. Nazareth. Tim Tom at 8 a.m. What a luxury. A cold bath in the tent. Camped close to us was Canon Warre's party, Headmaster of Harrow, who read the service this day week at Jerusalem. Very nice man. I struck going with Mordecai to the cave of the Annunciation and the Carpenter's shop, having no fondness for these artificial sites, and went with Dee to the English Mission Church. Service in Arabic, Pastor M. Volter, German parents, born in Persia, married to a daughter of Dr. Gobat, recently Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem. A large number of girls from Miss Dickson's schools under the care of a dear little English lady about the size of a threepenny piece. I ' shone towards ' her and was asked to stay for practice of hymns (Dee had slipped out during the sermon to join the others). Afterwards went to Pastor's house and met members of his

congregation. Sketched after lunch. At 3.30 went up to Miss Dickson's schools on the heights above us. Superintendent, a Miss Adams, a real good one, and evidently prime organiser. About seventy girls; £7 per annum keeps a child. Native teacher very nice. Touching to hear the children of Nazareth singing 'Jesus of Galilee passeth by.' Invited the two ladies to dinner. Wanted to pay Mordecai for their dinner which they called a great treat, but the honourable little fellow said that as Mr. and Miss Walter had gone to dine at another camp, he would not charge. . . . Had many 'feelins' at Nazareth, but diluted, sadly diluted. This is the tantalization of Palestine. Your eyes are beholding scenes which prophets and righteous men would desire to see and cannot behold them; and in comes the 19th century in the form of people who have not 'feelins,' and who are dissatisfied with their eatables and drinkables and other surroundings, and mars it all. It's probably quite as easy to accept and believe on the Son of Man with the results of history and the halo of centuries bearing testimony to Him, as to have met Him at Nazareth amid the prosiac details of the daily life. Totally unable to sketch at Nazareth owing to the sun's glare.

"Monday, 19th March. Tim Tom at 5.45. Saddles at 8. Rode up a precipitous hill, higher than the Nazareth range, and saw the view which Farrar suggests the Lord may have gazed upon fondly before leaving Nazareth for ever, to embark on that three years mission which was to terminate on the bitter Cross. Certainly the Son of Man by His choice of places of abode, seems to commend the pleasure there is to be derived from the exquisite handiwork of the Father Almighty as revealed in glorious scenery. . . ."

"About 2.30 everyone who could, for there were some who couldn't, rose in their stirrups and stretched forward. The Sea of Galilee lying so deeply blue among its guardian mountains of Moab, bare, steep and arid, the country of the Gergesines. On the western slopes down which we were riding by zig-zags, the land is most fertile, often thickly carpeted with flowers—cyclamen, red, white and purple, blue lupin and yellow clover, lilies of the field in abundance. The lake is twelve miles long by four or five broad, and seems small at first, but as you descend the hill it seems to grow larger and larger until you are prepared to accord it the dignity of an inland sea. Tiberias, the only existing town on its shores, has a ruined castle with imposing arched entrance ; its one long street was narrower and filthier than any we had yet seen. Camp a mile beyond. Lovely, lovely. Little hills above threw a shadow, little waves made a ripple on the little beach, little beach was strewn thick with little shells, of which we gathered a mass. The cool quiet shade, the absence of clamouring backsheesh beggars, the balmy air after the burning coppery sun of the afternoon, made a glamour of the scene, the moon, the paschal moon, rose as the sun went down. F. and I sketched as long as daylight lasted. . . . Soon Dr. Torrance,* missionary at Tiberias, called; a Scot of about twenty-eight, assisted by his wife and several helpers: much interesting conversation with them. He told me about the hot baths and was enthusiastic about what might be achieved for the people's health if an establishment like those at Blarney, Ben Rhydding, Crieff, Malvern or Matlock were started at Tib. I was glad to see

* A life of Dr. D. W. Torrance of Tiberias was published by W. P. Livingstone (1923), under the title of *A Galilee Doctor*.

him enthusiastic about anything after four years at lonely if beautiful Tiberias. The bath house is domed like a mosque, water about 100 degrees Fahr. Patients come from all parts of Palestine and beyond Jordan, but where in the world do they live or lodge? We rode northwards through the town once more and by the lake shore. Little waves broke on rocks at our feet; oleanders were in full blow. Young and Dr. Hone very much occupied in the flower trade. When young and ardent, a fortnight back, I engaged in that trade largely, but now have struck and leave it to these young fellows. . . . Camp in a marsh and I ordered stiff doses of quinine all round, self and Samuel partook freely. Spent the evening alone on a rocky eminence, writing home and musing much. Already impressed with the smallness of the theatre in which the ponderous drama of Scripture history took place. This visit to Galilee impresses me still more with its smallness. It is necessary to read the records with something of the mind of those who wrote them. . . . Most of the Lord's mighty and wonderful works were done within a district of twenty square miles. . . . Riding through the Highlands of Naphtali to the rich valley beyond, we saw in one place thirty-five yoke of oxen ploughing, which reminded me of Elisha when Elijah found him ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen. What would have been the result to Israel and to us if Elisha had persisted with his ploughing? We could ill have afforded to lose the lovely, well-balanced character of Elisha out of Holy Writ. I am afraid had I seen Elijah coming, I should have tried to find an errand to some distant portion of the land of Israel. Not so with Elisha, who though as inflexible as his predecessor, com-

bined with this quality a gentle courtesy which endeared him to all but the very wicked; and who, though engrossed with state affairs as well as the burdens of his prophetic office, could still enter into the troubles of a debt-encumbered widow and of a man who had lost an axe-head that he had borrowed. . . ."

Photo: Lafayette, Ltd.

JAMES N. RICHARDSON AND HIS NEPHEW JACK, 1903

CHAPTER IX

THE PALESTINE DIARY—CONTINUED

The Highlands of Napthali. Waters of Pharpar. An early start for Damascus. A Divided Camp. Heat and Tears. Mr. Philips of Belfast in Damascus. The Ladies Visit a Harem. Collapse of all the Party. Precipices. The Snows of Lebanon. Baalbec. Stones of the Temples. "Prescriptions" for Mordecai. Beyrout. Parting with Imshi.

AFTER this there follows in the Diary a long and interesting account of the steep ride into the Highlands of Naphtali and a diversion on the differing characteristics of Dan and Naphtali; the battle of Merom, a place now visited; and the establishment of the northern kingdom. The heat was burning and the temper of most of the party suffered in different ways. Camp by the lake of Merom was welcome, and the next day's ride took them among the sources of Jordan, small rivers fed by the snows of Hermon. This mountain of 9,000 feet was to be partially ascended as the route to Damascus lay over a shoulder. For three or four hours Richardson walked beside Imshi, marvelling at the endurance of the good beast. The night's camp, near a Druse village, was on a plateau some 5,000 feet up, a dry, bracing place, but cold. Next day lunch was beside ancient Pharpar, in which, however, the party did not bathe or wade. Next night the camp was pitched at Kef Haur, or place of wind, and windy it was and trying to the patience of the campers.

"Friday, 28th March. After dinner Mordecai came to announce next day's program,

but not with the confident chuckle which usually preceded his ' Ladies and Gentilmans, Tim Tom as usual.' To-night, anxiety was on his brow and hesitation in his voice, as he announced it was said to him that most of the ladies and gentilmans of the party did wish tim tom at four o'clock, so that we could ride into Damascus without a halt before the sun became hot, and get there in time for a hot lunch. Here was a pretty conspiracy. W. and S. and young men such as they, are naturally fond of good diet, but it's hardly worth while killing your daughter for one hot lunch. At all events I resolved that neither F. nor Dee shall suffer in order that the English and Scottish palate may be gratified, and two elderly youths have four more hours in which to spree through Damascus. The other elderly youths, such as Anderson and Young, were also anxious to see more of Damascus. Mrs. T. was always game for any desperate adventure. Poor Miss J. had, on being canvassed, found it easier to say yes than no. So it was '*Athanasius contra mundum.*' I had so far kept on good terms with old W. by never crossing him, but on this occasion the rule had to be broken. I said that I should not consent to my ladies going through such an ordeal as a six hours ride without halting after rising at four a.m., and that I should hold Mordecai responsible to his employers if the printed program were departed from. This being of the nature of putting your foot through it, the vials of W.'s wrath commenced to pour and continued pouring until stopped by his illness at Damascus, the Monday following. Like Nebuchadnezzar of old, then was he full of rage and full of fury ; and the very form of his countenance was changed. He expressed his opinion of my person and charac-

ter with a fullness and frankness that charmed many and seemed to alarm one or two. But what compensations there are in life. A gentle hand was laid on my paw, and the dark eyes of Miss J. shone gratefully upon me through her tears. I heard a murmur as of one who was blessing me in Scriptural terms. I am afraid that my response was not couched in Scriptural language. It was something like this: 'Why on earth didn't you stand up to the old beggar when he asked you, and tell him it would have finished you off?' For so it would. However as old W. continued to hold me up to opprobrium, I left the tent. He followed in order to complete his oration. I ran, he followed, and we played hide and seek. Finally I heard his voice penetrating the canvas of his tent, and on listening met with the fate of those who hear no good of themselves. Here ended the battle of Kef Haur. No fatalities, only a few more or less wounded."

"Saturday, 24th March. Owing to the severe engagement of the previous evening, tim tom was 5.45. Old S. however, in company with his poor daughter, Hayes, Anderson and Dr. H., risen about 4 a.m., and with a guide taken from our muleteers, made for Damascus on their own hook, with a result to be hereafter mentioned. Old W., to the pleasure of the reduced party, was late after his capers, and kept us waiting. Night had not calmed the tempest, it was only waiting within for an occasion, and as is often the case, went off in an unexpected direction. Last night, valour was the word. Why, if *his* daughter would take no harm from the long ride and long fast, had anyone the right to be hurt? Now, he was all for caution, and Mordecai, not I, was the victim. Mordecai

had no right to bring us across that awful plain, so unprotected from the sun. His daughter would get sunstroke, we should all get sunstroke. How Mordecai was to protect us, I did not gather. Was Syria to be afforested suddenly for our special benefit? No doubt it was hot, and Mordecai, who was no alarmist, told me that on this plain and in this weather, he did dread sunstroke for his party. We had bid goodbye to the slopes of Hermon and were now on a stony plain which extends into the great Syrian desert—without verdure, without flowers, where Damascus sits queen-like in the midst of emerald fields and foliage fostered by the sweet-waters of Abana. At mid-day, Mordecai pointed out the spot, assigned by tradition, as that where St. Paul was struck to the earth. St. Paul has fortunately escaped the honour of being considered a Mahomedan Saint, and no mosque or other shrine, marks the spot, but this circumstance only renders devout imagination more free to call up the scene, of which we have four accounts, one given by S. Luke (Acts IX), the other three by Paul himself.

" On coming up with the caravan, find Miss J. very much exhausted and crying. It seems an ease to her to walk, so we get off and make for the lunch tent about half-a-mile on, ' walking lunk,' as it is called in Ulster. On arriving she lies down and goes into sincere hysterics, there is nothing ' put on ' about them. This acts as a spark and the tempest bursts. The poor man could neither eat nor drink, but pounded away at all and sundry. The arrangements were all bad. Mordecai was paid to kill us all ; as he could not do it by fever, he was determined to do it by sunstroke. We must remain here for four hours till the sun was spent, etc., etc.

He was about to have a fit when something mercifully changed the current of his thoughts. Seizing a dirty napkin he proceeded to wet it copiously and bind it round his helmet. A dirtier one was selected for his daughter, who would not wear it, and then there was a family scene. Finally the girl was worried into tears and Miss J. went off into hysterics again. He poured water over her, over F. over Dee, and over everybody, so far as I remember, including myself. The scene terminated by Mordecai ordering the tent down. I put the sobbing daughter on her horse, and we emerged again into the glaring sunlight and went grimly on. Personally, I did not suffer from the heat on this occasion, nor did Dee ; I think we felt like hard red, dried bricks. F. was very game. I was certainly anxious about Miss J. who began crying again. I had a happy thought to begin and tell her, with much minutiæ of detail, the story of William Hamilton, my coachman of eighteen years, and his two courtships. . . . By the time the anecdote was concluded, smiles had taken the place of tears and we were close to Damascus."

" Sunday, 25th March. We set off for the Presbyterian church under the guidance of one of the dragomen of Hotel Victoria. Mr. Phillips, a Belfast man we knew, was the Missioner there, and about twenty Europeans were present in a congregation of about fifty. The service suggested that the poor pastor's energy had been pretty much exhausted by the Arabic service earlier. Of course he is specially sent to the natives, and it is right that his best efforts should be given to them. He seemed pale and worn, but said cheerfully that his health had been very good. He introduced us to his wife and we went home with them and saw several nice little

fair-haired boys. They said they were now approaching the great trial of a missionary's life, that of parting with their children. It is not here so much a matter of climate, Mr. Phillips told me, but the necessity of removing them at that age from the awful depravity and pollution of the East. The unnatural abominations of the Canaanites still cling to the ancient soil. This explains much that is otherwise mysterious in the apparently merciless commands given through Moses and Joshua to the Tribes. It was true mercy then, I make bold to say it would be true mercy now, to exterminate such. . . . We asked Mr. and Mrs. Phillips to dinner and had a little Ulster in Damascus.

" In Cairo, Sir Evelyn Baring had most kindly asked F. and Dee to go with Lady Baring to visit the Khedive's harem, or as they expressed it, call on the ' Vice-Reine.' Unfortunately her day for receiving was Saturday, and we had to leave Cairo on the previous Friday, so they were disappointed. Now in Damascus, Mrs. Phillips offered to take them to call at the harem of a Turkish gentleman of whose household she was a visitor. They, of course, gladly embraced the offer and went next afternoon. From what they told me I may note down a few things. They entered a door in a blind clay-baked wall, just such a wall as Irish cabins are built of, but inside were pavements of marble and fountains playing. On one side of the enclosure were the women's apartments. Five or six ladies, very much in déshabille, were not particularly pleased at being pounced upon without notice. The senior lady, considerably inclined to embonpoint, and with loose robes slung very loosely around her, perambulated the pavement in a pair of high-heeled wooden clogs, inlaid with mother

of pearl, into which her bare feet were thrust. . . There were children, they told me; one of the mothers was disappointed that her latest was not fair complexioned like them; another dreaded that they would touch her infant with the evil eye if they stared too hard at it. During the interview a man passed through the court-yard at some little distance. All the ladies hastened to veil or put hands over their faces, looking thoroughly distressed and frightened at the risk of their faces being seen.

"Sunday, 25th March. Several of our party spent the whole day in bed. Miss Scobie, poor thing, had to discontinue the journey and remain with her father at Damascus. She had never been very strong and that deadly ten-hours' ride after 4 a.m. yesterday morning had finished her off. Rather a hard price to pay for her father's hot lunch. Hayes, the youngest of our party, also a hot luncher, was in bed, quite ill. Old Young was what he termed feeling bad; last but not least, old W. lay prostrate in Hayes' room extremely ill, and considerably chastened in spirit. It was quite safe to approach him. I did not do so until several others had tried him first. Just as when two or three of your friends consider it necessary to go up and pat a big house dog that is chained, to show they are not afraid, you also go to show you are not afraid, but you are glad when the other fellow is anxious to make the first attempt. . . . Little Mrs. T. stepped in and out, bearing something of her own making up to tempt the appetite of the fallen knight, quite oblivious of the annoyance she had received from his vagaries on more than one occasion. Miss J. also flitted forgivingly to the door now and then. . . . I indulged in the luxury of a cariole for myself, and with

George, the dragoman, set off for a drive and afternoon's sketching. . . . I drove through the street that is called Straight. It is, as Mark Twain observes, a little straighter than a corkscrew, and it passes through Damascus. The traditional house of Ananias and that of Naaman, which is now a leper hospital, I did not visit, but I did go to see the traditional window on the wall through which St. Paul was let down in a basket. This I sketched, and while doing so, a caravan of some 300 tired and dusty camels passed; George said they were coming from Baghdad. Then I drove up towards the height whence Mahomed—then a muleteer—looked down on the city but refused to enter it, saying it was an earthly Paradise, and he would not enter, for his Paradise was above. Light waned, so I did not quite reach the top, but even from the height I attained, the city looked like pearls set around with emeralds. I made a sketch of the crystal clear Abana by the convent and the barracks, and contrasted it with muddy Jordan. I thought of Naaman turning away in a rage. 'And his servant came and said unto him 'My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing wouldst thou not have done it? How much more when he saith wash and be clean.' What good servants this Syrian officer had. With what tact and affection they wrought upon his humour. And how servants and masters can act and react upon each other for good and evil. It has been my happy lot to have good servants. More than once have they come in with respectful and prudent counsels when Naaman-like I have been now and then during my career in the tantrums.

"27th March. *Into* Damascus on Saturday, D. and I rode as mentioned, feeling like hard red bricks, inured to heat and fatigue. *Out* of that

bright city we rode this morning, limp and unwell. Everyone of our party was, I may say, more or less Damascened, save and except Samuel who, but that his complexion was injured by the sun, was apparently affected by nothing. I was affected in the direction of Syrian fever, just a touch. I know the gentleman, having had a bad experience some years before. Others were more tryingly affected. We set it down, and Mordecai confirmed our opinion, to the effects of the whited sepulchre in which we had been residing. N.B. complain to Cook's in London. After our fierce burning on Saturday, it was so delightful to sit in those marble halls and watch the bright Abana flow by. But oh! the odours were not what those of Araby are represented by poets to be. . . . . During the next few days we were more or less under the influence and effects of Damascus. . . . Mr. W. notwithstanding his illness (dysentery) staggered up and got on horseback in better time than on the famous morning at Kef Haur. There was, however, nothing else for him to do, and this brought before us, the very considerable gravity of an undertaking such as this journey of ours. All's well, so long as all is well, but if all's ill, it is quite a different matter. The caravan has to be provisioned from point to point, as it were. From Jerusalem you are provisioned as far as Shechem, from Shechem to Nazareth and so on. We were now provisioned as far as Baalbec, which was our next stopping-place of importance. Here amid these foodless mountains, the main body of us could not have remained. Had W. been a little worse, I suppose all that could have been done, would have been to have slung him between two mules and for some of us to take him back to Damascus—not a pleasant prospect for anyone.

We were sincerely sorry for him, all the more that he was most plucky and bore up against his suffering gamely. Y. (also suffering) declared that a prolonged illness would make a good man of him. Those of us who were comparatively well, kept near him by turns, helping him along with opium pills and Irish stories."

Some very hilly and rocky country came next to be traversed, trying to the writer especially, as he disliked precipices owing to the vertigo which always attacked him upon heights.

"Y. rode along these giddy bridle paths as coolly and as unconcernedly as though his footsteps trod the streets of Chilhouee, State of Missouri, U.S.A. Influence is a strange and subtle thing. Had I slipped, he could by no means have given the slightest assistance, and yet when he happened to be next in front of me, a wonderful amount of confidence was conveyed by the sight of his right leg swinging jauntily over the precipice. Echoes of lamentations and cries occasionally reached me from the rear. To these I endeavoured to close my ears. Farther back still, stentorian shouts were heard and I knew that W. was better. Everything was wrong again in that quarter. We were going too fast; we were going too slow. Mordecai was determined to have his holocaust, and kill us all at last.

"One of these nasty places I don't think any of us will ever forget—even Y. I can only describe it by saying that it felt like topping a bank when going across country, only that the bank was a big slippery solid stone, and when the little horses had topped it and were changing their feet to make the drop, you looked sheer down over the precipice below, for it was at the corner of the hill, and it seemed as if the spring

off might be into mid-air. Mordecai went at it first, straight and steady as usual. How I got to be next, I don't know, but there was nothing for it but to follow. Mordecai's horse rose in front of me, gathered his feet on the top of the stone, changed them, then I saw first the horse's head, then Mordecai's turban, finally the animal's tail disappear. It must have been watching the neat work of M.'s horse that saved me from looking down and getting awfully giddy. Imshi rose, topped and dropped, not into the ravine, but somehow round the corner of the hill, and we were comparatively safe. Mordecai said we were now over the worst, and we might make our minds easy. He had several times told me that there had never been an accident in any party that he had conducted. If so others were less fortunate. Word was suddenly passed from Mordecai to me and so on back along the line to halt, as there was a block on the path in front."

There was a rather serious accident to the very gaily caparisoned dragoman of an American party of whom mention had been previously made, and who had been badly crushed by the fall of his horse. The leader of the party was fortunately a doctor, and the injured man replaced one of the ladies who were being carried in palanquins, " a dreary and fatiguing way of seeing the country," as the writer observes. Camp was not far away. Next morning after a steep ascent of some 5,000 feet, the snows of Lebanon came in sight. Baalbec on the foot-hills of the range, was the destination.

" We rode in squadrons into the dirty Syrian town, above whose mud cabins towered loftily and fairy-like the yellow marble pillars of the great Temple of Baal. How angry Elijah would

have been at our admiration, anger mixed probably in his bold heart with triumph at the sight of these heathen temples ruined and laid waste. . . The entrance was through long, dark, subterranean arched corridors, underneath the temple foundations. Here the Roman troops must have often retired for shelter from the noonday heat. Some have left the numbers of their legion and company carved or painted with pigment upon the stones. From the long passage you emerge into sunlight and the enclosure, a quarter of a mile long by about 800 feet wide, and standing forty or fifty higher than the level of the plain, a vast solid mass of mound and mason work. In ancient days it was enclosed and supported by outer walls of such ponderous masonry as makes one wonder how, even in an age like our own, it could be put together by human hands. Much of this casing wall has been broken down, but some remains, and in it, at the western side, are three huge blocks forming part of a course of the wall. Each block is more than 63 feet long and 13 wide. These are not foundation stones but stand twenty feet above the base of the wall; How came they there?

"In other parts of this outer wall are thirteen baby stones, each of which is over 30 feet long by about 13 wide. Upon this vast platform—itself a marvel—rise the ruins of the temples. Two of them appear to be temples of Baal or temples of the Sun; the third and smallest, called the circular temple, is said to have been dedicated to Venus, perhaps built long after the others during the Syro-Greek dominion, when Eastern deities were giving way to those of the West—Ashtoreth, the goddess of the Sidonians veiling her face before Idalian Aphrodite. Baalbec was the Heliopolis of the Greeks, a name

identical with that given to On, the collegiate and priestly city of Lower Egypt, whence Joseph bore away Asenath his bride, and where no doubt Moses was instructed in the wisdom of the Egyptians. Of the origin and age of this Syrian Heliopolis, nothing is known but much conjectured. . . .

" There does seem to have been a craze among irresponsible potentates about the time of Solomon and anterior thereto, for building with immense stones, a kind of rivalry as to who should have the biggest. When Solomon showed the Queen of Sheba the ascent by which he went up into the House of the Lord, there was no more breath left in her. In that vast viaduct reaching from Zion to Moriah, were no doubt bigger stones than could be shown in Sheba. I was always sorry for the rending and rebellion of the ten Northern tribes from Rehoboam, Solomon's son, but not surprised at it. That ill-advised simile about whips and scorpions was enough to cause any high-spirited but oppressed people to consider the position in which they stood. Still less am I now surprised when I think of this mania for big stones ; granted even that the buildings were necessary, small hewn stones would have done just as well, and saved oh ! what sweat, what labour and what pain. Yes, a little of the popular desire for economy was probably brought before Rehoboam on that day when they stoned Adoram, whom he sent to collect tribute, with stones till he died. I wonder, when the small stones were flying at his head, did he curse still more those large hewn blocks in which his master, Solomon, had delighted, and wherewith he had gratified his pride of architectural splendour ? . . . .

" 30th March. Our route along a good road.

Just as well. Some of us in no condition for rough riding. Dee very much done up, but went on gamely, ' faint yet pursuing still.' W. alternating between fits of meekness and outbursts of fury. None of us but Y. wished for discipline to tame him, we had nearly all felt it too much ourselves. And the plucky way in which this oldest comrade of ours, bore up against his ailment, showed there was the stuff in him of which an English gentleman is made. After lunch the heat was intense, and his dread of sunstroke revived. He did seem, however, to be thinking now for others as well as himself. He had some specific remedy for nearly every one ; mine was some kind of ginger drops. Mordecai ordered the tent down before he, W., thought fit and the old Adam rather broke out again. When we mounted to go forward, he would not accompany us. After some time I rode back and found him in the shade of an Arab house, ' labouring ' as some of our acquaintances would say ' under a little temporary discouragement,' in other words with a black dog on his back, making his daughter, who remained with him, to pay for all our faults vicariously. Not for the first time since that journey began did I muse on the reason why Providence bestows daughters on some people. But with patience, the black dog was induced to dismount, and in an hour or so, all three of us came galloping up and overtook the main party where the road undulated through a somewhat narrow pass, beyond which were plantations of fir trees, which had a very home-like appearance.

" It was pleasant to have had any share in persuading W. to keep up with the main party and in good humour too, for this was to be our last night under canvas, and after dinner this night

our faithful Mordecai was to receive our pleasure in the shape of *baksheesh*, or extra tips, when the difference between W. genial and W. grumpy would, we knew, be considerable. However, it was W. genial. Mordecai, at the conclusion of the meal, came forward with more weight of anxiety upon his brow than on any occasion since the battle of Kef Haur. The cheery formula of ' Ladies and Gentilmans, Tim Tom as usuale,' was omitted. The subject matter of his speech was so near his heart that like other orators he appeared to lose his presence of mind during its delivery, and his sentences became sadly involved. The main point, however, was that he had in former caravans generally made prescriptions and he hoped that ladies and gentilmans present would not prove an exception to this good custom. The word prescription was frequently used and fondly dwelt upon. With good taste he then retired. I moved W. into the chair, Dr. Hone seconding. From this proud position, W. proceeded to dictate the amount of the ' prescription ' which each of us was entitled to give, averring that he merely gave his prescription as a matter of courtesy, for neither Mordecai nor the muleteers had ever done anything for *him*. At this statement sundry eyebrows were raised and winks exchanged. However, it was W. genial, and he gave a good prescription ; stinginess could certainly never have been a fault of his. I was appointed treasurer and had the pleasure of handing Mordecai a sum which averaged about twenty francs a head from each of us. He deserved it, and it was very amusing to notice his judgment of character ; riding along to-day and speaking to him beforehand of this weighty prescription, he had pretty closely guessed what each would do.

"31st March. Next day all were better. For two hours we climbed the crest of Lebanon, sometimes being only a few feet from the snow. Samuel dismounting, ascended the intervening feet and returned with a Syrian snowball. Once at the top, the blue Mediterranean lay beneath us. I thought of the retreat of Xenophon's ten thousand. About two hours ride from the crest, we halted for lunch. Beyrout—the Scripture Berytes—lay almost at our feet, but it took us some four hours to reach it. Following the good coach road along which we had ridden since leaving Baalbec, we descended from the Lebanon ridge to the sea-level by a series of seemingly endless zig-zags. An air of something approaching western civilization became apparent as we descended the steep road. Men in European dress rode past us on the way to the interior, perhaps Damascus; and heavy diligences and wagons drawn by mules jingled by with bells on the harness as in Italy and France. We remarked frequently during the afternoon's ride that the scene must resemble very much the Holy Land in the days of its ancient glory. There is capital in plenty at Beyrout, a town of 100,000 inhabitants, and there is more security for its investment than in perhaps any other part of the Sultan's dominions. The district of the Lebanon has been since the massacres of 1867 a protected territory under the guarantee of England, Russia, France, Austria and Germany. Thus, with capital and security for the capitalist, these mountain slopes bloom with orchards and gardens. The mountain torrents are collected, guided to the soils requiring moisture and ripple merrily along their artificial channels. The district is thickly populated and the peasantry impressed us very favourably. On the higher slopes the

Mediterranean breezes rustled through groves of fir trees and umbrella pines; as we got lower down we found ourselves again among the oleanders and palms. At sundown, ragged, sunburned and fatigued, with many known, but many more unknown, mercies to be thankful for, we reached Beyrout.

" Here we remained some days, and here our Palestine party broke up, leaving by different steamers for different destinations. Thus ended our excursion to the dear Holy Land. None of us will ever forget it, or each other, while memory lasts. Parting is seldom pleasant, but alas ! in this early stage of existence, it is the price we pay for friendship. Not the least sorrowful of my partings was from my noble little Imshi, whom I should like to have brought back with me. I saw him no more after we reached Beyrout. Our dispositions suited each other. May I never have a worse horse, or he a heavier rider."

CHAPTER X

NEW ZEALAND

ON his return from Palestine, with increased health and vigour, Richardson settled down in his solitary home at Mount Caulfield, turning to his diary and to self-examination and resolution, in the spare moments of a busy life. Among the pledges made to himself was one to retire at 10.5 to his room when alone; another was to debar himself from reading novels for six months either at home, unless he were ill, or abroad save on long and weary travelling. One of the least egotistical of men, he also vowed to avoid the personal pronoun "I" in conversation or writing. A retrospective passage that follows, fortunately makes an exception.

> "When about nineteen," he writes," which in my case was about equal to others of twenty-one or twenty-two, I was gently led away from the pursuits of my equals. Fox and hare-hunting and similar sports seemed not for me, for three reasons. (1) It annoyed my father. (2) It was pleasure purchased at the expense of exquisite pain. The quarry was hunted down by hounds specially bred and fed to run just a little quicker than a fox. (3) It seemed to lead me into company which would have deadened the young life of my soul. Still I was very envious when other fellows of my age talked over meets and feats, when I knew all the while that if I went at it, I could leave a good many of them behind in the ditches. Then, a delicate wife, married at twenty-two, kept me out of society, while I was bent down with

business in and out of Parliament. Now that I feel high spirits and sporting instincts reviving, and that the first and third reasons have disappeared, the second remains. I have suffered so much, I could not inflict suffering, however small, on any living thing, except a human brute for his own good and that of society. I have hunted occasionally with the drag, in which no suffering is involved."

Some extracts, under date 31st January, 1889, from the diary of a sister may be here inserted. The great loss he had sustained had ploughed deep furrows upon his sensitive nature.

"James is still making a tour in the South, but gives his last lecture (on his visit to Palestine) in Dublin to-night. He writes to J. and me to-day; speaking of trial he says—'When I think of some hearts, I also think of respectable women twisting peppermint stick at Cahir in the days of my youth. One's heart feels something like that at times,—well twisted-like, and some from one cause and some from another. . . . You are both in High and Mighty Hands, who having led you thus far, will lead on. Thy loving brother Jem."

And again later in the same diary.

"Jem is making a progress through the South, lecturing on Palestine. I enter his letter to Ethel here. . . . 'I was so much obliged for thy letter. You may make much of me when I get back and let me down easy, for I am being spoilt during my progress. At C. this treatment commenced. The clan there is a great clan entirely, and never so much as a breeze among them, or deprecatory remarks, and so many of them and so many wives. It is the nearest

to the harmony of the blessed afterwards that I ever came across here. You can *feel* harmony. It is a feelin'. In the city I have just left it is not so. The condition of certain citizens is that of armed neutrality. They have an objection to each other's modes of coiffure, style of speech, and conduct generally. I have no right to expect to be let off easier than they let off one another.' "

Just one other note may be quoted :—" James amuses Edith by saying to-day that he felt ' too broad for the mind, a narrower person could slip through better.' "

In the Spring of 1890, he was suddenly laid low by a second but not so bad an attack of nervous depression, as that from which he suffered in 1884, the result of over-strain and influenza. While still in the throes of this infliction, his father died, and the blow fell heavily. " He seemed part of the earth to me at forty-three. . . . There was always the impulse to run and tell my wife anything about the house or the old servants, and now a similar impulse continues to tell my Father about public, agricultural, commercial and political matters. He always enjoyed it, though by no means always agreeing with my way of putting things. . . . To me he is Chief of Men."

On 28th March, 1890, after only a week's illness from influenza and congestion of the lungs, John G. Richardson died at The Woodhouse, his Bessbrook home.

The funeral procession that passed along the country roads to Moyallon was a mile and a half in length, and might have astonished him, but it was inevitable, for he was as widely loved as known.

" It is a father that we have lost," the people said. It was characteristic of him that about a year before his death, he had left in his desk a memorandum desiring that his funeral should set a quiet example ; throughout his life he had tried, as he says, " to battle with the way persons without a shilling to spare involved themselves in burial expenses. . . . I wish no flowers, no outward show of any kind, but a private committal to the grave by and amongst mine own people." He also expressed his view that those who spoke at funerals conducted after the manner of the Society of Friends, should make their communications short, and they would be more telling. He wished that his death like Samson's of old, might do more good than his life.

His private life had been one of devotion to the Society of Friends, but as his wife says " his religious sympathy was bounded by no sect or limit, but reached out to and embraced all who loved and served the same blessed Master."

The loss of such a man was irreparable, to his large and devoted family, to the people of Bessbrook and to an enormous circle of friends and business acquaintances. To his son already not in the best of health or spirits, it was shattering. He was not fit at the time for the responsibility of public and private affairs, still less to take up the additional care of his father's estate.

A second voyage round the world* was decided upon, and on the first of May he started, with his faithful valet, Samuel Entwistle, his friend, Dr. Quarry, afterwards of Knowle, Warwickshire, his sister Jean

* He had stayed in Canterbury, N.Z., five years before, and was to go again to Hobart, V.D.L., in 1904.

(Mrs. Maynard) who accompanied him as far as the Cape. Some recollections of this time have been kindly contributed by her.*

> "My brother's genuine and deep attachment to his own land was a real part of his character, and of all of it he loved none as he did the two home counties of Armagh and Down. Years after, under a warm sun and clear skies when we rode again together with a thousand miles between us and home, he longed with an intense hunger to be back. It was exile to him when he was parted from the land of tears and mirth, with its uneven hilly country and patchwork fields scented with white clover, and the thatched roofs here and there, with kindly cottage friends and their ever ready word of welcome. He loved it all with a love that never altered."
>
> "A memory comes back, when, after three weeks in which we had ploughed through the Ocean, southward, the word went out that land was sighted and Table Mountain, with Cape Town at its base, could be seen. A group of fellow passengers, excited and eager, surrounded us. The scene was new to him and to most of us. He gave it one long, steady look, then turned away with a relapse into purest 'Ulster' —'I'll *bestow* it on yez!' That was all, but behind I knew well he added, 'Give *me* the Mourne and the Brook!'
>
> "His attachment to the beautiful Malvern country, where he often found rest and better

* All his companions in the first days on this voyage suffered much from sickness; he, whimsically apologising for his entire freedom from any *mal de mer*, would be untiring in amusing them, sometimes playing as many as twenty-four games of chess in a day with Mrs. Maynard, and ready to fetch lemon drinks for the sufferers at all times.

health, came, he said, from the likeness of the granite hill-sides to the mountains he loved. In the same way he loved New Zealand. It was most like Home. Twice he went round the world and came back to take up the thread of life where it had been broken by illness.

" He suffered from sleeplessness and congestion of the blood at the back of the head, which brought headaches and a sense of depression. In spite of this, his patience, gratitude and thought for others never failed, and made him a favourite wherever he went. The devoted care he received from those who served him, both in illness and in health, won his deepest gratitude. It was a testimony to his true and kind heart.

" It was at this time I saw most of him, for at different places we drove and rode together. The remembrance of long days in the open air and his constant appreciation of the least thought taken of his welfare will always live.

" On one of our first journeys together we passed through Dublin with only a short time to spare between trains. The rain fell on the moist and muddy streets in a relentless downpour. Inside the cab we were sheltered and warm. Outside a middle-aged cabby sat on the box, thinly clad and with no overcoat. Without a word to me he let down the window and called, ' Hulloa, my man, we want a mackintosh shop ! " We stopped at a large emporium where rainproof goods were in evidence. Our friend on the box settled himself with a resigned expression, to wait. ' A strong, good mackintosh, please and quick ! ' was my brother's greeting to the assistant who hurried forward. It was brought, and in another moment I saw it lifted by the collar and carried to the driver, with the words ' Take it, my poor

fellow, and get into it as fast as you can ! ' Then he went back and paid the bill.

" Open-hearted and human-hearted he ever was, and broad in his interests, with a shrewd and intimate knowledge of humanity. He was not often taken in by the undeserving.

" There were some experiences in our wanderings that are among the sacred things of my life. Once when he was at the lowest, caused by depression and sleeplessness, I call back a memory of an African night, clear with moonlight, and the doors of our sitting-room open to a wood of eucalyptus trees with their strong scent in the air. We knelt together to ask for a recovery of health for him, and the Master Hand of the Great Wonder Worker (to use his own words of years before) once again turned the captivity and brought him back as before."

At Napier in New Zealand, when he bid goodbye to the last of the European travellers in September, he writes that he was " awfully lonely " in spite of his " two faithful friends." He found the twentieth Psalm very " calming," and was delighted when " young McCulloch from Belfast turned up. It was quite cheering to hear the Ulster accent."

At Woodville, in the " Seventy Mile Bush," he lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Carlile, he an Irishman, busy clearing 1,600 acres of bush ; a man with only 300 or 400 acres being called " a cockatoo." " With the Carliles we drove to Arthur Balfour's place, Piatua, where he has 10,000 acres of fresh land—he is no cockatoo ! " From Palmerston, having bought horses for his party, they proceeded through the " fearful gorge of Manawatu." Taranaki, the new horse bought for £12, was funky at precipices (and

A HALT BY THE WAY

MR. RICHARDSON AND DOLLY

Snapshots in New Zealand by G N. Dixon

so doubtless was his rider). Falling boughs made the horses shy. It was a fearful track, but the Doctor was " as cool as a cucumber." Two more horses were now purchased, one, " a grey mare bought for Entwistle, fell dead under me going at eight or nine miles an hour. We met a countryman and bought his nag for £6 ; it was worth about £3." After a ride of thirty miles they arrived, much shaken, at Wanganui. Sunday was spent at Mount Eclai Hotel, Waitotra, where there was a filthy stable, " for which I slanged the poor drink-besotted hostler," (and afterwards greatly repented.) " Spent a pleasant Sunday for me at Waitotra. No English morning service. Read Prayer-book and Testament quietly alone, and sketched a Maori ' Pah,' or village, in afternoon. Went to a German Mission Church in the evening, about twelve present. Seemed a good pastor, the sermon about David, Goliath and Martin Luther." Riding under Mount Egmont (8,000 feet) to New Plymouth, the capital of Taranaki province, on the coast, " I was worrying in my mind about recognition after death. The comforting thought came to leave it to Him, and go off to do the next duty, which appears to be to get riding-breeches for my faithful E. There are lots of shops here, and plenty of Maoris ; though driving in beautiful carriages, with white coachmen in full livery, most of them had bare heads and feet."

On 17 November they arrived at Wellington, sixty miles from Palmerston. A three weeks riding tour was taken around, a great many sketches were made, and one of the party took photographs.

The complete itinerary of the whole tour is then given. The party had ridden 1,800 miles ; the four horses, which had cost £33, were now sold for £24.

Both islands had been explored, and the hot lakes visited. An interesting article was printed in the *Lyttleton Times*, 22 January, 1891, apparently an interview with the traveller, summing up his views of the country. Everywhere it appeared either beautiful or fertile, and sometimes both. He was amazed at the energy and the capital and intelligence employed in opening up thriving townships, supplied with reading rooms and libraries. He noted how the people retained all the British manners and customs; the Club in Wellington might be Piccadilly. Napier might be a country town at home. Over 100 sketches had been made, and health and spirits restored " to an extent I could not have thought possible." The man of business notes his holding of N.Z. bonds, Christchurch City, and regrets that some had been disposed of when Froude's *Oceana* carried a fall in the securities. He would like them back.

" The large ant-hills in Africa and Australia remind me of the world. The ants are clever, but it would be futile for them to try to understand our motives and actions. We are clever, but it's futile for us to try to understand all God's ways. For a man to die for an ant-hill would be strange. Christ died for a world which is but an ant-hill in space."

On 21st January, 1891, the travellers sailed from Christchurch to Melbourne, whence on 1st February they embarked on *s.s. Carthage* for home. Three weeks were spent in Cairo, and one in Malta before reaching Ireland.

Though much better—" free from that restlessness"—he was not fit for the increased responsibilities of Bessbrook, and in June he went to Malvern for six weeks, accompanied by his wife's niece, Lilly Pim,

" who grows more like her Aunt, now in Heaven." On the way home by Scotland, a visit was paid to Arran, then he returned to Moyallon for a time.

During his absence of more than a year, the executors of his father's large estate had brought processes for rent or eviction against 109 of the tenants whose rents were in arrear. John Grubb Richardson had always given them twenty per cent. abatement, but the executors did not continue this. James, on assuming the conduct of affairs, made a change in his agent. His view was that the rents in force among the 500 tenants on the Charlemont estate, could not be considered unfair, since it had been open to them for eleven years past to appeal to the Land Court of the Commission to have fair rents fixed. He wished to insist on their taking advantage of this freedom, as private settlements were not approved by the Land Committee. As a matter of fact, of the five evictions made on his estate, three holdings were entirely deserted, and one partially. Eleven years' rent was owing by them. The fifth tenant, whose rent was equally in arrear, had been put back as caretaker of the holding. The Judge of the County Court had said that the extraordinary amount of arrears due on this estate could not be allowed to go on. With regard to one or two bad cases, Richardson had corresponded with and interviewed the Mother Superior of the Convent at Bessbrook, a sister of Lord Russell of Killowen, who also had interested himself.

In October he went to Torquay, for a few days, to see his wife's sister, Mrs. Pim, and to get permission to plant myrtle on his wife's grave. " It is three years," he writes, " since I was last here, and mercy all the time." He had suffered a severe illness,

convalescence and a voyage followed, then he had returned to Mount Caulfield and his neglected estate. In recovered strength he undertook a service for his Monthly Meeting, *viz.*, to call on all the widely scattered attenders. In all, forty-two visits were paid, and a most complete schedule of details concerning every one was prepared for the Meeting and copied into the Diary.

His interest in temperance was life-long and never abated. Whatever could be done to promote it for the well-being of the village-folk, he did. Part of a characteristic letter from Sir Wilfrid Lawson, well known to him at Westminster, may be added here.

From Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

Brayton,
Cumberland,
Nov. 3rd, 1901.

My dear Richardson,

I was very glad to get such a kind letter from an old friend.

But why do you go tumbling about in this way, breaking your bones in succession?* It brings our Temperance principles into disrepute. But I hope that you are mending properly and will soon be all right again. As to Home Rule, I am still impenitent. But whether it be good or bad, I think it is a poor business for politicians who call themselves Liberal to take it up and throw it down just as it seems to serve their party objects. Now as to the Liquor question. Your letter interested me very much on that point. It shows that the curse seems to be getting more virulent in Ireland than ever, and this after half a century of preaching and teaching and lecturing

* From a cycle accident.

on total abstinence. Indeed you may preach and teach till Doomsday and not squash the Thing as you call it, so long as the publican is allowed to tempt his weaker brethren night and day to drinking, which is the only cause of drunkenness. This lesson the Nation has not yet learned. But we are teaching it to them and they will learn it by and bye. That I say, knowing that never yet

> " The Plough of Truth was vainly set
> In this world's broad fallow.
> After hands shall sow the seed,
> After hands from hill and mead
> Reap the harvest yellow."

I note what you say and say truly about the lack of good men coming forward to carry on the fight with Bacchus. But why is this? It is because they see how comparatively little the Temperance organisations have effected, and they do not see that the reason of the failure is that the Law which legalises the temptations I have mentioned is the great barrier to the success of these good institutions. . . .

Still it is encouraging that all the wise men are beginning to talk about the Drink question. They talk immense nonsense as a rule, but never mind, it is all helping to form that public opinion without which we can do nothing, but with which we can do everything.

> " May you and I then both remain
> To greater effort stung,
> And fight away, until we gain
> The victory over ' Bung.' "

Yours,

WILFRID LAWSON.

CHAPTER XI

MARRIAGE

Political Meetings. Marriage. Second Tour in Palestine. Society of Friends. Mrs. Maynard's Recollections. Public Appointments. Jubilee of 1897. Portrait of J. G. Richardson. Long illness. Baths at Bessbrook. Percy Bigland's visit. Portrait painted. The Thomsons of Rostrevor. Quarterly Meeting at Moyallon.

WITH largely restored health and spirits, Richardson was able to enter once more into the political life of the times. A huge convention was held in June, 1892, at Belfast in the Botanic Gardens, with three platforms and an attendance of 100,000 persons. The Earl of Enniskillen, T. W. Russell, M.P., Lord Frederick Hamilton and others were present. In the course of his address, Richardson, speaking of the general prosperity of Ulster, ascribed it entirely to their own efforts. "We have not," he said, with a touch of that dry satire that sometimes characterised him, "stood about at street corners talking about our seven hundred years of oppression." In January of the next year, he spoke at a big Unionist meeting in Enniskillen, with Lord Belmore in the chair and the late Attorney-General, John Atkinson, Q.C., as another speaker.

The latest, happiest and certainly the most fruitful period of his life was now entered upon by his marriage on 14th February, 1893, to Sara, elder daughter of Samuel Alexander Bell, of Bellevue, Lurgan.

It is quite characteristic of himself and of the attitude of the whole family to old servants, that he

notes " the two most glorious beings in the wedding party were Archie Andrews, the Bellevue coachman, and William Hamilton, my coachman and faithful servant for twenty years. The radiancy of the latter was transcendent." "It was for the bridegroom," he said, " to give presents instead of receiving," so treats were inaugurated at Lurgan and Newry Workhouses and substantial presents were sent to each congregation around Newry and Bessbrook.

After the marriage at Lurgan, the happy pair at once departed for Dublin, *en route* for the Mediterranean and his second visit to the Holy Land. Much the same ground was traversed as five years earlier. The Diary contains more sketches and fewer descriptions, but is as entertaining as ever. The opening pages show what quips and cranks this many-sided man of forty-seven with his ever boyish spirits and love of fun could indulge in.

> " 1893. Starting from Alexandria in a Khedivial steamer at 10 a.m. our dragoman Harifa, whom I have twice met before, is in ten places at once, and taking care of the effects of ten parties simultaneously. One of the parties going on board was that of Bishop Barry, wife and son. We had heard him preach at Cairo. We had one of the oddest fellow-travellers it ever was my lot to meet and that is saying a good deal ; a lady whom we called ' Flo ' from the endless flow of her tongue ; Flo ' flowed ' in many languages and fell foul of everyone. The Captain was an Italian and she fell out with him because Italy had deposed the Pope. The ship's doctor was a Greek, and she went for him pleasantly about the Ionian Islands and how they had gone back under Greek rule. She called the Germans

'animals,' there being several at table. Her principal enemies were some French gentlemen next her. 'Hold your tongue, it's a lie!' were some of the choice arrows in her quiver. She was a Catholic, evidently a recent convert, and it struck us that she might often embarrass those whom she meant to serve. 'All nations which had deserted the true faith were declining miserably.' What about England? 'Oh, a high dignitary of her church had told her that England would yet become the most Catholic nation of all and the Almighty, seeing this, had given her vast empires. 50,000 Indian subjects of the Queen had been baptised into her Church in the last two years.' 'Increasing numbers of the Queen's subjects are going to Mecca every year,' remarked a Frenchman. She turned to S. and said, 'That gentleman sitting next you has been in India. What does he say?' Thus appealed to, I gravely admitted that I believed the Frenchman was right. 'They go by thousands, with their dromedaries' tails nicely curled, you know. In fact,' I added, 'the bogs sometimes are fairly crawling with them.' The bishop opposite looked at me solemnly, and Flo ceased attention in our quarter. S. thinks the bishop has been shy of me ever since. . . . At Jaffa Flo worried Cook's civil clerks for an hour and a half. The head clerk came to me and said, '*Monsieur, je suis presque mort*!'

"Left Jaffa in a small Victoria, three horses abreast, with our dragoman, Esau, a capable man but in love with a Western failing. The cultivation of the country seems immensely advanced since my last visit five years ago, and even Jerusalem—beloved of artists, the awesome grey old city—is being altered by masses of buildings. At last we enter the Jaffa Gate and

'Find a lodging close to David's Tower,' in the Grand New Hotel.

"Sunday, March 19th. To Church at 10 a.m. The Bishop of Jerusalem in scarlet on his throne. It was a fine sight to see this gentleman walk off afterwards through the dirty streets, preceded by his magnificent Cavass, gorgeously attired. S. is surprised how cold it can be in this rock fortress, perched up about the height of Slieve Donard above the sea.

"Monday, 9.30 a.m. Start for the Temple enclosure. Down, down filthy, narrow streets and at last reach the steps taken by Gustave Doré for the foreground of his great picture: 'Christ leaving the Prætorium.' We formed an imposing brigade on this expedition in line of march.

"1st. The British Consular Cavass, to show we were under Her Majesty's protection.

"2nd. A Turkish soldier, to show we were favoured by the Sultan.

"3rd. Esau in a fresh shawl round his shoulders and very wide trousers.

"4th. Our contingent of three.

"5th. Usual camp-following of boydom and beggardom, with slippers for the Mosque of Omar, on the chance of backsheesh.

"Alas, alas, why can one not be allowed, by some means, one short hour of musing at these places of interest? Why? Because the wit of man and Cook cannot do it.

"From the calm surface of the Temple enclosure we descended some stone steps to the vast excavated structures below, called Solomon's stables, where it is likely that this magnificent

king did bestow part of his 40,000 horses. That these structures were used as stables is shown by the ruins of mangers and holes in the stones for running tether ropes through, Eastern Fashion.

" Two pleasant acquaintances we made at Jerusalem ; the Vicar of Christchurch, Hants, and his wife were waiting for better weather to make the camping journey my sister and I did five years ago.

" S. and I set off one afternoon with the Rev. Mr. B. and his splendid dragoman John, to see a new place of interest, called Solomon's quarries. These are newly discovered, not far from the North, or Damascus gate, and are vast subterraneous quarries, reaching, no one yet knows how far, right under the centre of the city. John had magnesium wire and the place was illuminated for us, but we were glad to reach the outer air again—fresh air, I was about to say, but an encampment of Bedouin Arabs close by, under the walls, forbids the expression.

" After snow and rain there was sunshine once more and S. and I started off to see the unwonted sight of Kedron at flood. Down, down, into the deep gorge of the valley of Hinnom we passed, seeing the carcases of a camel and a horse partially devoured by pariah dogs lying by the roadside. Deep cawing above us, we noticed some carrion crows perched on the olive trees. We were soon to meet a sadder sight ; half a mile further down, just about the junction of the two valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom, was seated a crowd of lepers, and the miserable whine of ' *Lepra, Signor, Lepra, Backsheesh,*' made itself heard. The poor wretches no doubt anticipated that Kedron at flood would attract visitors. You fling the poor objects some coins, hurrying past,

feeling neither Christ-like nor heroic, and think of Father Damian. I try to put myself in their place, but it is too awful.

> With that terror in the eye,
> Which is only seen in those,
> Who, amid their wants and woes
> Hear the sounds of doors that close,
> And of feet that pass them by.

" In this valley there is the oft-heard-of Fount or Pool of Siloam and through it the Kedron, now swollen to about half the size of Camlough stream, was rushing. This sight, so unwonted, had attracted a good many of the residents, and their gay costumes beside the rushing water was a pretty sight.

" My spirits got up, and I took a flying leap over the Brook Kedron, which feat caused considerable excitement amongst the natives. One in particular was much moved and gesticulating violently, said '*franca*, *franca*,' frequently. Whether he was offering to do the same if I would give him a franc, or offering to bet me a franc that I could not jump back, or expressing his opinion that a Frank or European, had no business to jump over his brook, I cannot tell. I jumped back and left him.

Much bad weather and heavy snow at Jerusalem rather spoiled some of the rides and camps, but the visit proved a time of keen enjoyment and interest to both travellers.

Upon their return, life at Mount Caulfield was resumed under happy circumstances. The chairmanship of the Bessbrook Company, responsibility and care of the entire village of workpeople, family claims and connections, were not allowed to prevent

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Richardson from entering into the work of the Society of Friends perhaps more than ever before. He was strongly attached to the Society: his sister writes, "he never seemed to enter easily into the mystic side of Quakerism as our parents did, but the democratic principles on which the Society of Friends is based, in which one man is as good as another, made a strong appeal to him. He has said that although he admired George Fox from a distance, he understood and appreciated William Penn. Certainly the words of the author of *Fruits of Solitude* were words he would have used himself. 'We are in pain to make scholars, but not men. To talk rather than to know, which is true canting.' My brother had the liveliest antipathy to the high-flown and unreal. Those who were apt to talk beyond their experience felt his satire."

He took a leading share in the business part of the Society, was Clerk of the Monthly Meeting and freely gave his time and thought where help was needed. Mrs. Maynard gives another delightful glimpse of the quick instinct he had for fun as well as for giving the people every advantage known to himself.

> "A village 'court of justice' was held by him, now and again, in these days, in which smaller matters were set right. Many a laugh he gave us by his rehearsals of how a Mrs. McCallaghan and a Mrs. O'Reilly would come before him with opposite views as to the behaviour of their offspring. An appeal was made to him to decide the case and administer chastisement where it was deserved—after which all ended in smiles and goodwill.
>
> "Stories come thronging back of special characters of the place. His old gardener Lewis,

with a lisp, who, when asked if a bridge in the garden was safe, made answer: 'Mashter, the plank ish shound—it's ash shound ash a leaf in the New Teshtament!' Or of a large Friends' Quarterly Meeting dinner at which he officiated at Moyallon, when the viands threatened to grow cold because the silent Grace before meat was very long, and the butler, Robert McCormick, whispered behind his chair; 'Arise, Peter! slay and eat,' in the consciousness that he was using becoming language."*

There is in the Diary a telling sketch of

"my nice, queer, old gardener's wife, a very strange character dreaded. . . . by almost everyone. Yet she was under the impression that she was of a most attractive disposition, only an evil world could not appreciate her. She was sure, however, that she was a favourite of Heaven. She was what we term in Ulster, a 'Playboy' if ever there was one."

In some respects he was even more tolerant than his father: a Newry solicitor said of him that he never asked a man's creed, but helped him, whether he came from Garryowen or belonged to the Protestants. Somewhere in his Diary occurs the resolution to take for "my sole, cast-iron rule of conduct, whilst not striving to hide my own views, never to say one word which might needlessly imply disrespect to the political and much more especially to the religious sensibilities of others."

A General Election in 1895, with a County Council election for Armagh, absorbed some of his time, as

* Robert McCormick died in 1924, greatly beloved by all the Moyallon family, and is buried at the Friends' Meeting House there. He was eighty years old.

did other local interests following on his being appointed on the Grand Jury. In writing to Dr. Quarry, his companion in New Zealand, he says, he is glad to have escaped the honour of being High Sheriff.

In 1896, he made an effort to resign the chairmanship of the Bessbrook Company, to the great regret of the Directors, who, however, persuaded him against taking such a step. All were agreed that nowhere amid his many activities were his fine abilities more in evidence. "My two illnesses," he writes to them, "have taken the sap out of me before my time. Nature never made me fit for the responsibility of these companies, and I wish to make room for younger men."

Some partial release gave him more time for the affairs of the village, and also for the frequent visits to those various health-giving and beautiful places, upon which he was so dependent.

On May 20th, 1897, he wrote to Mrs. Maynard from Malvern :

> "You have a great pull over us Provincials ; the journey to London and back is the worst and most expensive part of a short trip abroad. We came here last week early. I had had no rest so to speak for eighteen months, barring the abortive run to Brighton in winter, but meanwhile had sat through three Yearly Meetings, two in Dublin and one in London. We should like to have gone farther, but the date of Ethel's wedding prevents. . . .
>
> "I mean to abide in the quiet, having *entre autres* the Jubilee in prospect. We have taken rooms in Devonshire House Hotel and our seats are in Cheapside, so that is handy. . . . . Many memories of thy care at this same Malvern."

The next subject of interest was the painting of a portrait of their father, John G. Richardson, by J. Doyle Penrose, which Mrs. Maynard wished to present to Bessbrook.

"Jan. 14th, 1898. The picture has come back from the glaziers very well mended, and next week, please goodness, we will have the ceremony, and let thee have particulars. We like it very much as I wrote already on a postcard, and everyone else to whom we have shown it, a considerable number, likes it also. We are grateful for thy gift to the village.

"I was not aware that the pretty Miss F.'s ever prayed about such unsavoury matters as backyards. I thought their aspirations were all psychic and that physics mattered not; anyhow the Saltbox now has backyards, and if they would next pray that the means should be forthcoming for other similar improvements, I could put them on the track of one or two."

"Young MacGregor Greer, now a Director of the Company, tells me at his father-in-law's, the late Colonel Lowry, there are several portraits of Richardsons, painted about a century ago or more, owing to an inter-marriage between that ilk and the Lowrys. He cannot place them exactly so far, but they were Richhill Richardsons* and consequently kith of ours, as our great-great grandfather was of Richhill. It would be interesting to see them, and notice whether any family likeness remains or whether it is bred out. Sometimes likeness is very persistent. At Naworth Castle, a few years ago, I faced suddenly a portrait of 'Belted Will Howard' (Henry VIII's

* William Richardson of Richhill, was returned to Parliament for Armagh City in 1809, and for Armagh County in 1812 and 1818.

time) and a perfect likeness of Hon. Stafford Howard, once M.P. with me—now Earl of Carlisle. Anyhow, the flower of our flock, name and clan, was he who is represented by thy portrait. Great longings come over me at times for a talk with him, and I constantly dream of him.

"Hockey is the great 'go' now; a fine game. I excelled at it mightily at school, and the young fellows pull me out to it now, and laugh when my wind is done. It's pretty severe as played now. I have a splint like a horse, a lame wrist and side, and Malcolm is minus a front tooth. . . . . Thy clock is a real boon to the people.* Hope to write another line soon about the picture and Committee. Ever thy fond brother, J.N.R."

A letter to Mr. G. H. Fox of Falmouth may be quoted here.

June 24th, 1903.

My Dear George,

I had to come to town to a House of Commons Committee on the head of an Irish Railway Bill in which we are interested, and my wife having accompanied me, we were having a few days sight-seeing. But a gloom has been cast over this day's proceedings by the announcement which she pointed out to me this morning of the death of your noble brother-in-law, Sir J. W. Pease. I am about to wire you as to the funeral, which I should like to attend, as I did those of Charley and Arthur, but I fear being from home and consequent arrangements may prevent. Had I been at home I should gladly have crossed to Darlington. I presume he will be laid beside your sister. If I cannot arrange it, you and other relatives

* On the Town Hall.

JOHN G. RICHARDSON

From the portrait by J. Doyle Penrose

will, I am sure, accept the will for the deed. I do not find myself as game for rushing from point to point as formerly.

When sitting in the Park this afternoon and watching the Row, where he and I so often rode together, I felt very sad at the passing of another link of connection with boyhood, youth and parliamentary days. The sun went down over the trees, golden and bright, but with some clouds across it which could not however hide its brightness, fit emblem I thought, of my old friend. No clouds, caused as they were by the results of his good nature and the undertaking of responsibilities which no born man of his age could carry, could to me and to those who knew him well, dim the radiance of the recollections of his kindness and goodness. And no earthly clouds can now, I well believe, dim the radiance of the enfranchised spirit, purified and made white by the merits of the dear Saviour, whom he trusted and tried to serve. . . . .

P.S.—A line to the Reform Club will always catch, being forwarded."

Tarryings in many health resorts both in England and Ireland, alternated with periods at home during the next year or two, and a voyage to Teneriffe, Hobart and New Zealand in 1906, was much enjoyed.

A life-long friendship was begun on this voyage on the White Star liner, '*Gothic*.' No doubt it was by arrangement that the voyage home was made on the same ship and in the same company. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, of Aberdeen, remained his friends until his death, when Mrs. Cooper wrote speaking of those weeks at sea : " Nothing small or personal could live near him and in the little company of the '*Gothic*'

he seemed unconsciously to eliminate all the gossip and unkindness that would arise, and no one felt hurt. He had a wide, keen, bright mind; so rigid he was towards himself, so charitable, so lenient towards others. Russell (her son) now a man, never forgets the happiness he had in sketching with him, and other delights."

In 1907, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, with her sister, went to Holland, the favourite Spas of Belgium, and the Rhine for a few weeks. He was in good spirits and composed some amusing verses: "More Innocents Abroad," in five cantos. Exploring the castles of the Rhine and reviving the legends, they went to Rolandseck and dreamed of Emma in her convent at Nonnenwerth.

> "In various ways the story ends,
> And on the teller much depends;
> To me, the one who best can show it,
> Is R. Buchanan, Scottish poet."

Then on to Heidelberg, Maintz and back to Bonn.

The death of his good step-mother was to him a very saddening event. Since before he was four, he had known no other mother, and the tie between them was very close. Although laid aside from active life for the last years of the nineteen during which she survived her husband, she was still the centre of love and interest to her large family. "She was a woman of strong character, affectionate, yet reserved, high-minded and very conscientious," writes one of her own generation. In public speaking she had a beautiful voice and had been a valued minister in the Society of Friends since her early years. She died on 4th January, 1909, at Moyallon House, the home of her

father, and was buried beside her husband at the Meeting House near by.

For 1912, the Diary is crowded with interesting records. The Bowling Green was made in Charlemont Square, and a committee of the villagers formed to manage it ; the first thing they did was to present him with a gold-mounted stick. This he valued highly as their offering, inwardly cherishing a preference for his old blackthorn. It was greatly encouraging at this time to receive numbers of letters from people he had helped, people in trouble turning to him for advice, people he had encouraged, and especially preachers whose churches he had attended on his many visits to Harrogate, Newcastle (Co. Down), Llandudno, Llandrindod and other places. One of these writes that Mr. Richardson's letter was " a gleam of sunshine that brightens life for a long time. It has afforded me a very deep pleasure. I think that people usually get what they come for from the services of God's House. I like the old name of Meeting House. If only we all could remember that it is not merely a meeting with men but with God, a trysting place with God. If men felt this and came thus, there would be more like you who would go away blessed."* Another letter from a former apprentice at " The Brook," written from Kobe where he was then employed with the Dunlop Company, was welcome for its expressions of gratitude for " the interest you took in us youngsters."

From this time onward, wherever he was, he made a practice of distributing selected leaflets and tracts among a large circle of folk. He took infinite pains to get correctly the names of all the visitors in principal

* From the Rev. James Kiers, of Newcastle, Co. Down.

hotels, " especially the high and mighty ones." Then he sent them his missives by post ; he also gave away a great many to persons leaving the piers by steamers, " this latter a tough job."

In August he was home again at Mount Caulfield, and keen on a project for erecting Baths at Bessbrook. He inspected Falls Road Public Baths in Belfast, and carefully noted down every detail of prices as charged, costs and weekly takings. He writes to Mrs. Maynard :

> " Our last coup at Bessbrook is the starting of the Sissilian Baths. They have not been used enough to pay yet, but are just covering working expenses. A feature which pleases me greatly is that the Mothers' tickets are being much more availed of ; a mother can bring all her brood under ten and bathe them for 3d., bringing her own towel and soap and have the water changed once. If I provide soap and towels, it is 6d. Most of them take the thrupenny."

A pamphlet " Concerning the New Bath House," 1913, tells of the various sites considered. The abandonment of the Company's Dispensary and Medical Staff owing to State Insurance, provided an adaptable building. A sporting offer is made to supply a board and chalk for any budding authors or painters who wish to draw or write their opinions on the walls.

The Company had already maintained its private Dispensary at Bessbrook, with a doctor and nurse whose services, with medicine, were at the disposal of every worker in the Mills. By the Insurance Act of 1912, this system was swept away ; Mr. Richardson estimated that the sum of £400 a year would be paid by the people in tax, £1,000 by the firm.

It was strongly desired by Mrs. Richardson and all his sisters that his portrait should be painted by their friend, Percy Bigland, of Chelsea, a well-known member of the Society of Portrait Painters and exhibitor at Burlington House, successful painter of many Friends, their relatives and other notable persons. James protested hotly. Portraits, he said, were for people really distinguished, or for those fortunate ones who were blessed with descendants. Again, there was the cost. "Whoever pays the shot, it will cost what would keep a couple of poor families for a year." However, "not to appear carnaptious," he gave in, and the artist arrived to spend two or three weeks on the picture. He probably had not an ideal sitter from one point of view, but the roars of laughter proceeding from the spacious north room chosen for a studio, spoke of other successes. His own account, written to Mrs. Maynard, is entertaining enough.

> "3. 3. 1912. I have fallen even lower in my own estimation the last few days, on this wise, Anne, B.A.* had Percy Bigland on her mind, and pressed me to get my portrait painted, naming a price fit to knock a man down. But I respectfully declined. However, she wrote him unknownst, and must have been colloguing with Sissillia, for over comes P.B. on a very inconvenient day, agreeable to make a portrait, or a sketch, or a hand-me-down of some sort, no arrangement being made that I can see; a regular rumbledy-thump affair, quite foreign to the commercial mind. Anyhow they persuaded me to sit, and we have got a certain length; and

* Miss Anne Wakefield Richardson, of Westfield College, Hampstead, a sister.

when I sat, being somewhat cross, I sent for Eaves (his secretary). 'Eaves,' said I, 'will you please telephone to a lot of people that they can come and see me being painted if they like: Mrs. Mick Hogan at Dodd's Cross Roads, and Mr. Wakefield, and the Barcrofts, and Lord Londonderry at the Ulster Club, and you may as well tell Sir Edward Carson.' 'Oh, do you know Sir Edward Carson well?' said P.B., 'No, not well,' said I. 'Then how does he come into it?' says P.B. 'Oh, because he might like to see an R.A. painting the likes of me,' and then I could not keep down a quivering grin. 'Oh, Mr. Richardson,' says P.B., 'could you try and retain that expression?'

"But somehow I don't like the whole thing, but am glad anyhow to meet P.B. He is an extremely nice fellow indeed, and plays a beautiful game of golf."

Two portraits were painted, the second, which was the first begun, has recently been finished and hung in the Town Hall (1925) by request of the village people.

During this August, he was sent for at 7.30 one morning to go to the Works, a messenger having arrived to say that the under-manager in the power-loom department had fallen dead. He was John Ferguson, a Friend, and it was characteristic that for many, many Sundays, James Richardson called for the wife and two children to escort them to Meeting: "they seemed so desolate alone."

An old friend died in September, the last and younger of three brothers: William, Captain 78th Highlanders; Henry, ex-M.P. for Newry; and Edward Thomson. When their father died, owning much

landed estate but leaving no will, William, " a decided Christian officer and eminent gentleman," divided all with his brothers and sisters. Edward had been blind for twenty-three years, tended by a devoted and charming wife.

> " It's only yesterday we were young men and I think of him as young, tall, slight, with fine manners and still finer qualities."

After the September Quarterly Meeting at Moyallon he wrote down an intimate passage of memory, recording his early spiritual awakening.

> " 9. 15. 1912. Quarterly Meeting at Moyallon, the fiftieth anniversary of my being stricken, like Jacob of old, with some inward visitation which my step-mother pronounced to be ' having seen the Heavenly Vision.' I walked into that Q.M. in 1862, a boy, old for my years (eighteen) because of being the eldest of a large family, with all the buoyancy and spirits of a boy. I had a respect for religion and religious people, but did not understand what they were talking about when they got on to religious topics, and kept quietly out of their way. The addresses, however, in that meeting caught my attention. I seemed to see things in different perspective. I got frightened and things that never cost me a thought before, seemed red sins. What would profit me in exchange for my soul ? In fact, I jumped to the real knowledge that I had a soul. I was near mad with confusion and fright and tried to get away alone. John Pim, seeing me dull and not full of life and jokes as usual, spoke kindly to me and with great tact. Dear step-mother sat up with me well into the night. For days I remained in this confused state ; then I got hold

of exciting novels and read away at them till the keenness was dulled. So I turned away from my first visitation, but like Jacob and others who have seen the vision I was never quite the same. I was uneasy for three years, then I had another distinct visitation, another way. I got a Greek Testament to look up ' He that believeth on Him hath everlasting life,' and I had a thrill like an injection of a new element in my veins. I felt like a new creature, and felt it was a second birth."

CHAPTER XII

CALM BEFORE STORM

Improved Health. Silver Wedding Presentation. Dublin Yearly Meeting. Malahide. Motor Tour in N. Ireland. Bundoran. Visit of New Zealand Friends. Thoughts on the After-life. Ulster's Opposition to Home Rule. London Yearly Meeting. Llandrindod Wells. Pales Meeting House.

THE year 1912 had something of the quality of a halcyon year for the family at Bessbrook. In restored health, James N. Richardson had returned to his old habits of writing freely in the Diary; corresponding with friends; visiting relatives and entertaining the village folk at his own home, which really gave him more pleasure than did almost anything else.

> "Returned from four days' visit to Rostrevor with Sissillia. Enjoyed it very much. May we watch and guard against any *upliftedness* caused by absence of trouble. 'The meek will He guide in judgment. . . He that exalteth himself shall be humbled.'"

He was glad to be able to attend the little Friends' Meeting again and to speak from the fulness of his heart and a deepened and riper spiritual life. In putting down a note of his quite unprepared address on Easter morning, he writes "we keep the Passover of 3,000 years ago."

> "Forty-seven years have elapsed (since his first visitation) and it is no use for any 'blasphemous infiddle' to argue that the books of the Pentateuch are faked.

" The experiences of Israel in the wilderness have been repeated line for line in my experience during that time."

This is followed by various similes from the wanderings of the tribes which match the events of his life:

" yearnings, refusals, fear, spiritual thirst, heart hunger. . . . all paralleled in the journeyings of the chosen people, ending in the passing through the dark and muddy waters of Jordan, which all must dread. What would it be without Him in the swellings of Jordan? Just what? "

" Christmas again, with its many mercies, we have been allowed to spend at home, and ability has been given to get through its labours, for labours they are, but delightful ones. It is nice to dwell among one's own people. We have given the usual treats to ' grown-ups and children ' at Craigmore and Essawary, with a present to each person. The Bessbrook teachers and many friends with their children gathered in the Billiard Room to receive some little gift from Father Christmas."

" Feb. 1913. Robert Ross, once a manager at the Mill, passed away last night. I had seen him in the afternoon, lying quiescently breathing like a child. He must have been at least ninety-four. His wife, long since gone, was my nurse. He also was a faithful servant, and it felt a privilege to support him in his last years. All his savings were expended fifteen years before his death. Men don't provide for living to ninety-five."

" Feb. 21st, 1913. Presentation to Sissillia and me—poor me. This was really a historic event in the history of Bessbrook and in my

history. The workpeople of Bessbrook, Craigmore and district presented me with an address, beautiful in its sentiments (only far too flattering) and beautiful in its framing and illumination. To Sissillia they gave some beautiful solid silver. It was all gratifying except the publicity, but that the givers wished for, and they had a right to be pleased. . . . One of the most gratifying features of the whole thing to me was that the idea originated and was engineered by the working men and working women and not from the top at all. And here in the privacy of my diary, I put down that I would far rather receive such a manifestation of the regard and goodwill, and perhaps I might venture to say, the affection of the people among whom I have passed my life, than to receive an Earl's patent from the Crown."

"The North of Ireland workmen," he goes on to say, "are a lovable race, they attach themselves closely to those with whom they are associated. They have all the virtues and the faults of their class, of course. One of the faults is that they go with a big swing, all on or all off. It's the same thing that in London Society is called Fashion."

Then the great passion of his life breaks forth and there is a tender revelation of his untiring care for the children. It unfolds, perhaps, more than anywhere else the intimacy of his home life amid the villagers.

"I love the children, all sorts of them, and their artless, artful ways. Their Sunday calls at Mount Caulfield to show their new clothes, or to see the flowers, in the hope of not being sent empty away. Probably it is having no living children of my own that causes me to look on every child, clean or dirty (though I own to preferring

the clean one), as in a sense my children. I hate to see them pinched and old-looking, and could fairly massacre the unnatural parents who have them so. The village folk must watch you very closely. No diplomatist in the Foreign Office could have seized on and pointed out S.'s traits and attitude over twenty years that she has been helping me, with such good taste as they did in the address."

In a letter not long after he wrote :—

"S. and I are both so thankful that we were fit and well for our 'Presentation,' which it would be affectation to say was not most gratifying, though we should both rather have received the 'Accolade' more in private. However, the kind people wished just the contrary. When composing my reply, prose ran on into verse, and 'behold,' (as poor Aaron said when he was caught) out came this Ballad. My family directs me to send you a copy which I do with all the modesty of one who knows that in you, he is approaching a Past Mistress of the art, and regrets that it is no better."

This ballad was printed, but apparently not for free distribution. Truest wisdom lies often in acknowledging that something for nothing is not necessarily the most valued. "More then 2,000 (of the leaflets) went off from the shops in a few days." Of his ease in rapid writing and pouring out metrical effusions on any congenial topic, there will be occasion to speak in a future chapter devoted to the subject of his considerable authorship. Suffice it to say here that the village welcomed and really understood the many little books and leaflets which he had printed for them. With inimitable humour, they designated all these as "Mashter James's puttin' outs."

Photo: Lafayette, Ltd.

MRS. J. N. RICHARDSON

1901

This is another evidence of the closeness of the tie that bound him to the people. They must share in every aspect of himself, his travels, his aspirations, his poetical output, and all in the most natural spirit of true brotherhood and fatherhood, as far removed as possible from any class prejudice or semblance of condescension.

> "March 14th, 1913. Have been reading the notices in *The Friend*, respecting the late Dr. Hodgkin, D.C.L., Litt.D., better known to me as 'Tom Hodgkin,' who died suddenly at Falmouth, aged 80. His brother-in-law, George Henry Fox, was my favourite schoolfellow, hence the intimacy with him.
>
> "Though he was some fifteen years my senior, he never seemed to be so and I notice that of late years I accepted his pronouncement on any matter social, religious, or political, as one to be followed. I feel I have one human guide the less. With him I am sure it was sudden death, sudden glory.
>
> "His poem, 'Emori Nolo,' has long been to me the chief of all religious poems.
>
> "Sad, yet not; and wondrous to think that the writer who wrote by faith now knows by sight."

The following are a few verses from the poem.

"Yet I beseech thee, send not these to light me
Through the dark vale;
They are so strong, so passionlessly mighty,
And I so frail.

"No! let me gaze not on some sea far-reaching,
Nor star-spent sky,
But on a Face in which mine own, beseeching,
May read reply.

. . . . . .

Such was my cry ; hath not the mighty Maker,
Who gave me Christ,
Hath he not granted me a sweet Awaker
For the last Tryst ?
. . . . . .
Have I not known him ? Yes, and still am knowing,
And more shall know ;
Have not his sweet eyes guided all my going,
Wept with my woe ?
Gleamed a bright dawn—hope when the clouds of [sadness
Made my soul dim
And looked their warning when an alien gladness
Lured me from Him ? "

In April the Friends' Yearly Meeting for Ireland was attended, under pleasant circumstances.

Malahide, Co. Dublin,
30. 4. 13.

. . . " We are here at this lovely and historic little sea-side place (good golf) from which a motor car makes it easy to attend the Y.M. in Dublin. Lord Talbot de Malahide's Castle is close by—one of the few castles built by Strongbow 1172; still inhabited and by the same family. You hardly remember 'The Bridal of Malahide' in our old *Bell's Reciter* :—

" She sinks on the meadow
By sad Malahide,
A wife and a widow,
A maid and a bride," etc., etc.

" owing to a difference of opinion between the bridegroom and a neighbouring Clan."

The visit was much enjoyed and in Dublin he revelled in some hours spent in the library of Trinity College. He pored over the exquisite beauty of

the *Book of Kells*: the fine lettering and gold work, the undimmed colours of the ancient illuminations bringing real pleasure to his beauty-loving soul. In the *Book of Armagh*, too, he was vastly interested. Still more in a copy, or " imitation," as he calls it, of the fine elephant's tusk belonging to Kavanagh of Borris, which remains sole title-deed of his descent from the kings of Leinster. He had known Kavanagh at Westminster* and had visited him at Borris, Co. Carlow, in 1896, when his host had conducted him to his strong room, and he had been privileged to behold the original ivory.

The death of a kind neighbour, a lady of much distinction, calls forth a note of genuine humility.

> " A stately and kindly presence gone, a pillar of support removed from many people and many things. She was loftily and calmly against anything wrong or vulgar. She told me once or twice what she thought was good for me to hear about myself, but I was able to show her that she had been wrongly informed. I thought it noble of a person like her to tell me out to my face these things rather than repeat them to my detriment behind my back. 'Blessed are the wounds of a friend.' I was never in her presence without feeling better for it. As in the case of my own good step-mother, the lines of Sir Walter Scott seem so applicable.
>
> " Now is the stately column broke,
> The Beacon fire dissolved in smoke,
> The bugle call no longer shrill,
> The warder silent on the hill."

* The Right Honourable Arthur Macmorrough Kavanagh, (1831–1889) M.P. for Co. Wexford and Co. Carlow, 1866–1880. A striking instance of the triumph of mind over natal physical defects. He was a great traveller, a great landlord, a member of the Irish Privy Council and of the Land Corporation.

In April, a little time was spent at Monkstown, Co. Dublin.

> " Golf pulls me together more than any physical thing. I went to the Cinema to see the 'Manger and the Cross.' The scenes were reverent and true to Eastern life, and in good taste. The Annunciation scene was exquisite. The stately moving of the camels of the Magi and their offering of gifts, beautiful. So was the laying on of hands. This performance, which must be the result of many, many people's labours, was as good to me as twenty sermons."

A motor tour in North Ireland at the end of August was much enjoyed, all the more perhaps because the record of 105 English miles in one day which might be all very well for 1913 would now for some pleasure-seekers need to be much exceeded. The Diary presents somewhere a careful balance-sheet of motor costs for one year, of a total distance of 8,178 miles. The first stopping-place on this tour with the car was Bundoran. " Vast improvement," both in the place and in his own health, is recorded since he was there in 1876.

> " When last there I crawled about tired and weary, trying to fish a little. Now, I whacked and thrashed round the links with the youngest cousins until one eye got bigger than the other. The deep grinding poverty then common is now uncommon, thanks to good harvests, Horace Plunket, and the various Land Acts giving the people security. Lord Palmerston's property here, now sold to the tenants, still bears evidence of that good landlord, great statesman and man. Mr. Ashley resides at his Mullaghmore House ; he is grandson of the good Shaftesbury, and son

of Evelyn Ashley, whom I used to know in Parliament. It came to the Ashleys through Lady Palmerston."

A letter to a sister describes the later part of the tour.

Lough Swilly Hotel,
Buncrana,
Co. Donegal,
1st Sept., 1913.

"We spent a very pleasant week at Bundoran and then came on here in one day, *via* Ballyshannon, Donegal town, Raphoe and 'Derry and no surrender.' Why did not someone tell me years ago, what a charming little place Buncrana is? Alick Richardson* owns the castle, an extremely nice, roomy, old place, built in the old O'Dohertys' castle grounds; in fact, our route was strewn with ruined castles and abbeys which under Home Rule, I gather, are to spring to life again in all their pristine glory. The views here are exquisite, the air fine, the place quaint but with a lot of nice people, both 'quality' and the other, all about. You could linger in the castle grounds and woods for hours, and they have electric light all over, mind you, and this hotel is most comfortable, and for me a fine golf links close by. So drop Fileys and Felixstowes, and try the old country."

From Buncrana they went by Armagh homewards. He records that he scattered on the way five hundred or more nice books and tracts. "The children went for them in style. We hope they may do good."

With regard to this and other motor tours in Great Britain, he always liked to see the quarters the

* Alexander Airth Richardson, a cousin, descended from great-uncle John. See p. 36.

men were to occupy, and that they were comfortable. When travelling round the world he invariably inspected the bedding to see if it were dry and sufficient, before choosing his own rooms.

A letter written this year contains some of his deepest thoughts on the subject of the after-life. At the close of it he remarks how unusual it is for him to write of his inmost feelings and perhaps he has left nothing else that so opens the windows of the soul, till we get a glimpse of that rare atmosphere in which in spite of periods of deep dejection, his spirit habitually moved.

Mount Caulfield,
Sept. 3rd, 1912.

"Dear Mrs. Hayes,

An absence whilst visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bell, at Donaghadee, has prevented my writing earlier to say how much I missed our delightful visitors on my return from the South of Ireland, and still more to say how deeply grieved I was that their visit should have had, at its termination, the sad news which reached them from New Zealand. Your remark in your letter to my wife touched me greatly, *viz.*, that 'Death is cruel.' So he is. I hate him. He is the Enemy, the breaker of hearts, the destroyer of hopes, the keeper of uncertainties. His claiming a sister of mine in her early bloom caused me to write some verses of which the enclosed is one, and its sentiments may perhaps at times have been yours also.

This all brings to my recollection our conversation on the pleasant Sunday when you were here, and I feel that my answer to your question as to my idea of the hereafter was very incomplete. But after all, the ideas of our fellow

creatures are only ideas. The only one who can tell us, and who does, directly and through two chosen people—St. Paul and St. John—is our Lord, Who came from the centre of all things, from the glory of the Father, and took human likeness upon Him, bearing a double nature. As man allowing himself to be murdered, as God rose again. It struck me the other day that resurrection is not one bit more mysterious than birth or death, only that we, at present, are unaccustomed to it. Our Lord was seen conversing on the Mount (probably Hermon) with two already resurrected men—Moses and Elijah. They were recognisable and talked of subjects in which they were interested when in our stage of existence ; from this I firmly deduce that the happy dead will recognise each other and remember old times. Then ' with what body do they come ? ' asked the puzzled Corinthians of St. Paul, who had been translated and had seen and heard in visions things which it was impossible or unlawful for him to utter, simply because his hearers could not understand, nor had he language to describe. And his reply to the query is—' Thou foolish or puzzled one (not thou fool), that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption, it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory. It is sown an earthly body, it is raised a spiritual body.' From which I gather that those who attain that resurrection will be the same, and yet not the same, just as the flower is in a sense the same and yet more fragrant and more lovely than was the decayed seed from which it sprang. There is no portion of the Creed which I repeat more fervently than ' I believe in the Communion of Saints and the Resurrection of the body.'

Then, when we come to the revelation given to St. John, I notice that he enlarges upon the many mansions (or dwellings rather) spoken of by Our Lord, and attempts to describe the glorified state in words which I can partly understand—and mostly can't. A capital city, this centre of the redeemed, whether on this planet renewed or some other. A River of Life, and trees of healing, plants containing some marvellous properties of renewing and preserving life continually. The golden streets and floors which you said did not attract you—or me either—I regard not as made of metal but as descriptive of the lovely light which we often call golden, lighting a landscape with pure gold. 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more earth (because no more sin—anomia—lawlessness) neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.'

My difficulty does not lie in doubting the communion of saints, the rapture of their meeting, the renewal of their interrupted love, but rather as to whether one so entirely unworthy as I, may ever get among them, knowing that it is only those 'whose names are written in the Book of Life who have a right to the heavenly city.' Then I think again of Our Lord who says 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out,' and that it is not the clever, the successful, the great, who enter into the City, but those who have washed their robes in the blood of the mystic Lamb. He is the Light, and in Him is no darkness at all. My small experience is that if I deliberately turn my back to that Light, I go fumbling and stumbling about, but when I try to follow His example and obey His precepts, light seems to shine on this and many other subjects.

Do please forgive all this prolixity if you can. I am not in the habit of writing confessions and do not care for the practice, but on this occasion my pen has run on as it never did before.

And now with kind regards to Wanaka* and the sincere sympathy of one who has known what these awful rendings are,

Believe me, to remain
Very truly yours,
JAMES N. RICHARDSON.

P.S.—The Aeroplane race is to take place on Saturday, Dublin to Belfast. I wish Wanaka was here to keep me company up Camlough Mountain and see them fly over."

The crisis of Ulster's opposition to Home Rule was now upon them, and the very serious state of affairs there was only to be merged in the terrible events of 1914. Little thought though there was of the world-wide havoc to be wrought in the following years, ominous signs and portents were weighing upon all loyal Irishmen as to the future of their country. Whatever the political creed or ideals of an Irishman, North or South, we all agree that love of Ireland is a passionate inspiration, perhaps as strong as, although so marked in contrast with, the deep, hidden, outwardly unemotional but ineradicable patriotism of the English.

In what spirit a man like James Richardson met the on-coming troubles is partly revealed in a fragment of a letter to a friend.

Dec. 18th, 1913.

". . . Added to the ordinary uncertainties of life there is now the queer state of affairs in

* This New Zealand name was given to the daughter, born in New Zealand, of his correspondent. During a visit to Mount Caulfield, Mrs. Hayes had lost a loved sister.

> Ulster, and the wisest forbear prophesying what might be our condition this time next year. Here we seem to be stolidly preparing for civil war in our different ways. Some by working, some by praying, and some by drilling and arming; some, like me, by getting up Ambulance Work. We have two classes of thirty each, taught by a Belfast doctor who comes up for the night, and I am learning a power about myself which I never knew before in the way of ulnars and ubials, femorals and occipitals, etc. Tell Chrissie if she were here I'd be bandaging her and feeling her for ' pressure points ' for stopping bleeding. I cannot feel sufficiently thankful for not being in the awful condition of a few years ago, in which I could not have remained in the country at all. . . . I had rather my later years had been cast in quieter times, but we can't control these things. Take no anxious thought. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

It was characteristic of him to organise three separate First Aid Classes for the different sections of the inhabitants. He entered for the examination with the others and was surprised to pass with no bad mark.

" Christmas was upon us before last year's paper and string were put away." He is thankful for increasing strength to carry the " burdens put upon one. 'Do more,' is the public's manner of saying you have done well, but the public can't cure you if you are knocked over again."

> " The condition of things in Ulster and of men's minds causes us who have been brought up in the views of Friends respecting war, to find ourselves in trying positions. From the dawn of Christianity, Christian opinion has been divided on this subject of man-slaying. Some early

> Christians suffered martyrdom rather than serve in the Roman Legions ; others were the most trusted men in those Legions. The Society of Friends has taken the former view. I am a Friend of at least eight generations and these views are so strongly bred into me that I could not kill or aid in taking human life. . . . Moreover we lay ourselves open to the taunt frequently used: ' You Quakers sit still, you let us do the fighting and you reap the benefit.' "

He went over in May to attend the Yearly Meeting in London after an absence of fourteen years. The Epistle of Dublin Yearly Meeting which he had attended, raised the question of betting and gambling which had come suddenly into prominence owing to the change of ownership of one of the London daily newspapers.

All betting and gambling has been a proscribed indulgence from the foundation of the Society of Friends, and Richardson shared the view of many thinking people that the publication of tips and betting news was a direct incitement to gamble. He had been in correspondence with Sir Edward Fry, Sir J. Whitwell Pease and others, on the question, and made a striking contribution to the discussion at the sitting devoted to the subject. His comments, as recorded in his Diary are interesting.

> " The discussions at the London Yearly Meeting were less in the hands of the ordinary business men and their wives and daughters than of yore ; these now listened and the talking was mainly done by professionals, masters and mistresses of Schools, heads and headesses of Summer Schools, Secretaries of Missions and Settlements, etc. etc.

"The above giving rise to the statement made to me by a Friend from Waterford—'Oi say, don't ye think these English Quakers are all so hoighly cultivated that they've rejouced themselves to the dead level of na-nen-ti-tee?'

"The Old Testament, once so often quoted from and alluded to, was rarely brought into mention, at least in my hearing. It would be a grievous thing if English Friends were to discard its marvellous teaching, and its wonderful beauties of anecdote, history, poetry, proverb and prophecy."

On leaving London, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson went to Llandrindod Wells, to recruit, as J.N.R. says, after two Yearly Meetings—Dublin and London. Many visits had already been paid there and the interest in the place was heightened by the calls paid on various public institutions—Orphanage, Sanatorium etc., and on his friend, Mr. H. D. Phillips and others.

"Nothing special at Ll. Wells except common mercies every day renewed, and attendance at the Hereford and Radnor annual meeting held at 'The Pales,' a quaint little thatched meeting-house on the hills near Pennybont, some seven miles from Llandrindod Wells. The position is beautiful. It is approached with difficulty; women Friends still ride there on horseback; two ladies, mother and daughter, came this day 'ride and tye.'

"They put me in the Ministers' Gallery and I experienced a new and unique sensation; I can't describe it, and I shall never experience it again. It was the same gallery, plain oak railings and all, which George Fox once occupied!!!"

Pales Meeting-House stands on a hillside, eight

PALES MEETING HOUSE, RADNORSHIRE

From a water-colour drawing by J. N. Richardson

miles from Llandrindod Wells and nearly a thousand feet above the sea. It commands magnificent views of the Radnor Forest range and overlooks the village of Llandegley ; its picturesque thatched exterior was sketched more than once by James N. Richardson. One of the smaller of these water-colour sketches is here reproduced.

The deeds belonging thereto date from about twenty years later than George Fox's great meeting in 1657, which was probably held very near the site of the present building. From Fox's own account*, it seems to have been held out of doors, as he says " the multitude was so great that many sat on horseback to hear. A priest who sate with his wife on horseback heard attentively and made no objection." George Fox himself, " stood upon a chair about three hours, sometimes resting my hand upon a man's head." Before the meeting, he walked aside, until a Welshman, Morgan Watkins, came up and told him " the gentry had come in."†

In the middle of the nineteenth century, the back portion of the house was used as a boys' school, kept by Quakers. The desks are still on the premises, and when the annual Monthly Meeting is held here in June, the shutters between are let down, and the seating considerably extended.

* George Fox, *Journal*, ed. N. Penney, F.S.A., 1924, p. 145.

† *The Friend*, March 21st, 1924, p. 239.

CHAPTER XIII

1914 – 1916

WITH a heart weighted with anxiety for Ireland and its immediate future, Richardson, like all loyal Ulstermen, met that eventful summer of 1914. Humanly speaking, nothing seemed before his country but strife and bloodshed. Then, " like a thunderclap, the lurid cloud hanging over Europe burst. I felt almost relieved," he said, " that the danger of Civil War was removed ! So selfish and petty are we, O purblind race of miserable men ! "

The rallying of Ulster, and the enthusiasm of Sir Edward Carson's Ulster Division, followed, and it was not long before Richardson motored to Armagh to bid good-bye to the Bessbrook boys, nearly fifty, who had volunteered. He took them each a small Testament and a large, many-bladed knife before they went into camp at Clandeboye, County Down. They were also each given a printed folding card with verses specially written to " The Boys of Bessbrook."

Drawing a vivid picture of the village and its surroundings in simple words, he bids them in those verses to remember their mothers' prayers and their early homes, reminds them of their sudden manhood and desire to do manly deeds under the flag ; and charges them to shun temptation, to bear in mind their Lord :

" Ever kindest of the kind,
Whilst the bravest of the brave.

Boys of Bessbrook, going forth
'Neath the Red and White and Blue ;
East or West, or South or North,
Think of us—we think of you."

October, 1914. *James N. Richardson.*

The story of the next months and indeed years, cannot be dwelt upon in detail. It is full of thought for others. Letters, gifts and parcels were despatched to all the "Bessbrook boys," and to innumerable young relatives at the front. Scarcely a couple of months passed before he was writing letters of warm sympathy to friends and members of his large family circle whose sons fell in the Expeditionary Force, and touching letters in reply were received and kept. Their portraits were cut out and pasted in a book, with descriptions of their family connection, and their fine deeds and honourable mention. At last he writes, "This diary is becoming like a cemetery."

> "I see in my notice of Christmas 1912, that we were able to get off about 400 presents. This time, 1914, it amounted to 800, mainly of course, among the working people amid whom indeed my life has been principally spent and amid whom my affections lie. . . . . May we be thankful for the gifts of means and health which permit us to do these things. . . . There are few if any earthly pleasures like that of seeing the bright faces of those you meet—whom you have been enabled to help. If you make a child happy, you make it good and that is angel's work."

He spent much time over this correspondence, and a few extracts from letters received from the Front in 1915 and after may be given here.

"Dear Sir,

Just a few lines in answer to your ever-welcome letter and parcel, which I received quite

safe. I was just out of the trenches. We are still looking for the day of victory coming till we get back to the Model Village. I think it is a great honour to see how Bessbrook has answered the Country's call. I know the Bessbrook men will do their duty. No more at present.

W.L.

Royal Fusiliers, 2. 11. 1915.

"Dear Mr. R.,

Ever so many thanks for your letter. I had been in Hospital, but am now back in the Wagon line, looking after the horses and trying to keep them 'fit' They are not thriving, so I determined to put up lean-to sheds, as there are jolly hard frosts at night now. The remainder of the Battery is up in the Firing line with the guns. . . . We are on chalky soil and 'funk-holes' are dug straight into the chalk and are absolutely shell-proof. I had been living in two rooms, the remains of a beautiful house and perfect garden and had my meals in a bower of apple-trees, when one day the Hun, who is nothing if not methodical! levelled my part of the town, and I retired to a dug-out. . . . I am afraid to look at the lists now. All my Cambridge friends are gone. Out of a four that rowed at Henley and Cambridge, I am the only one alive, but they went in a good cause.

Yours very sincerely,

J.R.C.

Highland Artillery.

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Richardson,

Well, I'm fortunate to have come through so far. . . . It is wonderful how the wayside Calvarys have escaped bombardment, very few damaged, and to me, personally, they have been a considerable help when going into action. . .

There is one church service I've been to in France that stands out vividly in my memory. It was held in the dry bed of the canal, and the Chaplain had quoted the words "Peace I give unto you." Just as he reached "not as the world giveth," a soldier passed along the bank carrying about a dozen wooden crosses. It made one think an awful lot of what Peace really was.

Yours very sincerely,
E.J.E.,
Scots Guards."

Royal Irish Fusiliers,

"Dear Sir,

Just a few lines to tell you that I have been reading a paper which, by good luck, I got hold of, and I saw you and Mrs. Richardson gave an Entertainment to the Sunday School. It made me think of home. The Kaiser and his Huns will get a queer entertainment before long and the sooner the better. . . . . Me and a chap called Connely are the only Bessbrook boys here, and we muck together and have good sport. It's like Easter, there's that many shells, but not the right sort. I will now draw to a close, hoping to hear from you soon.

I remain one of your ' caddy ' boys."

In April, 1915, there was a large demonstration in the Town Hall to memorialize the government to prohibit or at least shorten, the hours of liquor supply during the War. In this effort, people from all the churches were united, and stirring speeches were made by many.

Civilians living in Ireland were instructed by the War Office not to cross to England unless it were absolutely necessary. The officials had a sufficiently arduous task protecting the lives of the soldiers from submarines and mines. This menace forbade a visit

to Harrogate or any English Spa, so in May, the Mount Caulfield party motored to Ballynahinch, where the sulphur springs had been much frequented in earlier days.

" S. and I came to take the sulphur water at Ballynahinch. A distinguished medical man pronounces the water as good as that of the Harrogate ' spa ' and certainly not ' faked ' This little Spa was much frequented by the Ulster ' quality ' prior to the time (some sixty years back), when railways began to make England and the Continent easy of access. So far we are charmed with this simple place. The neighbourhood is clothed with tidy unpretentious lodgings circling round the Assembly Rooms, Pump House and the little Park, all now rather in decay. Our Hotel, ' Elmwood,' is clean and comfortable, and the guests nice and agreeable and in some cases extremely interesting North of Ireland people.

For the above we pay 35s. per week, each.
Sitting-room (private) 15s. ,, ,,
Chauffeur .. .. 25s. ,, ,,
Garage (primitive) .. free

Solemn grace before meals and no women smoking."

"ODE TO ELMWOOD
(Rhyming verses)

Fair Elmwood, in mid-summer prime,
Embowered by hedgerows white with spray,
To thee I weave this lowly rhyme,
Which humbly on thy shrine I lay.

Before thy porch tall beechen trees
Are flecked with varying sun and shade,
Soft music murmuring on the breeze,
By bird and bee, and zephyr made.

. . . . . .

The priestess of the Elmwood shrine
  Dwells aye aloft, both day and night,
Beholding in her mirror dign
  The world reflected in its light.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves
  She scans her guests go sauntering by,
Amid the flowerets and the leaves
  Beneath the dappled Irish sky.

Take heed ye courtiers—who go
  A-courting neath the evening star,
Or in the sunset's afterglow,
  Or even in the woods afar—

For long that mirror's reach, and keen
  The eye which reads its portents sure,
The eye of Elmwood's regnant Queen
  And Priestess of the shrine—Miss Moore."

A garden party was held at Mount Caulfield in July ; a number of Belgian refugees from Warrenpoint helped to make up the ninety-two guests. " As we get older opportunities lessen, and now all the big houses in the neighbourhood are closed." The Bessbrook boys came from Borden camp for their last leave on the way to the Front, and they were given a warm send-off as good-bye.

Later he writes :—

" Once more favoured to attend Quarterly Meeting at Moyallan in September. *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.* We went by motor, last time drove a pair of horses. Sent the Sunday School teachers by brake, as usual. Meeting opened with prayer by S.B. of Grange, most appropriate to our serious war times. ' Squirans of Anglian race '* followed, and the

* Edwin Squire. This is a quotation from *The Quakri at Lurgan*, see p. 202.

address of Anne, B.A. was one of the three or four *record communications* of my life, in a Friends' Meeting, which I, and many present, will remember while memory lasts. It was what we call ' owned,' which means a great deal."

In December, the Primate of all Ireland, Dr. Crozier, came to Bessbrook and in the absence of the rector, the Rev. Henry Todd, M.A., at the front, he was entertained at Mount Caulfield. All the members of the choir, Sunday School teachers and the Select Vestry were invited to meet him, each one being introduced to the Primate by name. He gave them

" an exquisite little address, so well suited to the condition of things here, and pointed it with a couple of racy anecdotes. One of the choir whispered to me: 'I doubt, Mashter James, he has ye bate at the story-tellin'. The intelligent well-mannered people they are! The Brook for ever! Go on, the Brook!! The only other guest in the house was Mrs. Todd. The great man was full of genial dignity, and an excellent raconteur."

Mr. Todd, who is also a University lecturer in much request in Northern Ireland, volunteered for work with the Y.M.C.A. in France. He was sent off from Bessbrook with many excellent traveller's hints from Mr. Richardson, and with gifts from united friends which were likely to be useful to him in camp. One of his letters is given below.

Letter from the Rev. Henry Todd, M.A.

December 2nd, 1915.

Dear Mr. Richardson,

You know that I am only allowed to give information of a certain kind. I wish to tell you that the benefits bestowed by the Y.M.C.A.

on the troops are many and splendid. From my own personal observation I can testify that the huts of the Y.M.C.A. are crowded day after day and evening after evening, whilst the wet canteens are practically deserted. For ten or twelve days the cold was intense. I have ceased undressing and I shall not undress again till I return. You were the first to remark that at my age military life would be a trial. Many here at once made similar comments. I heard to-day from Mrs. Todd of your thoughtful kindness in connection with the Primate's visit."

Another extract from the Diary, not long after, gives a delightful picture of happy married life.

> " In January, 1916, we motored to L. and spent three pleasant days with S. and K., a most satisfactory pair. I do like to see a man and his wife being seen together, dressing up to each other, interested in the same things and digging generally with the same foot. . . . Equally, one dislikes seeing a man and his wife running different ways like two terriers leashed, and each smelling a different rat and hunting it—taking little interest in each other's doings and carefully avoiding being seen together. There must be a loss of power one would think."

Early in April, 1916, James N. Richardson went on a week-end visit to his cousin Laura Pim at " dear old Lisnagarvey where so many days of childhood and youth were spent. I had not been there since Aunt Anna's time. Dear Aunt Anna ! Laura is a wonderful woman, so quiet and yet so capable. . . . She runs that large place inside and outside and carries on a great variety of good works—Friends' work and other—with apparent ease. No wonder I wrote about her long ago in ' The Three Auburn Queens.' "

This poem was a very favourite one in his circle; it was in the Tennysonian manner, following the "Lady of Shallot," and of considerable length. The earlier verses follow.

THREE AUBURN QUEENS

An Idyll

"In those fair lands by Bann and Lagan laved,
Nigh to the rounding shores of drear Lough Neagh,
Smit with the mists and bitten with the lights
Of Erin's changing seasons, dwelt three maids,
Yea, three princesses—cousins they—and each
Did reverence each, and held her level way,
Like, yet unlike the course the others trode.

. . . .

And each was fair, and each was crowned with gold,
A gold more rare than aught which Ophir gave
Unto the wizard palm of Solomon;
For each with her own locks was coronalled
Like Phidian model of Ionian days,
Nor wore the artful fringe of modern time;
And those luxuriant locks were auburn gold,
And those three maids were called 'The Auburn
Queens.'

. . . .

Keswick and Camelot and Quarterly
Knew well those Auburn Queens, and as they came
Flowers blossomed, and the airs of Eden blew.
And each had had a princedom for a dower,
And each had had a chieftain for a spouse,
But that each passed all suitors by, and walked
'In maiden meditation fancy free.'

A song to each of the three is included and from the one to cousin Laura the following gives a true and beautiful description of her widespread charities.

" Open your hearts to her, open your purses,
From your abundance give money and love.
Let not your happy homes prove to you curses,
Dragging you down from the heavens above.

. . . .

" What, were you sent to this earth for your pleasure ?
Stewards of His riches awake and bestir ;
You shall be judged by the Measure for Measure.
Happy perchance to change places with her."

On this Sunday at Lisnagarvey, he paid a visit to the Ulster Friends' Provincial School, took tea with the children, " standing cakes, honey and jam extra," and in the evening gave a lecture on his last tour in Palestine.

" April 27th, 1916. The Cloud of European War, as already recorded in this Diary, blew away our Irish cloud of threatened civil war in August, 1914, and for twenty months the two parties in Ireland have been more united and at peace than at any time during her checkered history.

" But now comes another bolt from the blue.

" An Irish Secret Organisation called ' Sinn Feiners ' *i.e.*, Independents—have poured into Dublin from all parts, under the pretence of Easter excursions—most of them well armed. They have seized St. Stephen's Green and the Post Office, the Law Courts, Boland's big Bakery, Jacob's large Biscuit Factory, and have made the Lord Lieutenant practically a prisoner *pro tem* by getting possession of the entrance to the Castle.

" It is scandalous that such a surprise should be possible. Bridges on the Great Northern line between us and Dublin have been blown up : several gallant station-masters and platelayers

have been murdered, also constables shot on the road. Many Belfast gentlemen, some acquaintances of mine, had their motors seized and taken from them on their way back from Fairy Hill Races, near Dublin, on Easter Monday night, and to my mind it serves them jolly well right for using petrol so wastefully when we are all advised to save it as much as we can at present for public purposes.

" In fact, we are in a state of rebellion and Civil War, and we here at Bessbrook being cut off by telephone and telegraph and post, with newspapers censored, are in a very anxious condition, both for our Dublin friends, ourselves and our relations in England, who will wonder how we are situated."

" May 1st, 1916. For four days we have been in above condition—the Press censored, and all sorts of rumours afloat. It seems pretty authentic, however, that there have been riots and murders at Donabete, Rush, Navan, Kells and Castlebellingham—places varying in distance from us from twenty-five to fifty miles."

" May 2nd, 1916. Refugees are now beginning to get out of Dublin, and I met some of them —one lady saw several people murdered and picked her way over pools of blood.

" I have been told by Mr. A., who has now got out, and was during the time of terror in a lodging shared by two officers, that these officers told him that one of their colleagues had sent for the directors of Jacob's Biscuit Factory—a company which gives, I presume, the largest employment of any in Dublin, and I should say the most considerate employers in Ireland, and informed them that with great regret he would

have, as a military necessity, to bombard their works in order to drive the rebels out. Whether this has taken place or not, I cannot yet tell."

The collapse of the rebellion prevented the necessity for bombardment by the troops. Messrs W. R. Jacob have continued this factory and have, besides, established one in Liverpool.

CHAPTER XIV

1916 – 1918

War weariness. Ballynahinch. Quarterly Meeting at Waterford. Mountmellick School. Letters to Soldiers. Lieut. Harold Green. Others killed in the War. Captain Terence Richardson. Death of Mr. R. T. Scott, Managing Director, Bessbrook. Silver Wedding. Presentation of a Rose Bowl. Letter to Theodore Neild. Lord Cork's Life. Spenser on Ireland. Sugar the only food rationed in Ireland. Captain Bell. Moyallon. To Waterford again.

ON the first of May, 1916, Mr. Richardson formally resigned the chairmanship of the Bessbrook Company, after having held it for twenty-five years. In his address to the Board, he said :—

> " I intended to do this at sixty-five (he was now seventy) but the Home Rule crisis coming on I did not wish to appear to shirk responsibility. Had the recent rebellion not been quelled, I should have postponed this resignation, but there seems no reason now to do so. We see with thankfulness that the concern under the present management and staff is prosperous. It only remains for me to thank my colleagues for their support and forbearance, and to assure them that so long as I may happen to be a Director, my successor will have the same support from me."

The Board, however, did not consent to accept his resignation, but strongly desired him to continue their Chairman. Finally he consented to retain his office until the General Meeting in December, if spared.

Tired out, as he says, with local responsibilities, they went in the middle of June to Newcastle, County

Down, for a couple of weeks. This lovely seaside place on the shore of the Irish Sea and under the shadow of Slieve Donard and its supporting hills, was a great favourite, but he disliked the " racket of a big hotel. So we took another fortnight at Ballynahinch Spa, and drank the sulphur waters like last June, but the weather was not so fine. However, we met some friendly people."

He next went off to Enniscorthy and to Quarterly Meeting at Waterford, driving through the lovely Vale of Avoca, last seen in 1867. It brings to his mind the first cook of his young married life, who used to say to him, " Everything's mingled with mercy, Masther James, dear ! " and he adds :

" With mercy and with judgment
My web of Time Thou wove."

" Here, at Waterford, I spent a few pleasant days with my sister-in-law, Miltie Pim, where we had some happy motor runs together. One day with, *mirabile dictu*, nothing to do, I got my photo taken by Mr. Hughes. N.B.—He knows how to show up old men at their best."

A large and lively fête and garden party with sales and sports for the Red Cross came off at Drumbanagher in July. He entered into all the fun and among other things bought a pedigree donkey for £4, which he afterwards auctioned himself for £17. A visit to Mountmellick School in September, 1916, is noted, and there is a rather rare reference to his addresses there.

" It was difficult at first to speak to an audience composed entirely of girls and their teachers. But, as usual, a text came to my mind, and then the whole subject opened like a landscape before

one. They treated me *en prince*. There were turf fires, and the girls' games and dances and Sir Roger de Coverley were delightful."

It will hardly be known how much letters from Mr. Richardson were treasured by men and lads at the Front, to whom he wrote; but one at least can be given, offered by a mother. One can imagine how the boyish fun, mingled with the deep spiritual thoughts, reached the young man's need. This letter was returned, with a Testament given by the writer, to Lieut. Green's mother, after he was killed at the Front, and is given here by her kindness.

To Lieut. Harold Green, on furlough, Lurgan.

Mount Caulfield,
Bessbrook, Co. Armagh.
Nov. 15th, 1916.

"My dear Harold,

We took it as extremely kind of you to cut into your short time by coming to see us old fogies, but indeed we often speak of you with much interest. My first definite recollection of you was that of a nice little boy with wondering brown eyes staring at me when I was endeavouring to hold forth from the gallery at Lurgan meeting. My next was of your reciting 'The Gobbe-lins will get you if you don't look out,' at a tea-fight at Lurgan. One very marked recollection was once not long after you came to Bessbrook—either yesterday or a thousand years ago, I don't know which—upon a Sunday at Bessbrook Meeting. You thought the time long, and I was also then endeavouring to hold forth. You opened your mouth wide and gave a good healthy yawn right in my face, and when your eye caught mine you snapped your mouth like a rat trap, and it was all I could do not to fall off my feet with laughter,

but I hope I kept sober looking, though feeling far from it.

So much for the past. Now for the present. God is mysteriously three in one, and in nature there are many trinities. Yellow, blue, red, make one ray of pure white light. I am a trinity, so are we all ; body, mind and soul, bound up together, and we can't define where one ends and the other begins. Our bodies need light and heat: if they don't get them they shrivel and are wretched. Our souls need light and they get it from the strange unique being (partly human, partly Divine) whom we call the Lord Jesus Christ, the Light of the World; those who follow Him do not walk in darkness. May all Light shine on you, my dear Harold, in your gallant undertaking, is the sincere wish of your father's old friend,

JAMES N. RICHARDSON.

Don't trouble to reply, these things are easily said by old men and not so easily answered. N.B.—My wife and sister said you told them more in ten minutes than half the fellows in an evening."

"More victims to this Great War whom I knew well. One, Charlie Slacke, such a nice simple fellow. His father, Captain Sir Owen Slacke, K.C.B., etc., 10th Hussars, had to leave the regiment on account of its expense. Became sort of Master of the Horse to Lord Waterford and I knew him in the south in early life. More recently as Divisional Magistrate in charge of my district in the troublous land-war times of 1886–1890. He took good care of me then when I was under Police protection.

"Now, another gallant young cousin, Terence, son of Rev. Alfred Richardson, and grandson of Joseph Pease of Darlington. Terence was full of

fun, but he was, I believe, an excellent Christian officer, beloved and respected. He fell a Crusader in Palestine, between Gaza and Jerusalem."

Some verses to his memory, entitled "The British at Jerusalem," were printed at Christmas 1917, and distributed among his friends. The intimate knowledge he possessed of the city and its surroundings lit up his imagination and made the entry of our troops extremely vivid to James Richardson. The verses "In memory of my young cousin, Captain Terence Leatham Richardson, recently fallen in Palestine," began

"Praise and laud—the British races
Stand 'mid Salem's Holy places;
By the cleft where Joab crept*
British squadrons upwards swept,
And o'er Kedron's rocky gorge
Flies the banner of St. George."

As regards the Testaments given, it may be added here that a letter of condolence received by Mrs. Richardson after the death of her husband had this note :—

"My brother, a short time since, showed me a terribly battered and ragged little Testament that Mr. Richardson gave him in August, 1914. It went with him through the whole war, everywhere. He was all through the Palestine campaign."

Other entries from the Diary follow.

"Nigel Percival Maxwell, only son and heir to a considerable property in the counties of Down and Waterford. A handsome fellow, always manly and yet so gentle. His Captain wrote of him to his mother: 'He never missed a Church Service. You have given your son in the same cause of justice and truth that God gave His only

* I Chron. ii, 6.

Son, and P. believed, I know, in the Easter message that death is only a junction in life and that we shall meet again on the other side where partings are no more.' "

The war went wearily on, and the strain and tension began to tell on every one, especially on those with great responsibilities to meet.

" On November 29th, 1917, the most tragic event of my life, so far, occurred. R. T. Scott, our General Managing Director for twenty-one years, died very suddenly. I saw him at ten o'clock as usual, and he struck me as being peculiarly nice (affectingly so), wanted to run and telephone a message for me himself like an errand boy. He expired in his chair, at his home, at two o'clock. A faithful friend and splendid straightforward manager ; his loss is awful. In early days my youthful prayer was ' Give me wisdom to go in and out before this great people.' This may now be repeated for wisdom to know what to do."

So for three months there was extra anxiety, before satisfactory arrangements could be made. . . .

On St. Valentine's Day, 1918, twenty-five years had elapsed since his happy wedding day, and a commemoration following the golden rule that it is more blessed to give than to receive, was ordained.

" Feeling our mercies to be great and numberless, we celebrated our silver wedding by making silver presents to as many as we thought right—the school-children of the different churches and various deserving private persons.

In a letter, written in August, there is further allusion to the silver wedding gifts. It contains also a mention of the first faint glimmer of hope that after

the gloomy set-back of that spring, peace, or rather the end of mutual killing and wounding, might not be far off. Yet it was exactly three months to a day from the date of the letter before the signing of the Armistice.

To Theodore Neild.

Bessbrook,
11. 8. 18.

"My dear Friend,

The notice of your golden wedding in the *Friend* of this week has interested my wife and myself greatly, and caused us once more to speak of what we from time to time do speak of: that is, our most pleasant recollection of your kindness to us when at Pales Monthly Meeting, and on the occasion of our visit to Leominster afterwards; was it four years ago or four hundred? We live at all events in a different sort of world in many ways. We often speak of our visit to E. B. Reynolds and to your special mansion, and I write this line of sincere congratulation on the goodness of the Providence which has thus favoured you more than most in being spared so long to each other.

It must have been a delightful gathering. . . Seeing that my wife and I, though long and early friends, did not "take up," as we say here, until I was well on into middle life, we must not be envious of you, as we can never attain to anything so auriferous. We did deal, however, in something Argentine, having been so blessed as to be able to celebrate a silver wedding recently. Having no direct descendants, the process was a simple one of filling a handbag with £100 in silver and giving a number of people a pleasant surprise according to age and need, etc. National schoolchildren in the neighbourhood 1s. each. National here means all day schools. With you, the term

is used, I believe, to mean all those under church patronage only.

It may interest you to know that the Committee of the Linen Trade, Belfast, has received an intimation from the Munitions Department that no more linen cloth will be ordered after a certain near date, which I shall not mention. Hitherto the department has been piling on orders and urging all speed in delivery. Seeing that the North of Ireland produces broadly speaking, all the aeroplane cloth for England and her Allies, this looks as though there were some rift seen in the cloud of war, or else that they have over-calculated their requirements, and have accumulated enough for years. Or some tyro may think this is a good way of beating the price down; therein he would be wrong, for the flax does not exist in sufficient quantity. At all events the intimation gave me a pleasant feeling as one who longs and craves for a cessation of this slaughter.

And now with kind regards from us both,

Believe me to remain,

Very truly,

JAMES N. RICHARDSON.

Letter-writing was a favourite occupation of Mr. Richardson when well, and it was with him certainly an evidence of better health when much indulged in. One wonders what the biographer of the future will do without correspondence to fall back upon, now that since the advent of the telephone, the art of letter writing is less and less cultivated. The more reason, therefore, to preserve what we can of letters from the past.

"My dear J.

I have delayed too long in replying to thy last nice letter with 'Trac' (tract) enclosed, which I

have laid by for a quiet time, as it seems rather too ponderous to skim lightly. I might say like the dilettante in *Punch* who on being asked by a lady if he had read so and so, replied, " Oh ! I don't read books, I write 'em don'tcherknow." Two of my brothers-in-law have each in their good nature, given me ponderous tomes, the sight of which frightened me to look at, but George's *The Life of the First Lord Cork* (Boyle),—reigns Elizabeth, James, Charles, Cromwell—is the most fascinating 'circular' book, I have read for years. Three extant peerages spring from him : Cork, Bandon and Shannon.

He was John Grubb Richardson on a large scale ; settled and colonised half Munster and built Youghal, Bandon, Cappoquin, Lismore and a lot of other minor towns. He kept a diary all his long life. Each of the above sovereigns, Sir Walter Raleigh, and any number of Tighe O'Malleys, with Rory Ogee McGunnery walk before you, and it is hard to say which were the most treacherous—the Irish Chiefs, or the Stuart Kings. Queen Bess shows well, and Strafford fearfully bad, and Ireland, then, as now, was a ball tossed between the English parties.

Love to all,

Affectly dear J.

thine

JAMES N. R.

Study of the Irish character and temperament had always been a fascinating pursuit of this Irishman, to whom it came easily and naturally. In this connection we find the following extract copied into his diary.

WRITTEN ABOUT IRELAND BY THE POET SPENSER IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

" Marry, so there have been divers good plots

devised and wise councels cast for the reformation of that realm (of Ireland,) but they say it is the fatal destiny of that land that no purposes whatever which are meant for her good will prosper or take effect. Which, whether it proceeds from the genius of the soil, or the influence of the stars, or that Almighty God has not yet appointed the time of her reformation, that he reserveth her in this unquiet state still that through her some secret scourge shall come into England, is hard to be known, but much to be feared."

The lean days of war are fresh in everyone's memory, but whoever refers to the state of Ireland during those years should remember that it was by far " the best-off part " of the United Kingdom, the card system being applied to one article only, sugar. Also no Irishman was compelled to join the British army. Every Irishman who took part in the war did so entirely of his own free will.

The diary, however, was enriched by a copy of some verses anent rationing, supposed to be written by Mr. Hoover, and by an incident of 1870 when he was staying " with a French gentleman in the fair city of Lille. At breakfast one morning the small son of the house looked up, and said politely, ' Sir, I think you forget it is war-time. You are eating so much butter.' "

" There was a very nice officer, Lieutenant C. W. Bell, M.A., afterwards Captain, in command of the troops guarding the important viaduct on the Belfast to Dublin line, who were encamped on ground lent by us, about a mile and a quarter away. I sometimes called on him in his tent under the bridge ; such a cultivated English gentleman, looking like a General. It was a

boon to us to hear his perfect House of-Lords-no-accent. We have a desire to try to do something bodily and spiritually for his men."

Besides two garden parties, the outcome of this desire may be best described in a letter, dated April, 1919, from one who ably helped.

"Dear Mrs. Richardson,

Please pardon me for writing, but I have a strange feeling all this week that perhaps it would comfort Mr. Richardson if he knew that the Sunday afternoon meetings which he so thoughtfully commenced in Craigmore with the soldiers, are still going on, and the old boys who have returned to England occasionally send me a card and always ask: 'Are the Meetings being kept up?' The soldiers won't forget him, and already his work is bringing forth fruit and blessing. I shall never forget one address he gave at Craigmore, "Behold My Hands." When I am in trouble or doubt over anything, the vivid picture of his face standing there in that little room comes before me, and behind him a Face so like, with bleeding hands stretched out. And it makes me feel strong."

The Moyallon Quarterly Meeting fell on 15th and 16th of September, and a couple of days were spent with his brother Wakefield. It was a very wet time, but there was a large attendance and meetings were held in a large tent in the field adjoining the Meeting House. A short note in the Diary tells that his address was inspired by the text, "Ye have compassed this mountain long enough," the application dealing with the mountain of apathy where we so often find ourselves.

Another visit to Waterford and Newtown School

in autumn closed the year's expeditions. On Sunday he records speaking to the Friends at Waterford Meeting on Naaman's question, "Are not the rivers of Abana and Pharpar better than all the waters of Israel?" "And while I was speaking, British Cavalry were charging towards Damascus by the Banks of the Abana, and British infantry were marching along the south bank of the Jordan."

In the evening he spoke to the schoolboys on Solomon's three puzzles, which were "too wonderful" for even him—"the way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent on a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea." The fourth puzzle: "The way of a man with a maid," he left out. This, he thinks, they can find out for themselves when the time comes.

CHAPTER XV

LAST YEARS, 1919–1921

THE long continued strain of the war told on all, but it was those who had passed middle life and had still to bear great responsibilities upon whom the burden fell with double weight. James N. Richardson felt the continued pressure of affairs, without the break of change or travel which had been necessary for him in other years. There was also for him the continued anxiety caused by the grave and unsettled state of Ireland at the time.

A furnished house was taken in Belfast, so as to lessen the calls upon his strength, and the family moved there from Mount Caulfield in October, 1919.

In May, 1920, the household returned home, and later in the summer left for Llandrindod Wells—always a favourite resort with them. The fine links in a high position and commanding glorious views, with the health-giving air, were constantly visited for a round of golf which had seldom failed to impart fresh strength and vigour.

In the early autumn a move was made to Amberley Ridge in Gloucestershire, to be near some cousins. The hotel here is built on the edge of a wide plateau of moorland and proved an excellent resting-place.

Then Malvern was visited, but the quiet for him was sorrowfully interrupted by the news of the sudden death of his only brother, T. Wakefield Richardson.

A deep, unbroken affection had bound the brothers together, and news of the loss, reaching him, as it did,

at a time when he was worn out in strength, caused J.N.R. unspeakable grief. When his wife broke the news to him his words were: "I cannot bear it," and he never recovered his usual cheerfulness.

Ten years younger, tall and handsome, and dark as he was fair, T. Wakefield Richardson had been in closest touch with his life from earliest years. The brothers had travelled and worked together through times of peace and in time of war. They shared an unusual power of influence which drew others to them in unquestioned obedience and affection. Their homes were only sixteen miles apart.

It was thought best after this great sorrow and its strain not to return to Ireland, where everything would be a reminder of the loss.

Christmas of that year and several months afterwards were spent by Richardson, his wife and sister-in-law at Clifton. While there, the first symptoms of some internal trouble appeared; he lost weight, but still remained mentally keen and active. On their return to Llandrindod Wells in the summer of 1921, he was able to enter into the quieter social life of the hotel. A game of billiards in the evening was found conducive to sleep and after that often there would be competitive writing games, joined in by the various visitors, amongst whom were numbered painting and writing folk, or persons notable in other ways. His brilliant mind, acute as ever and always with its human interest, he was often the life of the party. Stiff games of chess on the little board that had been round the world with him several times, were played with his sister-in-law or secretary with all the old zest.

During the visits to different places he took great pleasure in leaving behind him a copy of the Bible

illustrated by Harold Copping ;* and, as already mentioned, many a hard-worked clergyman was cheered by a note of thanks for some particular sermon he had found helpful. The reply he received from one must be given: "I am deeply grateful for your kind, appreciative letter, and am so glad that you found the service here helpful. Such testimony is always encouraging to a clergyman. I feel that now, specially in the midst of the change and turmoil, the Eternal and Unchanging must be emphasized."

During these last two years, spent in England, he never missed the Sunday morning service at Church. The Sunday afternoons found him planning some fresh gift to be sent to help work that he had at heart, or to friends who were in need.

Once more, in beautiful autumn weather they went back to his beloved Malvern, where often in former days he had gained new strength and health.

The walks on the long stretches of green hill-sides, with their September gorse and broom and yellow bracken, and the far distant views, never failed to give him pleasure. He played croquet in the mornings and in the afternoons motored to the British Camp, Ledbury, Eastnor, or the many other places of interest in that beautiful Worcestershire and Herefordshire country which had always been a delight to him.

On the last two Sundays he attended the Friends' Meeting at Colwall, where two of his wife's nephews were at school. There he met George Cadbury† and had a long and interesting conversation with him.

* This work, which abounds in water-colour drawings, appeared first in 1910, and has been very popular.

† Mr. Cadbury had acquired Jenny Lind's old house, Wynds Point, under the Beacon and was often there. He died in 1922.

As he suffered pain and still lost weight, he was advised, after medical consultation, to go into a nursing home in Birmingham for a necessary operation.

On the last three afternoons at Malvern he sat out of doors in the car, sketching with a firm, steady brush—his calm and uncomplaining self.

The operation at first appeared to be successful, but on the third day complications arose, and the end was very sudden. To those who loved him the sorrow came with the greater sense of shock, because they had been cheered by the news that all was well. He passed away on the 11th of October and wherever he was known a wave of deepest grief was felt.

His last home-coming, to rest among his own people at Bessbrook, was marked by a wonderful manifestation of their love. While the coffin lay, surrounded by palms and flowers, in the spacious drawing-room of his home, portraits of his father and mother with others near and dear who had passed on before hanging upon its walls, almost every inhabitant of the village came to pay him their reverent and profound respect. Flowers had been sent with lavish hands and when the funeral procession left Mount Caulfield to wind its way past the great silent mills and up the steep hill to the Friends' Meeting House, it was preceded by boys carrying wreaths. Borne by relays of men who silently changed places as they went, he passed along a road lined with villagers and sixty or more of the constabulary standing at the salute. In the deep porch of the Meeting House, under the shadowing birches and firs, the bier was deposited whilst an impressive service was held inside. Then followed the committal to the grave close by, encircled by hundreds

of friends of every creed and station, with representatives of all the principal interests of Ulster.

On the next day, Sunday, the 16th October, 1921, at the different churches in Bessbrook, Mr. Richardson's life and consistent Christian character made the text of many of the addresses. These could not be better expressed than in the words of the rector of Bessbrook, the Rev. Henry Todd :—" His life was lived towards righteousness and his polar star was love to God and love to man."

From the hundreds of letters received after his death by Mrs. Richardson and her sister, whose lives during the last two years had been spent in constant care and thought for the one so dear, and for whom the very deepest sympathy was felt—a few extracts may be given. From all parts of the world these letters came—from New Zealand, Vancouver, Beyrout.

" I have had many opportunities of observing him," writes an aged friend, " in contact with circumstances severely testing principles and character, and I reckon it among the many kind gifts given us from above that I have had that privilege. The impression left on my mind was : ' here is gold tried in the fire.' "

From a man who had served him, the touching words came : " A stone is not needed to perpetuate his memory, for his name is engraved by kind, loving and generous deeds on the hearts of thousands."

A cousin, writing of the funeral said : " The willingness of everyone of every kind to do anything, and their real sorrow showed what a place he had in the people's hearts. I kept thinking that if all could speak what was in their hearts, and tell the kindnesses

THE GRAVE AT BESSBROOK

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that he had done them, what a wonderful record it would have been."

Mr. G. H. Fox wrote: "He gave himself out freely, not only to his nearest and dearest, but to such as me, and since our school days his cordiality of friendship stands out so conspicuously in my experience, that I have felt it unabated all along his life, although of late years it was not possible to meet and I imagine not easy for him to write. To have been such a sharer of his early days, his verses, writings, history and experiences, has always charmed and enriched my life. His loving friendship has many a time helped me along my course."

Miss G. E. Clarke, an old friend of Mrs. Richardson and her family, has contributed the sketch below:

> "One's first impressions of Mr. Richardson were, I think, of the charm of his personality and the distinction of his presence. But one very soon came to realise that with all his *bonhomie*, his geniality and his keen sense of humour, there was an underlying earnestness and spirit of reverence to which his gifts as a *raconteur* and a mimic were never allowed to do violence.
>
> "He could reproduce a dialogue in the true North of Ireland accent, with suitable 'Ulsterisms' interspersed, until his audience were rendered helpless with laughter, but the fun contained no spice of malice, and no personal wounds could ever have been inflicted by the mimicry.
>
> "He seemed to have friends in every rank of life, and it was very pleasant to hear some old country woman call down the blessing of Heaven on 'Masther James dear,' as he drove through Bessbrook; and to see the children run out as he

passed—on the way to Camlough mountain perhaps—to catch the packets of sweets he threw them from the store in his pockets. All sorts of little pictures of this sort come vividly to mind as one thinks of him at Bessbrook. One, of his leaving his evening meal unfinished, and going out in the dusk to interview a bevy of small girls who had come to see him, and giving each one of of them a little brooch. Another, of a party of boys, who, (encouraged by the success of the girls) visited him the very next evening and were rewarded by a scramble for pennies on the lawn, which they vastly enjoyed, though probably not more than the giver himself did. To some extent the Master of Mount Caulfield was a 'law unto himself.' He had no fear of doing a simple and natural thing if it occurred to him, however unconventional it might be. And I do not imagine that his friendliness was taken advantage of or presumed upon. An old Bessbrook woman in domestic service at some distance from that village, once remarked, apropos of a kindly greeting from him when he visited the house where she was employed—'Mr. Richardson's the most wonderful gentleman in all Ireland! To be a gentleman of his estates—and he hasn't as much *impidence* as many a poor boy!' This rather strange eulogy was, I think, merely intended as a recognition and appreciation of his invariable courtesy and consideration—qualities which must have struck all who came in contact with him.

"Mr. Richardson was certainly endowed with that strange old Quaker gift— the 'insight into states' of which we read so often in early accounts of 'Friends travelling in the ministry.' And perhaps allied to this gift was the tact with which he would put a shy person at his ease, or help him

out of some difficulty which a less acute and sensitive observer might never have discerned. And to many people this intuition of his was a thing to be thankful for. So it naturally came about that his ministry from the gallery was reinforced by his hearers' experience of the sympathetic kindliness he exercised in private life ; and the fact that sub-consciously they relied on his intuition and felt sure of not being misjudged.

" His sense of humour and the wit and sparkle of his conversation partly accounted for his success with children and young people, with whom he never seemed to lose touch. One could be certain of a Sunday School soirée going off well, for example, if he were present !

" With such a fund of information as he had to draw upon, and such gifts as he possessed, no wonder that his ' table talk ' was fascinating. It might begin with the merest delicate banter and include perhaps stray jests against himself —tales of his travels or his acquaintances, his London life, and days or nights in ' the House '* —his schooldays even might come in ; while if more abstruse subjects presented themselves, he could generally throw some light upon them. But the table-talk was never a monologue ; there was always the give and take which elicits the best in conversation, though the leadership certainly was often his. Facts of history, perhaps forgotten by others, were clear in his mind, and, in particular one remembers his grasp of Scripture history and his intense interest in it. Family worship as he conducted it, was no mere ' reading,'

* I remember his telling of showing some strangers round the House of Commons, who gave him a tip of half-a-crown. He professed pride in this money honestly earned—really I think he would not hurt their feelings by letting them see their mistake.

no ploughing through long genealogies, or whatever might happen to come in the next chapter to the one read the day before. Often a picture was presented of some incident as it must have happened, with its setting of Eastern scenery and customs, until the life of those long past days was made real and vivid to the hearers. Not only was he an adept at this kind of ' word painting.' but most of those who knew him remember his vigorous pencil and water-colour sketches, as well as the cartoons and caricatures which delighted his friends—specially those caricatured !

" Others will write of the more important things of Mr. Richardson's life—will speak of him as the Irish landlord, the employer of labour, the member of Parliament, the writer and the traveller ; but it is just the little incidents of his home and social life upon which I have dwelt in these meagre recollections—and it is as the genial host, the ready speaker and writer and the sympathetic friend that many will always remember him.

" The lines written of another Quaker gentleman* may well find a place here :

" And now he rests : his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife ;
And death has moulded into calm completeness,
The statue of his life."

From Mr. James Bowes,† so long associated with him as secretary of the Bessbrook Company, comes an appreciation of another side of his character.

* Whittier, of Joseph Sturge.

† Mr. James Bowes died suddenly in May, 1925.

" As a capable and experienced business man, Mr. James N. Richardson had few superiors. His training from boyhood combined with natural shrewdness, powers of observation and wide experience, all combined to make him one of the leading merchant princes in the province of Ulster.

" His interests were naturally centred in the development of Bessbrook and in the kindred house of J. N. Richardson, Sons & Owden, Ltd., Belfast. In his early days, living fifteen miles away at Moyallon, he used to ride on horseback on Saturdays to join in the Bessbrook Cricket Matches. Friendships then created lasted into the third generation, all workers with him in the Bessbrook Mills. When entering his apprenticeship he was surrounded by those eager to impart knowledge, and he passed through all the different stages of heckling, sorting, preparing and spinning in the same manner as an ordinary apprentice, observing every rule as to hours and routine. He attended flax markets in every district of the Province, judging and buying flax, and in this department he became most expert. Until near the end of his life his delight was to visit the flax stores to handle and value parcels of recent arrivals of materials, and his verdict as to value even in late years was never wide of the mark. His presence in the place was an incentive to diligent work and few were the slackers when ' Master James ' was about.

" With the development of business, the extension of trading, and the conversion of the old private concern into a Limited Liability Company, his responsibilities increased. As chairman of the Board of Directors his knowledge of the concern and its ramifications were

highly valued. The responsible position as 'Clerk' or chairman of business Meetings of the Society of Friends, occupied for years by him had been a training for such service.,

"He was chairman of the Camlough Waterworks Trustees, an important undertaking inaugurated by his father in connection with the Newry Town Commissioners; he was also chairman of the Board of the Bessbrook and Newry Tramway, and a director of J. N. Richardson, Sons & Owden, Ltd. The duties and requirements attending these positions were performed with a high sense of rectitude and honour. As a chairman he was clever in forming conclusions of the 'mind of the meeting,' as well as in holding the balance between conflicting opinions and in reconciling opposing elements.

"In one who was so readily moved to sympathy with others, his opposition to anything short of moral rectitude and fair dealing was remarkable. He was precise in carrying out the details of any agreement or conclusion once arrived at, though conservative and slow in coming to definite commitments of a business nature. A lover of clearness and exactness in all finance, his own personal accounts were kept with remarkable diligence and regularity, and it was a trial to him when ability failed in this respect.

"From many points of view, there have been few business men whose removal has left a greater void in the scene of their labours.'

Any unqualified or exaggerated praise would have been distasteful to his genuinely truthful spirit. As he wrote once to Mrs. Maynard :—"Don't make thy characters too faultless. No one is so. Even

the blessed Apostle did not always agree with Barnabas and could sometimes heal and sometimes could not. Faultless people are not very interesting seeing they are unnatural.

> ' He is all fault who hath no fault at all,
> The low sun gives the colour.' "

In the same way he never wished much made of his gifts and generosity. What he gave, he gave quietly and without publicity. No account of him, however, would be complete without some reference to his large contributions to public causes which commanded his respect and sympathy. Among these were the Friends' Foreign Mission ; Total Abstinence Societies, Teachers' Retirement Fund, Ireland, and many others both local and general.

CHAPTER XVI

AUTHORSHIP: PARODY AND PROSE

IT has already been evident that James N. Richardson possessed a ready pen added to considerable literary ability. Both his diary and letters show the turn of a phrase, the descriptive power of a paragraph, that betrays a born writer. Whatever talent, however, of this kind that he owned, it was entirely native. He certainly never made a study of the art of composition, and after reading many pages of letters, diaries, small books and contributions to newspapers, one may confidently affirm that he never polished and repolished anything he had written. As they were set down, fresh from his brain, so his manuscripts remained, innocent of punctuation (except dashes), much underlined, and abounding in capital letters.

Most of his essays and verses were written exclusively for his own and his friends' amusement, and were in the end only printed at their urgent request. The small leaflets or pamphlets, addressed solely to the Bessbrook people, were printed in Newry, the later books by his friend, the late John Bellows, of Gloucester.

The amusing parody of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, under the title of *The Quakri at Lurgan, by Two of Themselves*, was written in 1877 by Richardson and a sister to amuse an invalid relative, without any idea of publication. Inspired by some warm discussions in the North of Ireland Meetings for Discipline, on the subject (then a debateable one)

of teaching music in the Friends' Schools established there, the verses grew as each character developed to a length never contemplated. At someone's suggesgestion 300 copies were printed, and sold at a shilling each in two days. Twenty years later, in 1899, a new edition was issued in response to request. The author in his Preface then writes that though to assist at its composition gave him

> " keen pleasure, it had now become a sad book. Many of those represented are no more on earth and the very landscape is changed. Lovely Lurgan Lake, still indeed as of yore, reflects the cloud-land and the azure, but no longer mirrors in its bosom the ' lovely Lurgan Woods ' which once fringed its marge with stately beauty, these having been converted into current coin of the realm by the axe of modern Vandalism."

To the second edition was added a new Lay—*The Quakri at Grange*, composed in 1882, when the Northern Quarterly Meeting was held in that rural village of Co. Tyrone on 18th June, the anniversary of Waterloo (as the writer connotes). The annual gathering amid these " leafy lanes and summer woods," was a feature of the author's childhood. The dwellers in the farms and manors who offered hospitality in this remote spot are changed, but the Meeting is still held.

Both these ballads are written in close imitation of the rhythmic yet rather tight staccato metre of the original *Lays*. They abound in a wealth of personal allusion, with characteristic hits and gentle gibes, mingled always with the courteous correction of the dispassionate onlooker, who sits above the fray. A couple of verses quoted below show at once the contrast of twenty years in the mode of locomotion, and the sparkling movement and gallop of the lines.

1877

" But mark the dust now thickening
Far up the Lurgan street,
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud
Come sounds of prancing feet ;
And nearer still and nearer
I heard the distant hum,
As, far to left and far to right,
With foaming steeds and harness bright
The Quakri chariots come."

1899

" But when at Grange the Quakri
Do hold biennial feast,
Though mustering there, in corselets rare,
From distant West and East,
Yet not as into Lurgan,
In utmost pomp come they,
With charger's prance and chariot's glance
And glittering war array ;
For the old order passeth,
There cometh time and change,
And iron horse and iron car,
The Quakri bear to Grange."

The concluding verses of this ballad—words put into the mouth of that " wise Seer—Harrietta Nicholsonia," contain " the stored and garnered wisdom of a long pilgrimage."

" Leave to the Ritualistic
His vestments and perfumes,
Leave to the Calvinistic
His high Synodic fumes.
Leave to the Methodistic
By eloquence to score,
And to the Plymouthistic
His wondrous wordy lore :

" Thine, Quakor, is the ' stillness,'
Quakor, the ' Feeling ' thine,
The Mystic Gift, unbought, unpaid,
The Gallery's* ordered line;
And thine this note of wisdom,
That woman, with her train
Of balmier moods and gentler thoughts,
Doth here co-equal reign.

Then follows advice to the " modern and young " in spirit to regard the ancient and the elders with respect.

" As up Slieve Donard's mountain
Adventurous toilers climb,
And round his mighty base do wade
Knee deep in fern and thyme,
Yet when they near the summit,
Where winter's whirlwinds blow,
Do mark the gnarled and rugged stems
Which round that summit grow :
So at the Ancient Manner
Be slow to jest or jeer,
Wait till your heads have also borne
The storms of sixty year."

The elders in their turn are adjured to bear with the young and not to " hinder " them in their upward course.

The second ballad and the thirty-five illustrating portraits which complete this edition, make the re-issue interesting, but for fire and glow and fighting the earlier poem is unmatched.

Particularly good is the portrait there of his father.

" But first in age and order
Amid that gallant van,

* The upper row of seats intended for men and women called to preach and " acknowledged " by the body to have a true message.

Jon-Grobo Richardsonius
  Marched on to lead his clan ;
And Jana, his good consort,
  Came by her spouse to bide,
With an endless train of daughters fair,
  Close by their mother's side.
Well-known was famed Jon-Grobo,
  Well-known both near and far,
As fair a foe, as true a friend
  As e'er waged Quakri war.
For though no faithful Quakri
  May war with fleshly swords,
For truth and right, they well can fight
  With stroke of caustic words.

Round him in goodly numbers
  His trusty clients stride,
Over the purple mountains
  That morning have they hied.
From a far-famed enclosure,
  Sacred and free from care,
Hasten these trusty clients,
  Their chieftains' wars to share.
From far-famed, model Bessbrook,
  Where Bacchus is unknown,
Where lack of public-houses
  Hath starved him off his throne.
(Police, pawn-shop nor publican
  Come nigh this realm of ease,
The envious call it in their wrath,
  ' The city of Three P's ')."

The writing of *Reminiscences of Friends in Ulster* afforded its author great pleasure, and indeed was only begun and carried through for his own satisfaction. With his vivid early impressions and his retentive memory, it would be a sad loss had these recollections not been written and published. His wonderful power

of memorising has been alluded to: he wrote in a letter of 1912: "Alas, the memory for new things is not what it was years ago, when twice reading would have been better than pages of notes."

When the little book was eventually printed (privately) and sent out to special friends and relatives at Christmas time, 1911, the letters of acknowledgment received, and the interest excited, and the people who said they sat up till all hours reading it, surprised and amused him. One letter from an old schoolfellow, Eliot Howard, described it as " a work of permanent value to preserve personal records of good men and women now passed away."

The book opens with an introductory sketch of the origin, rise and beliefs of the Society of Friends. He calls attention to the fact that " for 250 years all decisions in their business meetings have been arrived at *without any vote*, and simply after due discussion, by the pronouncement of the Clerk, or Chairman, who decides what is the feeling of the Meeting—and so far as I am aware, no such pronouncement has ever been challenged." Turning to the rise of the Friends in Ireland, he says the pioneers were " men of war, embracing in large numbers the Friendly principles of Peace." He comments on the fact that distinguished soldiers—Roberts, Nicholson and others—sprang from the ranks of the Quakers. Interesting contrasts between his young days and 1911 are drawn, as regards posts, invention, travelling, nursing, government. Shorter or longer sketches of thirty-seven persons are touched with some skilful note characteristic of each and of the writer. To the fragments already quoted,* a few more may be added—relating to five of his six uncles.

* See pp. 37–39.

Jonathan Richardson of Glenmore, "a happy blend of the country gentleman and the merchant-prince, a character which the North of Ireland appears to develop, largely because much of its staple industry is carried on in country districts and remote from towns," was a good churchman, a strong Conservative, a member of the Carlton Club. "No doubt his influence often returned the member for Lisburn, sometimes one of the then famous Verner family." He was a great breeder of cattle interested in the Shorthorn strain, and a fine horseman. "I felt I *had* an uncle when I saw him in his scarlet coat." He married Louisa, daughter of Major Richard Rollo Haughton of Springfield, who had been wounded at Badajoz and bore the mark of a sabre-cut on his forehead. Their son, Charles H. Richardson, is the present chairman of the Bessbrook Company, also of the parent company, Richardson, Sons & Owden, of Belfast.

Uncle James Nicholson Richardson retired from business in middle life, purchased Lissue, near Lisburn, enlarged and beautified it, and there for more than forty years devoted himself to country pursuits and to the work of the Society of Friends, especially the Schools of Prospect Hill and Brookfield. He three times visited the States on a religious mission.

"Uncle Joseph was a born Chairman of Companies. He presided over the Co. Down Railway, the Northern Counties Railway, the Edenderry Spinning Company, the Island Spinning Company, etc., etc. Yet one of his most prominent traits was his dislike of publicity of any sort which he could avoid. 'Let us go through as quietly as we can,' he used to say. These two uncles were for many years co-trustees and guardians for eighteen nephews and nieces, owing

to the death of three of the brothers, but they refused to touch the large sum of £20,000 each to which they were entitled under the will of one of them."

Uncle Joseph also figures boldly in *The Quakri*.

" But now a mighty chariot
Rolls in upon the scene,
And many an olive sapling fair
Looked from it forth, I ween ;
And from their midst descended
With mien composed and staid,
Josephus Richardsonius,
The Liberal cause to aid.
Where India vends her spices,
Her purple and her blue,
Where many a ship brings precious freight
From shores of far Peru ;
Where battle's war-cloud lowereth
Along the Danube's main,
Where sun-bright Egypt poureth forth
Her floods of golden grain :
Where humbly at her spindle
Poor Erin's daughter sings,
And where the flying shuttles weave
The table-cloths of kings,
Where'er the red gold floweth
His coffers high to fill,
His name is found both sure and sound,
At back of banker's bill.
Yea, in the mart of commerce,
Well is Josephus known,
On ' Fridays ' is his chair of state
Approached like Monarch's throne."

Uncle Thomas went to the States and married a wife from Philadelphia. He was frequently over on visits, and the boy James remembered being with him in Hyde Park, to see the Princess Alexandra of Den-

mark, "Sea King's daughter from over the Sea," make her entry into London (1863), on coming to wed the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII.

Uncle William, the youngest of the seven brothers, was the first to die, leaving a place not to be filled. He was practical head of the three large family concerns, was consulted and leaned upon by all, about all kinds of things, large and small, his elder brothers deputing more and more to his sound judgment and attention to detail. "His exactness sometimes ran into extremes. It was the time of the moustache movement, often alluded to in *Punch*, but woe betide the employee who ventured upon either beard or moustache. He spoke absolutely pure English, without a trace of accent that I could detect and this without the least affectation. . . . He was a very nice whip, handling horses lightly and well. He drove spirited animals until there was a runaway affair and an upset one day, which greatly delighted me, not knowing the danger. After that Uncle William, like most family men, surrendered and a couple of horses which shared the cow-nature drew his carriage, or were caused to draw it rather, by frequent applications of whip cord."

He left a son, Samuel W. Richardson, well known in Ulster and America, and five daughters, of whom the eldest married the Right. Hon. Thomas Sinclair, a well-known Ulster man.

Concerning Servants, by an Ex-M.P., was, unlike the previous books, written entirely for publication. It arose out of its author's habitual practice of interesting himself in the attendants at hotels, rooms or private houses where he was a frequent and welcome guest. He had long made a practice of leaving gifts of books or simple literature.

About the printing of this book he was most particular; it might have been the first time anything of his had appeared in print. But the fact that it was to be a special gift engrossed him. Every detail was to be thought out with his usual business-like precision. In a letter to Mr. Bellows, he comically explains his "lamentable ignorance" about printing, "Please do not use trade terms in quoting; 8vo, duodecimo, etc., are only sounds to me." It must be nicely bound, to be "a tempting looking present to give a servant," on glossy paper with red lines and titles, and a good binding. The first "sample" was disapproved of, because "it looked too much like a time-book, as the book in which time and wages are called here." There were to be 500 bound and 500 or more unbound. In the end it was all so satisfactory that a larger number was ordered, and with characteristic courtesy he begs the printer to charge for the extra trouble entailed through his want of knowledge of such matters.

The little book of 70 or 80 pages begins with a short Introduction describing the anonymous author as having, in travel through five Continents and in many circles, always been faithfully served. It goes on to give personal recollections of old servants of his childhood, and then to consider the varying environment and circumstances of those in service. "The very great notice taken of servants in the Bible," is followed by sketches of Eliezer and his courtship; Deborah, the Nurse; the servants of Naaman, the Syrian; Gehazi and the servants in the New Testament.

Among a number of appreciations, received over a course of years, the letter from which an extract is printed below, is perhaps the most striking. It came from a hotel in the South of England after a short visit there.

5th November, 1912.

Dear Sir,

My apology for writing to you is based on some words in the concluding chapter of your little book *Concerning Servants*. You write: " and happy should I be if any of them should be warned from evil or encouraged in duty by the reading of these pages."

You gave your little book to the chambermaid this morning and I think she must have come straight to show it to me. I said, " What a dear little book, may I read it ? " So she left it with me. I carried it straight to my lady and she said it was one of the nicest little books she had read for a long time when she returned it to me in about an hour. I sat down with it and read to the end. Dear Sir, you have indeed encouraged me in my duty and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

I am so glad you have mentioned *all* servants, especially ladies maids, as sometimes I fancy they are left alone more than others. Your Katharine must have been a dear, and I am so glad you have such good recollections of your nurse. I never saw before what you mention of Eliezer, but I turn to the passage now and then I see it. How true it is that we never come to the end of our Bible. I like your idea so much of the self-registry machine, and wish I could always remember. I once read somewhere that we were never brought into contact with anyone but by the providence of God that we may help one another in some way, and little did I think early this morning what encouragement I should receive through you whom I had never spoken to.

Perhaps, Sir, you are wondering now who I can be. I am maid, and have been nurse too, to — — for over twenty years, and I sometimes

came into the coffee-room and sat near the door before you had gone up. I liked your face so much, and now I know why. Because you are a Christian. . . .

Dear Sir, please excuse all seeming forwardness on my part in writing to you, but indeed I believe my motive to be simply and solely to let you know you had encouraged me by your little book.

I am, Dear Sir, Yours very respectfully.

The recipient of this very sincere and simple epistle put it away carefully, endorsed with the writer's name, date and place, adding, "a servant writes a nice letter."

Among the shorter and more imaginative writings the most artistically complete is

JOHN KEARNEY'S DREAM

(*How Mr. John Kearney dreamed that he met the King and gave His Majesty his views respecting people and things at Bessbrook*).

The many friends of Mr. John Kearney, of Bessbrook, carrier of His Majesty's mails, will be glad to hear of a remarkable dream, which appears to have disturbed his usually placid slumbers on the night of Saturday, the 25th July, 1903.

It was on this wise. John was determined to see the Royal train pass, bearing as its freight a monarch who is not only the descendant of a long line of English Sovereigns, but also blends in his person the blood of Mary Queen of Scots with that of Roderick O'Connor and other Irish Kings. John, however, was equally determined to select his own point of view—and we may give his own words which best express his

feelings—" Ye'll not ketch me foregatherin' with a lock of common parties at the Main-Line. I'll go my lone."

Among John's many good qualities was his excellence as a judge of ponies and donkeys—in this equalling even if he did not surpass Mr. Samuel Paul, another dealer of high repute in this line of business. He accordingly selected a really beautiful animal of the donkey species from his stud, and attaching it to the carrier's van, started for Adavoyle, with his hat knowingly cocked on his head at the well-known angle. Until he neared Meigh all went well. Here a goat, jumping suddenly from behind a hedge, disturbed the equanimity of the spirited animal which John drove, and when he reached Adavoyle the passing of the pilot engine made it extremely restive, and as John let go of the reins with his right hand, to wave his hat when the royal train itself passed, the frantic animal swerved, upsetting John upon the road. He did not feel much hurt at the moment. As time went on, however, he found himself growing pretty stiff and sore on the side upon which he fell. He retired early to rest, but his slumbers were disturbed by much dreaming.

To have dreamt so consecutive and circumstantial a dream as that related in this narrative is the privilege of the few, and it augurs much reading and wide powers of observation on the part of Mr. Kearney to have been able even in dreams to enter so minutely into the style and manner of speech and address which the following pages reveal. Some may, indeed, be so ill-natured as to think that he may have drawn upon his imagination for part of the narrative. We can however but give it as it reached us.

John dreamt and thought he saw strange faces bending over him, and heard strange voices speaking. "Who are you?" "What do you mean, you maniac, by trying to upset the Royal train?" "He must be an anarchist." These were some of the expressions which reached his ear. Then a voice, pleasant but authoritative, and spoken in an accent which, though of the purest of English, still gave one the impression that its owner often spoke in a foreign tongue—was heard to say—"Bring the poor fellow in here, and let us see if he is hurt."

"In here, Sir?" said several voices in surprise.

"Yes, in here, and be quick, they will think that something really is wrong with us along the line."

With that Kearney felt himself being gently lifted, and placed in a sitting posture upon a silken sofa with his head leaning against a silken cushion, and his dazed eyes looked languidly upon a scene of unaccustomed splendour. He certainly had had the entrée to many elegant parlours in Bessbrook, Camlough and their suburban districts, not to speak of Millvale, but never had he gazed upon such an apartment as this, which his fellow countrymen at the Dundalk Railway Works had prepared for the King. It was some fifty feet long, seated and curtained with silk, and gay with gilding; pictures representing views of Irish scenery were tastefully hung between the windows, and as John saw his own face reflected in a dozen mirrors he found strength to murmur:

"Boys-a-Boys."

A stoutish, elderly gentleman in a light suit now came forward, and with a pleasant manner, which matched the voice above alluded to, said—"I hope

you are not very much hurt, my poor fellow, you had a pretty near shave."

" I'm comin' to, yer worship," said John, " but indeed I doubt my hinch is fairly bruck," he added, rubbing himself as he spoke, " and if the neck of yon donkey isn't bruck I'll brack it myself, so I will ; and for yon sub-sarvant at the gates "——

" I don't know what a sub-servant is," said the gentleman, " but I am afraid our train has saved you any trouble with regard to your donkey. You had indeed a near shave."

" I had, heth," said John.

The gentleman then gradually drew from John the tale of his misadventure, and turning to those around him said, " You see, gentlemen, this is not a conspirator after all, and as he is the first of my subjects whom I have conversed with North of Dublin, he will not I am sure object to drink our health." Then suiting the action to the word, presented a glass which an attendant filled from a flask.

John's wits were rapidly returning, and it now came upon him like a flash that he was indeed obtaining a view of the Royal train such as he never expected, and was actually in the august presence of the monarch himself.

" Och, your Majesty," he cried in real distress, and vainly endeavouring to rise from the sofa and fling himself upon one or both knees, he hardly knew which. " Och, your Majesty, I want til do my duty, but in troth I doubt my hinch is bruck."

The King interrupted him kindly, saying—" Your duty at present is to sit still and get better. Your leg is not broken—here, take this."

John took the glass, cocked his eye from long habit, and said as he drew breath :—

" That's quare corjil. May your Majesty live long and die happy."

" Thank you," said the monarch.

By this time they were rushing over the Egyptian arch, and the Royal eye espied two tall chimneys towering over a pleasantly wooded landscape. " I did not think we had reached the manufacturing district yet," he remarked.

" Them's the Brass-brook chimbleys " said John, now feeling better.

" Brass-works ? " said the King, " I did not think there were any in Ireland." " Bessbrook, Sir," said a gentleman, who proved to be the Marquis of Londonderry. " I was there in attendance on the Duke of Marlborough in 1879. Very interesting place ; belongs to the Messrs. Richardson." " Interestin' aye, heth is it," struck in John, " and the more ye know about it the more interestin' it is. An' if your Majesty is for Knighten or Baroniten any— up beyond — ye might remember them same gentlemen and not give the whole til Sir Dawn Dixen." John's well known eloquence was now returning to him, and like all generous men he could plead the cause of others better than his own.

" Their connaxions is varry raspactable," continued he. " John M'Clelland and poor George Wright set them going more nor fifty years ago, and I'm with them myself thirty years an' more, an' they niver went wrong when they follied my advice, so they didn't."

" Your relations are evidently excellent," said the King.

" The varry bast," replied John, " there's m' brother Frank, a good studdy boy, an' as strong as a bull, an' Pat he's smarter, but there's none of them as soople as me yet, though I'm the ouldest."

" Oh, I did not mean family relationships," said the King, " but rather those between employer and employed. I suppose you are a native of these parts."

" No, yer Majesty, I was born up the Bawn—the Bawn watther—all the rale aristocracy comes from up the Bawn."

" Banbridge, Sir," explained another gentleman, who was indeed the Duke of Abercorn. " We shall pass it soon—Lord Downshire's property."

" Ah, poor Downshire," said the King, " he has been getting into sad trouble lately. It's a pity that he has not had the advice of our friend here."

" Aye, up the Bawn," repeated Kearney, glad to get upon a subject always dear to his heart. " The rale aristocracy still come from there. There was big Mr. Willy Hayes, a tarble fine gentleman till look at indeed "—and here John proceeded to plank his very highest compliment—" indeed an' he favoured yer Majesty, only that yer Majesty's a lock bigger round the '——

But here a sharp nudge from the friendly elbow of Lord Londonderry caused Kearney to cut his sentence short and add judiciously :—" I mane that yer Majesty's a far finer, bigger man."

John's best compliment did not seem to fall as pleasantly upon the Royal ears as he anticipated, but at this point a graceful lady, dressed in mauve, whom his embarrassment had hitherto prevented him from observing, now leaned forward, and with feminine tact asked :—

" What is your name ? "

" John Kearney, ma'am, your ladyship," he replied.

" Well, Mr. Kearney," said the Queen, for it was she, " I have noticed your using the word ' heth ' frequently, what does it mean ? "

" It manes by my feth, yer Ladyship—my belief."

" And what is your belief ? "

" My belief," said John, seeing a way out of the wood, " is that Johnny Kearney, the carrier of His Majesty's mails, is in the highest and best of good comp'ny."

A loud laugh from the monarch, echoed by those around, told John that he had righted himself.

" And so you are one of our civil servants," said the King.

" I was still civil to all classes an' genders," said John, " an' that's how I come to my present position."

" Well, come, tell us more about this interesting Bessbrook," said the King. " Are the girls as pretty there as the Dublin ones ? "

" The'are, heth," said John. " When the Prisbyterians is breaking up of a Sunday they would plaze ye. There's a lock of fine young ladies. An' man, up at the Quaker Meetin' there's my darlin's, and they're the boys knows how to put the clothes on their backs, too ; but then the money's there. Oh aye, we still keep the money up at the Quaker Meetin'," he continued, with the irresistible wag of the head so well known to his friends.

" You are evidently a Quaker yourself," said the King.

" Oh, the dear forbid," replied John, startled into sudden candour. " No, your Majesty, I belong to the ould Church."

" Come, Norfolk," said Lord Londonderry, who noticed the puzzled look on the Royal face, " you must stand sponsor for our friend here. Kearney, this is the Duke of Norfolk."

" All right, Kearney," said the Duke, an elderly nobleman with a grey beard. " You and I will always stand up, I hope, for the old Church."

" Heth will we," cried John, greatly pleased. " An' arn't we doing it ? " he continued. " Sure we went in our thousands til purtect her when we were summoned on placards to go til Rostrevor on the 13th, an' I'd have gone myself only I was afeard of gettin' a clout that would put me from carrying yer Majesty's mails, for them Or'ngemen is tarble determined, once that they're well raised. Man, I seen them once near Lasburn marchin' in thousands, with a bitter boy they call Londondarry riding at the head of them."

The roar of laughter which greeted this statement was loud and long, and John conceiving that in some way or other he had emitted a great stroke of humour, without knowing it, joined heartily in the chorus.

The Royal eyes were now fairly moist with merriment, as he said :—

" You certainly have scored one off Lord Londonderry, friend Kearney "—indicating that nobleman by a nod.

" I'm afraid I must be looking much older, sir," said Lord Londonderry, " else he might have recognised me."

Kearney, however, was not at a loss, and proceeded.

" Aye, age sometimes brings wit, an' forbye, they're not all bad. I could'nt agree with the principle, but there's some upright dacent men among them." At which admission there was another burst of merriment.

" But," he continued, " there's a play-boy among them that's for puttin' them astray badly, an' more-by-token he said he'd keep his eye on your Majesty. How-an-ever, Pearson an' Harland an' Rowney chased him out of the 'Brook, so they did."

" How did they manage that, Kearney "?

" Just by eloquence an' poethry, yer Majesty," said John—feeling that he was once more in smooth water—" They're every one of them born potes—an' can reel it off by the perch—once they're started. It wud do ye good til hear them."

" Indeed," said the King, " perhaps we may have to look for our next Poet Laureate at Brassbrook."

" I don't rightly know what yer Majesty manes by a Larryat," said John, " but I'm sure your Majesty is right. Ye coud'nt bestow it on better, but if I might make so free "—

" Go on, Kearney," said the King.

" I was going for to say, if yer Majesty's going to bestow annything, ON MY WORD, I would not like ye would overlook Mr. O'Hare."

" Who is he, Kearney ? "

" He houlds yer Majesty's Commission of the Peace—an' he's on the County Council—he's the best of a business man, an' a good neighbour, an' him an' Mr. Harland an' Mr. Pearson has made yon end of the 'Brook lovely with buildin' an' adornin'. They've made it the Wast-End, so they have—an Kew Dale's

property runs in betune them—Kew is a man that makes no show, but, indeed, may-be he has more money banked nor the whole lock of them."

" Is Kew also a poet ? " said the King.

" No, but they tell me that his brother James is a bit of a prophet and that's better," said John.

" I think it is you who are the good neighbour," said the King, " Do you know you have been applying for titles for your friends all round. Would you like a pension also for any of them ? "

" Your Majesty's goodness makes me far too free," said Kearney, " *but I would like one quarely for myself*, an' I'll lave the titles to them others."

Another roar of laughter proclaimed to John that he had scored again.

The Queen now once more leaned forward and sweetly enquired if there were many children at Brassbrook, and were they nicely conducted.

" The place is fairly swarmin' with childher, yer Majesty, ma'am," said John, gladly feeling that he was now launched upon a track which had neither thorns nor pitfalls. " There's the Fountain Street ones, an' the Charlemont Square ones, and the College Square ones, an' the James' Street ones, an' the Frederick Street ones, an' the Quarry Row ones, an' the High Street ones. An' the High Street ones is verry stirrin', but indeed its hard to say which is the most divilish."

" Oh, I'm sorry " said the Queen.

" It is only an Ulsterism for high spirited, ma'am," explained the Duke of Abercorn.

" I consider it a very bad adjective wherewith to express mere good spirits in innocent children."

" Heth, an' yer Majesty's right," said John, " for they're mostly good childher, an' there's some darlin' ones. 'Twould do yez good to hear Lucy and Gertie Mulligan reelin' off the Irish, til say nothin' of wee Jarld, an' Alafonso ; an' there's wee John M'Clelland, an' the wee Davidsons, an' Jim an' Joe King, an' Amy an' "—

John's recital of the names of his young acquaintances would have been endless but that the monarch now rose and said :—

" They tell me we are nearing Portadown, where we must leave you, but before parting from you, Kearney, I want to remind you that you have alluded to your own Church, and with a measure of approbation to some other denominations. Have you nothing good to say of that Church to which We belong, and of which We are the Defender and Head ?"

There was a seriousness about the manner of the speaker, and his use of the Royal " We " instead of the the more familiar " I " which he had hitherto employed added to the dignity which he now chose to assume.

John was deeply embarassed, and naturally so, but his ready wit and his really good heart carried him through.

" Your Majesty," he replied with emotion, " has allowed me to make so free that I doubt I have gone too far ; an' I crave your Majesty's pardon ; but I am not book-larned. How-an-ever, I could not hould with any doctrines outside my own until I see better ones—not for any living man—but they lave me free to like all dacent people everywhere, and to live at pace with every man, an' pray for your Majesty's well

bein' and the lovely lady at your side, night an' mornin', an' well I may after the rescaption you have given me this very afternoon."

" This, my Lord, is eloquence," said Queen Caroline to the Duke of Argyll, on listening to the pleadings of Jeanie Deans, the highland lassie, as recorded in the immortal pages of Sir Walter Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*, and his hearers in the Royal train were silent, feeling that there was something akin to eloquence in John's speech also.

As no one spoke, he found voice again, and continued :—

" If its the ' Piskerpalian ' your Majesty manes in particular, though I might not hould with the principle, yet I will say there's the best of people among them. Does yer Majesty know Mrs. Grubb ? "

" I am afraid I have not that honour, so far, was the reply, perhaps I may."

" Well ye should, ye should," cried Kearney, eagerly " I thought everybody knowed her—she's the best lady ever I see, away from the Bawn watther, ye could see the lady on her anywhere, for all that she has no pride. She had three brothers sarvin' yer Majesty in the Africa War, so she had ; an' they tell me the Boers fairly run whenever they seen one of them coming."

The train was now slowing down as the station was being rapidly reached, and the King said kindly— " I am glad you were not hurt seriously, and fear that we must part here. You have answered my last question very creditably, and have given me one of the most interesting half-hours I ever enjoyed. Bessbrook must, indeed, be as you say, a very interesting place. You seem to be so far recovered that you

might kneel and kiss the Queen's hand." John did so, though with difficulty, after which the King himself raised him, and shaking him cordially by the hand bade him good bye, intimating that he might hear from him again before long.

John was assisted on to the platform by a Duke and a Marquis, both of whom also shook him warmly by the hand, the latter whispering as he left him— " Goodbye, Kearney, and think as well of the bitter boy Londondarry as you can."

A whistle, a whizz of steam, and John Kearney stood alone, bruised yet happy on the platform, but feeling chilled by the cold blast which as is well known blows along the Portadown station.

He tried hard to button his coat high round his neck, and met the hand of his sister Ellen, who was trying to hold him down in bed and to cover his shoulders with the bedclothes.

Mr. Kearney started and sat bolt upright, and behold it was a dream ! !

" Will you quit kicking the clothes off yourself, John," she said. " You've been flingin' yerself about and bletherin' about Kings and Poets, and Chapels, and Meetins and Money, all night, so ye have. Lie quiet, man, and let us have a wink of sleep."

Local Irish legends and folk-lore had considerable attraction for our author, and a long list might be compiled of the pamphlets and little booklets issued by him over a period of many years. Some have already been named, others are :—

O'Neill : A Tale of Mourne, 1880.
Concerning the New Bath-House. 1913.
The Germans at Bessbrook : A Dream. 1917.

This is a very humorous account of the setting up of a Triumvirate by the Provisional Government in Dublin to govern Ireland according to freedom. General Count von Spree and his escort arrived in Bessbrook, which was to be the capital of a large centre, selected the " pig " house of Mount Caulfield for his " Hind Quarters (he meant Head Quarters but everyone was pleased and it did not matter,") and told Mr. and Mrs. Richardson they had "vreedom to go wherever they lacked, so long as it vos not in Ireland." The rule of the German Irish Government being established with every deprivation of the privileges and benefits hitherto enjoyed, a quick revolt arose among the village folk who countered every stroke with their inimitable readiness and wit.

The origin of the following story was a conversation in a train with two or three gentlemen of the law. One had asserted that wit in Ireland was confined to the South. Another, a well-known judge, related "the Fesh Tale," claiming for it a pure Ulster flavour. Richardson made a note or two, and afterwards wrote it out. It was a great favourite.

A Fish Story.

" Es et feshin yer for ? O, aye, there's fesh, but there's no sech fesh as there wos in my young day. Nor there's no sech fesh as ther wos in m' fauther's day. A mind m' fauther tellin me of a fesh, it was a pike, and him and him was born about the same toime. An mony a toime when m' fauther was a lump of a gossoon, he'd see yon fesh lookin up at him out of the canawl ; so they got quite great with other.

" And seeing him and him was born about the same time m' fauther naver want for to ketch

yon fesh. But if he didn't, there was parties what did. But they might ha' saved their selves the bother, for with all their entisements they naver could catch yon Fesh.

" But after a while, when m' fauther grew up to a stout bitt of a chap, and was courtin' whiles here and whiles there, along the raver, he would see yon fesh sittin lookin at him on the dry land.

" An after that there got to be a kitterwurry thro' the countrey, for there was things missin. There was aggs and young fowl, and lambs and young kids took away in the night toime. And some said it was the Or'ngemen and some laid it down to another Party, but m' fauther he hed his own notions. But seein' that him and the fesh was born about the same time, he didn't like to let on what he thought.

" But there was one autumn evening m' fauther was standin' lookin' into a field, and he sees the standen corn swishin' here's and there's, lak as ef there wus a strong wind. And naver a brath blowin. An all of a hafe m' fauther sees the fesh makin thro' the corn fr the canawl, lavin a trail behint him lak the traik of an ocean steamer. And him with a young kid in his mouth.

" Now m' fauther was a vary dacent man, and he did not lak to let on seein him, and him, and him was born about the same time. No more did he lak to see dacent people laid in for what they hadn't done. And he was in a quare quandary.

" Howsomever, the Polis was just new organised in the neighbourhood and he just drapped a hint to the Sergeant for to not lay it down till the wrong party. An one day the Sergeant comes til him and says: 'we know the thief now,' says he, 'and you must help us til ketch him.' But

seeing him and him was born about the same time, m' fauther'd do nothin of the kind. And they tried for three months, and at last m' fauther says, gaggen them loike, 'Yez needn't throw yon fesh less than half a hundred of inside pork anyhow.'

"And, man, the Sergeant wrote til the Home Office and they sent him new taickle, with the pork, and a hook like a ship's anker. An one day m' fauther sees the Government boat and three polis men in her, scooting off six mile an hour towards the Lough ; but, man, the taickle bruk, and the three polis men was near drowned, and lost the anker and the pork both, an the reward.

"But m' fauther naver seen yon fesh agin, and he supposed it be to have died in the Lough with the anker in its stomach. An m' fauther tuk on greatly, an he often said that if he was a Papish he'd a gone to confession. But anyhow he'd be to do somethin. And one day in Belfast he past a hatter's and want in til git a bit of mourning round his castor, to see if it would do him any good.

"'Isn't for a near relation ?' says the hatter.

"'No', says m' fauther, 'it's for a friend.'

"'Isn't a near friend ?' says the hatter.

"'Maybe 'tis and maybe it is not,' says m' fauther. (For he was a man wouldn't tell a lie for all the wurld). 'But anyhow him and me was born about the same toime.'

"So the hatter fixed his castor off with a fower inch band that he wore til it blew off of him on the big windy night in 1837."

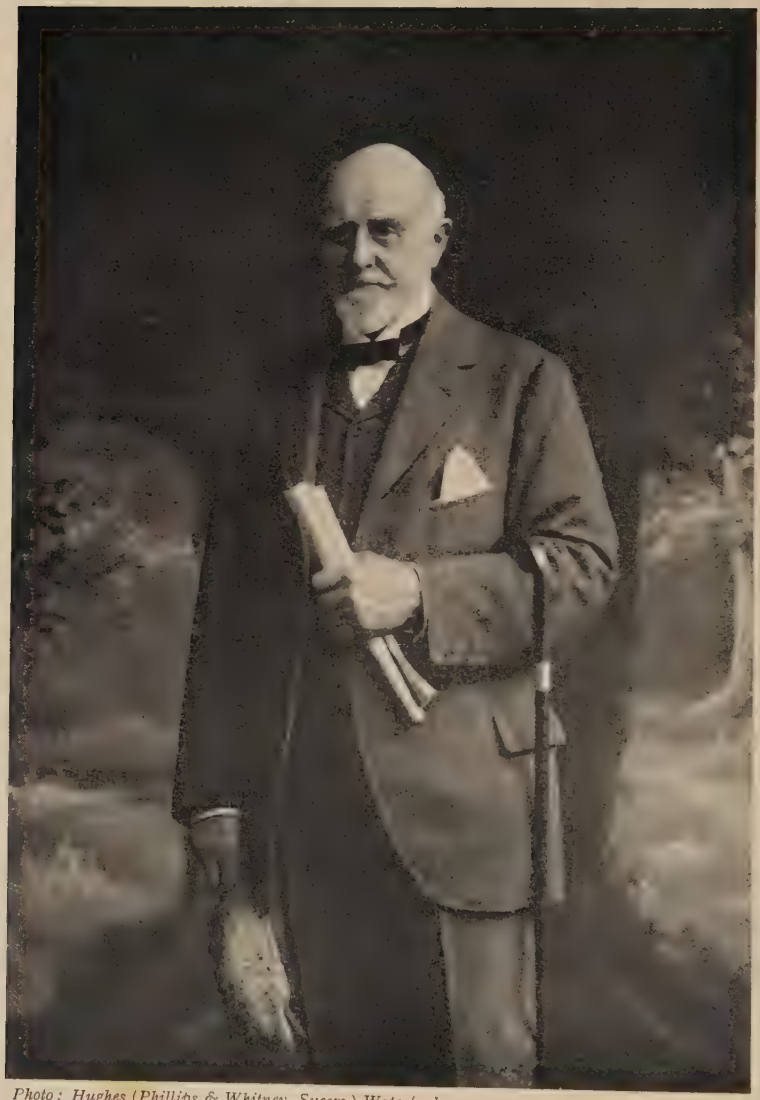

Photo: Hughes (Phillips & Whitney, Succrs.) Waterford

JAMES NICHOLSON RICHARDSON

1920

CHAPTER XVII

AUTHORSHIP: VERSES.

IT is not claimed for the verses that follow, or for those earlier cited, that they rank for the main part as of any permanent value. Some of them may indeed appear almost too fleeting and evanescent to be printed and preserved. They are included here because they are an essential part of their author's life and character. Without a knowledge of this easy, ever-springing fount of literary expression, the idea could scarcely be grasped of that spontaneous play of wit and fancy which was so characteristic of the writer. It never blinded those who knew him well to the existence of a deeper channel below.

Printed just for friends' amusement, some of them became, however, widely enough known to be included in Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue's *Poets of Ireland* (Oxford University Press, 1912)* Perhaps the author was pleased, but he only said humorously enough: "Our poetess-cook, Robina Davis, might be there." Some pious verses by her he afterwards printed as a leaflet.

Leaving aside many longer lays and lyrics which often had for their theme, legends of chivalry or of saints, the choice lies among short pieces inspired by events or places. Of those given below only the first has appeared in print before.

* Also in *The Quaker Poets of Great Britain and Ireland*, by Evelyn Noble Armitage, 1896, with a short notice of his work.

The assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish* and Mr. Burke in May, 1882, after their arrival in Dublin as secretaries to the Lord Lieutenant and when walking on the same evening through Phœnix Park to Viceregal Lodge, stirred him to the depths of his soul. The lines below were written and sent to and acknowledged by Lady Frederick Cavendish.

LINES SENT TO LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH ON THE OCCASION OF THE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND, MAY, 1882

"Oh Lady, sorrowing o'er thy murdered lord,
If Irish voice might break upon thy woe,
Thus would it say—" Tho' not with hand on sword,
And clad in scarlet he when stricken low,
Yet for these Kingdoms was that life out-poured,
Whose beauty and whose wealth thou best didst know,
As surely, as though shed in battle line,
'Mid Britain's hosts, by land or on the brine.

Not with war's lightnings in a red, right hand,
Nor with war's thunders on a brow of gloom,
Came he that morning to our Irish strand,
But bearer of the olive branch, whose bloom
Too little flourished in the weary land;
And in such hour he met the stroke of doom,
Dealt by the dastard hand—oh! dastard crime,
The last, the worst, the basest of our time.

And were it wondrous if with heart-strings torn,
On high for vengeance thou aloud shouldst call?
Remembering the defiance ever borne
Towards thy Saxon race—pens steeped in gall,
Preaching a creed of hatred and of scorn,
A creed of demons, if a creed at all,
Remembering this—say could we even blame,
If thou shouldst ever hate the Irish name?

* Lord Frederick Cavendish succeeded W. E. Forster as Chief Secretary.

But like some melody from holier spheres,
Thy gentle voice breaks in upon the strife,
Like rainbow message shining through thy tears :
" I would not have withheld my darling's life,
If that my woe bring peace upon the years,
If that my loss may render rage less rife."
Sure winter snows and summer suns may shine,
Or e'er we hear a Christlier prayer than thine !

And we who saw him borne to early grave,
And heard at Edensor the church bells chime,
And marked the endless elms of Chatsworth wave*
O'er silent thousands, mourning for his prime :
Yea, be it also ours to inly crave
That God most high, from foul and savage crime,
By mystic means, should work some purpose fair,
And grant in very deed the widow's prayer."†

Another short poem that may be cited is a very happy one. In its curt metre and quick reiteration, there lingers a sound of the tread and tramp and trot of the horses over the hollow planking of a bridge. A brief elucidating note is appended by its author.

> " Fiddown Bridge connects the counties of Waterford and Kilkenny, crossing the sweet river Suir (pronounced Shure), near the small town of Fiddown. It was in my youthful days a frequent place for ' Meets ' of the Foxhounds. I always crossed it going to Portlaw, the residence of my dear wife, Sophy. At that period many of the large houses in the neighbourhood were owned by her relations, and all sorts of vehicles, from four-in-hands to pony traps, were constantly upon the bridge, so that I seldom, if ever, have crossed a wooden bridge to the sound of

* At the funeral from Chatsworth, 300 members of the House of Commons attended, and at least 30,000 others followed the procession.—D.N.B.

† Lady Frederick Cavendish died in May, 1925.

horses' feet, in any part of the world, that I did not thrill with memories of Fiddown."

FIDDOWN BRIDGE.

A MEMORY AUGUST 1917.

"There's a bridge across the Suir
At Fiddown,
With its piers and planks secure,
Old and brown ;
But its railings, painted white,
Serve to guide both day and night,
And beneath, the river bright
Flows adown.

Oh ! the lovely vale of Suir,
Crowned with towers,
Oh ! the memories which endure
Of its bowers ;
Cahir, Clonmel and Bansha Green,
With Ardfinnan's castled scene,
And the lawns of fair Clogheen,
Gay with flowers.

And within that Vale of Suir,
Lies Fiddown,
Wooded slopes and heather moor,
Purply brown ;
There the beds of osier grow,
And the water-lilies blow,
And the laden barges go
Up and down.

And of old, tall horses pranced
Through Fiddown ;
Satin-coated, how they glanced,
Bay or brown ;
And I never hear the clanking
Of horse hooves upon the planking
Of a bridge, what'er its ranking
Or renown,

But my spirit Suir-ward flies
To Fiddown,
To its bridge—(of memories)
Old and brown.
To the youthful days of yore,
And those loved ones, seen no more
Who life's cross so Christ-like bore,
And upon the better shore
Wear the crown."

A certain song by Alfred Percival Graves was a great favourite of Richardson's ; its rhymes and its sentiments appealed strongly to his fancy, but the sad ending always left him with a pang of regret. Finally he capped it with some verses of his own, providing a more conventional, but distinctly more cheerful conclusion. With all due acknowledgment to the distinguished author and poet, both the poem and the sequel are appended.

Mr. Graves has kindly sent a correct copy of his original version for inclusion here. He mentions that he adapted the first verse from a ballad in Bunting's *Antient Music of Ireland*, 1840, which adds to the interest attached to versions given below. He set his song to "a dear old tune."

'Twas Pretty to be in Ballinderry
by Alfred Percival Graves
(author of Father O'Flynn, etc.)

It's pretty to be in Ballinderry,
It's pretty to be in Aghalee,
It's prettier to be in bonny Ram's Island,
Trysting under the ivy tree.
Ochone! Ochone!
For oft I've roved in little Ram's Island
Side by side with Phelimy Hyland,
And still he'd court me and I'd be coy,
Though at heart I loved him—my handsome boy.

"I'm going," he sighed, "from Ballinderry
Out and across the stormy sea,
Then if in your heart you love me Mary,
Open your arms at last to me."
Ochone! Ochone!
I opened my arms—how well he knew me,
I opened my arms and took him to me,
And there in the gloom of the groaning mast,
We kissed our first and we kissed our last.

'Twas happy to be in little Ram's Island,
But now 'tis sad as sad can be,
For the ship that carried Phelimy Hyland
Is sunk for ever beneath the sea.
Ochone! Ochone!
And 'tis oh! but I wear the weeping willow,
And wander alone by the lonesome billow,
And call to him over the cruel sea,
Ah! Phelimy Hyland, come back to me.

The End.

At this point P.H. is brought back by J. N. Richardson.

"The long years passed over Ballinderry,
The long, long years over Aghalee,
And the boys and the girls as aye were merry,
Trysting under the ivy tree.
But I never went to little Ram's Island,
Since the day I parted Phelimy Hyland,
Phelimy Hyland—mine no more
Till we may-be meet on the further shore.

One winter's day to Ballinderry,
I trudged in the rain from Aghalee,
When I heard a voice behind me 'Mary,
Open your arms and come to me.'
Sure Heaven, but it was Phelimy Hyland,
Back from years on a desert island,
Grey with sorrow and salt with sea,
Phelimy Hyland back to me!

And there we blessed the Name together,
'Twixt Ballinderry and Aghalee ;
In the lone-end wet, in the wintry weather,
He bared his head, and I bent my knee.
And the word went round of Phelimy Hyland,
Up and down unto far Rathfriland,
Of him who was saved from the cruel sea,
True and faithful and back to me.

And we sent for a priest to Ballinderry,
Because there was none at Aghalee,
And again my heart grows young and merry,
And again I go to the trysting tree.
And sometimes I go to bonnie Ram's Island,
Set in the waves of wide Lough Neagh,
Hand in hand with Phelimy Hyland,
And Phelimy junior on my knee."

A favourite vehicle for his imagination was the dream form of writing, wherein some startling if true reflections on men, manners and the times, could be conveyed without jar or danger of too crude juxtaposition. Two have been mentioned, prose efforts, another, " Concerning our Society " (of Friends) was one of the last things he wrote and printed in 1918. It was full of gentle irony about the altered ways and views of the Friends, with allusions to the diverging lines taken during the war, by some members sharing most conscientiously the fight for freedom and the rights of small nations, while others, equally conscientious, lay in prisons for not helping the great, cruel war machine. The verses were embalmed in the spirit of the past. Reminiscences revived from Bruce Grove days, of the elder Friends as seen then, surrounded by the halo of youth's awe and irreverence, delighted those of the old group of schoolfellows, who were left. Few men, probably, have kept up even to

old age, the correspondence with school-mates as did this busy man, whose time at school was moreover so soon ended. Enclosing the production to Mr. G. H. Fox, he says that it is the outcome of having been kept tight in bed with lumbago, and adds that he had sent a copy of it to the *Friend*, a weekly publication of the Society of Friends to which he not infrequently wrote. " I am conceited enough," he remarked, " to think it would have sold some extra copies for them, but the editor—*c'est un homme sérieux*—rejected my addresses for the first time. I am sending a copy to that dear nice sister of yours, Mrs. T., who I hope won't murder me all out (which Anglicé means won't be offended) at my making free with her name. The Tottenham allusions you will understand. Too many, alas, will not."

" The Little Venice on the Irish Waters " printed in 1915, was devoted to praise, in prose and verse, of the two places on Carlingford Lough, Warrenpoint and Rostrevor, which were such favourite haunts of the Mount Caulfield family.

> " Does scenery appeal to you ? I have travelled round the world three times and have, therefore, been amid natural scenes far more magnificent and stupendous, but can recollect no place of equal area which enshrines such varied natural beauty as is placed before the eye by the woods, waves and mountains which compose the Bay of Carlingford. . . It is studded by the ruined forts and fortresses of former days, from the wonderfully perfect Rath at Clonallon, dating, I presume, backwards to the very dawn of history, and the great fortress of Carlingford with its contingent Abbey, and down to the more recent but equally picturesque castle of Narrow-

water, which formerly guarded the channel flowing at its foot, but is now itself dominated by the modern Narrow-water Castle."

" Should rosy sleep desert your tossing pillow,
Should war-woes press, and times be out of joint,
Come where the breeze blows o'er the rippling billow,
Beneath the mountains blue of Warrenpoint.

. . . . .

Seen from afar, upon a sunny morning,
The houses on the sea-front seem to me
Like orient pearls a sapphire crown adorning,
Between the mountains and the azure sea.

And when the sun on springtide eve declining,
In crimson sinks behind those mountains old,
Seen from afar—you deem that sea-front shining
Like purple amethyst set in ruddy gold.

. . . . .

But two short miles and ye attain Rostrevor,
Aristocratic, lofty, silent, calm;
Whose woods and waters meeting, make for ever
Her lovely climate full of healing balm.

. . . . .

Hither come denizens of mighty mansions,
Within Rostrevor's haven to abide,
And roam her primrose banks—and green expansions,
Till the East winds abate their bitter pride."

A tribute of acknowledgement is penned in other verses of the same poem to the kind owners of parks and demesnes on the wooded foot-hills of the mountains, who made them welcome visitors; Sir John Ross of Bladensberg, lord of the manor, the Hon. Albert Canning, and others. Strange beasts and birds —Yaks, Zebus from India, Japanese pheasants and

cranes, were naturalised in the parks, and rock-plants from far-off mountain ranges found a climate analogous to their native haunts. These last flourished at " Carrick Bhan," the ancient name—unused, he says, for many years—of Sir John Ross's seat, since known as Rostrevor House, a sad lapse from the ancient tongue.

" Beauteous thy shores, Rostrevor, with a beauty
Radiant in emerald spring, or autumn brown,
And sooth we say as we return to duty,
' God made the country—and man made the town.' "

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"The Times," Sat., Oct 22, 1938.

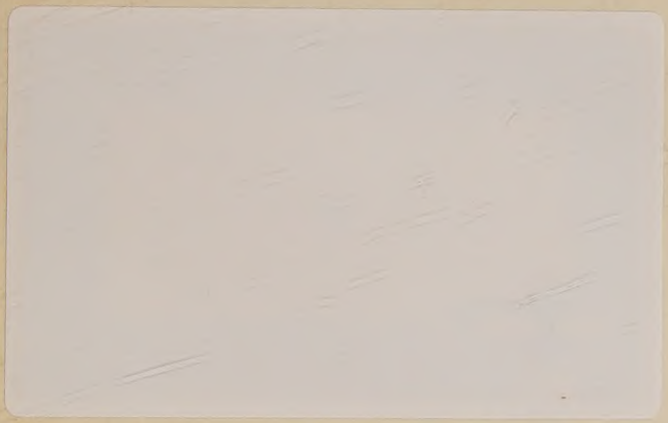
MRS. LEVERTON HARRIS

Sir Sydney Cockerell writes:—

The church of Little Compton was filled to overflowing on Thursday, last week, for the funeral of Mrs. Leverton Harris. Many old friends had gathered from a distance, but these were outnumbered by the villagers, who wished to pay a last tribute to one who had often laboured for their happiness.

Gertrude Harris was the fifth daughter of John G. Richardson, of Moyallon, Co. Down, who founded the large linen works of the Bessbrook Spinning Company. It was in 1886 that she wedded Frederick Leverton Harris at the Friends' Meeting House, Moyallon. They both came of old Quaker stock and their married life was at first conducted in accordance with the simple and austere tenets of that sect. These included strict teetotalism and somewhat homely fare. But little by little they fell away. Fine wines and exquisite dishes appeared upon their table and Gertrude Harris was gathered into the Anglican fold by Canon Scott Holland. Her husband entered Parliament in 1900 as Conservative member for Tynemouth. He subsequently represented Stepney and, finally, West Birmingham. He was an ardent ally of Joseph Chamberlain in the cause of Tariff Reform, and during the Great War was Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Blockade. His beautiful house in Grosvenor Street then became one of the rallying-points of Anglo-American friendship, with Gertrude Harris as a perfect hostess. It was frequented by Mr. Page, the far-sighted Ambassador of the United States, and by Arthur Balfour, Austen Chamberlain, Winston Churchill, and other political leaders; as well as by artists and literary men, of whom Augustus John, Henry Tonks, and George Moore were perhaps the most prominent. Harris became a Privy Councillor and made notable collections of works of art, some of which passed to the Fitzwilliam Museum at his death in 1926. There were no children and his wife soon after her widowhood determined to leave the scene of so many gracious hospitalities and to settle in the Cotswolds. After some search she bought a stately Tudor manor house, with large gardens and a little deer park, at Little Compton, about four miles from Moreton in Marsh. It had once belonged to Archbishop Juxon, who attended Charles I on the scaffold. But she had hardly completed the necessary alterations and entered into residence, when in the small hours of Christmas morning, 1928, a disastrous fire gutted the interior and destroyed most of her belongings. Her two little dogs perished, but there was no loss of human life. Thankfulness for this—there were children in the house—at first made her almost oblivious to her heavy losses. The stone walls remained intact, and also a few of the rooms, with their contents. As soon as the interior had been reconstructed, more conveniently than before, and suitably furnished, she hastened to share her paradise with her friends, a succession of whom were always coming and going until her last illness. By this very numerous company she will always be remembered with a warm and deep affection.

Her kindnesses and generosities were ceaseless. Without the artistic enthusiasms of her husband she had fine instinctive taste and a love of all things beautiful in nature and in humanity. Her gardens were laid out, in consultation with Mr. Will Arnold-Forster, with a rare perfection reflecting the qualities of their owner. She delighted in good books, witty conversation, and merry laughter. Many will feel the poorer by her death. A village hall and bowling-green recently given by her to her neighbours will perpetuate her memory among them.



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